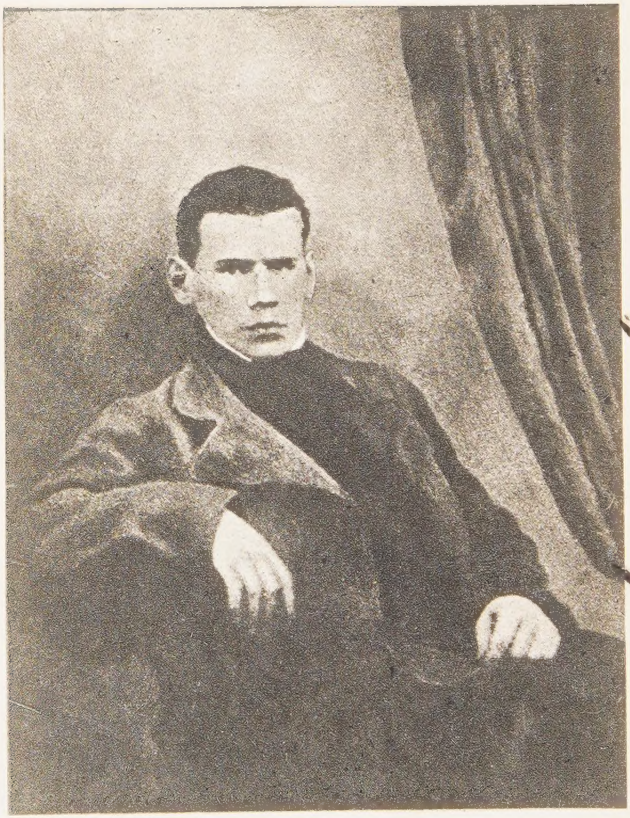
PG3366.D5 1929
Childhood, boyhood, youth
3 5040 00046 6149

WITHDRAWN

CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD
YOUTH

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/childhoodboyhood0000lyof



PORTRAIT OF COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ

From a Daguerreotype 1848

THE WORKS OF LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

CHILDHOOD
BOYHOOD YOUTH

BY

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1929

PG
3366
.D5
1929

Copyright, 1899,
By THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.

SEP 29 1900

PREFACE

COUNT TOLSTOÏ is unquestionably one of the most interesting personalities of the period. Anything, therefore, which can add to our knowledge of him as a man, cannot fail to be welcome to those who have already made his acquaintance through his writings on religion, and through those characters in his novels which reflect himself. These Memoirs, which in the Russian bear no common title, are of particular interest, since they show that many of the author's ideas of thirty years ago were precisely similar to those which he is putting in practice to-day in his own person. There are also points which every one will recognize as having been true of himself at the ages herein dealt with. It is to be regretted that the original plan has not been carried out. This comprised a great novel, founded on the reminiscences and traditions of his family. The first instalment, "Childhood," was written while he was in the Caucasus, and published in 1852 in the *Contemporary* (*Sovremennik*). The last, "Youth," was written after the conclusion of the Crimean War, in 1855, "Boyhood" having preceded it. "Childhood" was one of the first things he wrote; his "Cossacks," which Turgeneff admired extremely, having been written about the same time, though it was not printed until long afterward. The most important of his other writings are already before the public.

That the Memoirs reflect the man, and his mental and moral youth, there can be no doubt, and the characters depicted are founded upon real persons, as, for instance, Karl Ivanitch, whose grave is not far from Yasnaya Polyana; but they do not *strictly* conform to facts in other respects, and therefore merit the titles which he gave them, "Novels."

THE TRANSLATOR.

56230

CONTENTS

CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Tutor, Karl Ivanitch	1
II.	Mamma	7
III.	Papa	9
IV.	Lessons	14
V.	The Fool	17
VI.	Preparations for the Hunt	22
VII.	The Hunt	24
VIII.	Games	29
IX.	Something in the Nature of First Love	31
X.	What Kind of a Man my Father was	32
XI.	Occupations in the Study and the Drawing-room	35
XII.	Grischa	38
XIII.	Natalya Savischna	41
XIV.	Parting	45
XV.	Childhood	50
XVI.	Verses	53
XVII.	Princess Kornakoff	59
XVIII.	Prince Ivan Ivanitch	63
XIX.	The Ivins	67
XX.	The Guests assemble	74
XXI.	Before the Mazurka	79
XXII.	The Mazurka	83
XXIII.	After the Mazurka	85
XXIV.	In Bed	89
XXV.	The Letter	91

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVI.	What awaited us in the Country	96
XXVII.	Sorrow	99
XXVIII.	The Last Sad Memories	104

BOYHOOD

I.	A Journey without Relays	115
II.	The Thunder-storm	122
III.	A New View	127
IV.	In Moscow	131
V.	The Elder Brother	132
VI.	Mascha	135
VII.	Shot	137
VIII.	Karl Ivanitch's History	141
IX.	Continuation of the Preceding	144
X.	Continuation	147
XI.	One	150
XII.	The Little Key	155
XIII.	The Traitress	157
XIV.	The Eclipse	159
XV.	Fancies	161
XVI.	Grind Long Enough and the Meal will come	165
XVII.	Hatred	170
XVIII.	The Maids' Room	172
XIX.	Boyhood	177
XX.	Volodya	181
XXI.	Katenka and Liubotchka	184
XXII.	Papa	185
XXIII.	Grandmamma	188
XXIV.	I	191
XXV.	Volodya's Friends	192
XXVI.	Discussions	194
XXVII.	The Beginning of Friendship	198

YOUTH

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	What I consider the Beginning of Youth	203
II.	Spring	204
III.	Reveries	208
IV.	Our Family Circle	211
V.	Rules	215
VI.	Confession	217
VII.	The Trip to the Monastery	219
VIII.	A Second Confession	222
IX.	How I prepare for Examination	225
X.	The Examination in History	227
XI.	The Examination in Mathematics	232
XII.	The Latin Examination	236
XIII.	I am grown up	239
XIV	How Volodya and Dubkoff occupied themselves	244
XV.	I receive Congratulations	248
XVI.	The Quarrel	252
XVII.	I make Preparations to pay some Calls	257
XVIII.	The Valakhins	260
XIX.	The Kornakoffs	265
XX.	The Ivins	268
XXI.	Prince Ivan Ivanitch	272
XXII.	An Intimate Conversation with my Friend	275
XXIII.	The Nekhliudoffs	280
XXIV.	Love	285
XXV.	I become acquainted	289
XXVI.	I show myself from the most Advantageous Point of View	294
XXVII.	Dmitry	298
XXVIII.	In the Country	303
XXIX.	Our Relations to the Girls	307
XXX.	My Occupations	312
XXXI.	Comme il faut	316

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXXII.	Youth	319
XXXIII.	Neighbors	325
XXXIV.	Father's Marriage	330
XXXV.	How we received the News	333
XXXVI.	The University	338
XXXVII.	Affairs of the Heart	343
XXXVIII.	The World	346
XXXIX.	The Carouse	348
XL.	Friendship with the Nekhliudoffs	353
XLI.	Friendship with the Nekhliudoffs (*continued*)	357
XLII.	The Stepmother	361
XLIII.	New Comrades	367
XLIV.	Zukhin and Semenoff	374
XLV.	I make a Failure	376

CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER I

THE TUTOR KARL IVANITCH

ON the 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday, when I had attained the age of ten, and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivanitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly above my head, with a flapper made of sugar-paper and fastened to a stick. He did it so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of the bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my head. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image, which was still rocking, with my hand, flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivanitch with angry although sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing-gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skullcap with a tassel, and soft goatskin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, taking aim and flapping away.

"Suppose I am little," I thought, "why should he worry me? Why does n't he kill the flies around Volodya's bed? There are quantities of them there. No; Volodya is older than I; I am the youngest of all, and that is why he torments me. He thinks of nothing else in life," I whispered, "except how he may do unpleasant things to me. He knows well enough that he has waked me up and frightened me; but he pretends not to see it, — the hateful man! And his dressing-gown, and his cap, and his tassel — how disgusting!"

As I was thus mentally expressing my vexation with Karl Ivanitch, he approached his own bed, glanced at the watch which hung above it in a slipper embroidered with glass beads, hung his flapper on a nail, and turned toward us, evidently in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Get up, children, get up. It's time! Your mother is already in the hall!"[1] he cried in his kindly German voice; then he came over to me, sat down at my feet, and pulled his snuff-box from his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Ivanitch took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose, cracked his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He began to tickle my heels, laughing the while. "Come, come, lazybones," he said.

Much as I dreaded tickling, I neither sprang out of bed nor made any reply, but buried my head deeper under the pillow, kicked with all my might, and used every effort to keep from laughing.

"How good he is, and how he loves us, and yet I could think so badly of him!"

I was vexed at myself and at Karl Ivanitch; I wanted to laugh and to cry; my nerves were upset.

"Oh, let me alone, Karl Ivanitch!" I cried, with tears in my eyes, thrusting my head out from beneath the pillows. Karl Ivanitch was surprised; he left my soles in peace, and began anxiously to inquire what was the matter with me: had I had a bad dream? His kind German face, the sympathy with which he strove to divine the cause of my tears, caused them to flow more abundantly. I was ashamed; and I could not understand how, a moment before, I had been unable to love Karl Ivanitch, and had thought his dressing-gown, cap, and tassel disgusting; now, on the contrary, they all seemed to me extremely pleasing, and even the tassel appeared a plain proof of his goodness. I told him that I was crying because I had had a bad dream,

[1] Karl Ivanitch generally speaks in German. — The "hall" in Russian houses is an apartment which serves for many purposes: as ball-room, music-room, and play-room for the children in bad weather. At Yasnya Polyana it serves also as the dining-room. — Tr.

– I thought mamma was dead, and they were carrying her away to bury her. I invented all this, for I really did not know what I had been dreaming that night; but when Karl Ivanitch, touched by my tale, began to comfort and soothe me, it seemed to me that I actually had seen that dreadful vision, and my tears flowed from another cause.

When Karl Ivanitch left me, and, sitting up in bed, I began to draw my stockings upon my little legs, my tears ceased in some measure; but gloomy thoughts of the fictitious dream did not leave me. Dyadka [1] Nikolaï came in, — a small, neat little man, who was always serious, precise, and respectful, and a great friend of Karl Ivanitch. He brought our clothes and shoes; Volodya had boots, but I still had those intolerable slippers with ribbons. I was ashamed to cry before him; besides, the morning sun was shining cheerfully in at the window, and Volodya was imitating Marya Ivanovna (my sister's governess), and laughing so loudly and merrily as he stood over the wash-basin, that even grave Nikolaï, with towel on shoulder, the soap in one hand and the hand-basin in the other, smiled and said: —

"Enough, Vladimir Petrovitch, please wash yourself." I became quite cheerful.

"Are you nearly ready?" called Karl Ivanitch's voice from the school-room.

His voice was stern, and had no longer that kindly accent which had moved me to tears. In the school-room Karl Ivanitch was another man: he was the tutor. I dressed quickly, washed, and, with brush in hand, still smoothing my wet hair, I appeared at his call.

Karl Ivanitch, with spectacles on nose, and a book in his hand, was sitting in his usual place, between the door and the window. To the left of the door were two shelves of books: one was ours — the children's; the other was Karl Ivanitch's particular property. On ours were all sorts of books, — school-books and others; some stood upright, others were lying down. Only

[1] Children's valet.

two big volumes of "Histoire des Voyages," in red bindings, leaned in a stately way against the wall; then came long, thick, big, and little books, — covers without books, and books without covers. All were piled up and pushed in when we were ordered to put the library, as Karl Ivanitch loudly called this shelf, in order before our play-hour. If the collection of books on his private shelf was not as large as ours, it was even more miscellaneous. I remember three of them, — a German pamphlet on the manuring of cabbage-gardens, without a cover; one volume of the history of the "Seven Years' War," in parchment, burned on one corner; and a complete course of hydrostatics. Karl Ivanitch passed the greater part of his time in reading, and even injured his eyesight thereby; but he never read anything except these books and "The Northern Bee."

Among the articles which lay on Karl Ivanitch's shelf, was one which recalls him to me more than all the rest. It was a circle of cardboard fixed on a wooden foot, upon which it revolved by means of pegs Upon this circle was pasted a picture representing caricatures of some lady and a wig-maker. Karl Ivanitch pasted very well, and had himself invented and manufactured this circle in order to protect his weak eyes from the bright light.

I seem now to see before me his long figure, in its wadded dressing-gown, and the red cap beneath which his thin gray hair is visible. He sits beside a little table, upon which stands the circle with the wig-maker, casting its shadow upon his face; in one hand he holds a book, the other rests on the arm of the chair; beside him lies his watch, with the huntsman painted on the face, his checked handkerchief, his round black snuff-box, his green spectacle-case, and the snuffers on the tray. All these lie with so much dignity and precision, each in its proper place, that one might conclude from this orderliness alone that Karl Ivanitch has a pure conscience and a restful spirit.

If you stole up-stairs on tiptoe to the school-room, after running about down-stairs in the hall as much as you

pleased, behold — Karl Ivanitch was sitting alone in his arm-chair, reading some one of his beloved books, with a proud, calm expression of countenance. Sometimes I found him at such times when he was not reading: his spectacles had dropped down on his big aquiline nose; his blue, half-shut eyes had a certain peculiar expression; and his lips smiled sadly. All was quiet in the room; his even breathing, and the ticking of the hunter-adorned watch, alone were audible.

He did not perceive me; and I used to stand in the door, and think: "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us; we play, we are merry; but he — he is all alone, and no one treats him kindly. He tells the truth, when he says he is an orphan. And the history of his life is terrible! I remember that he related it to Nikolaï; it is dreadful to be in his situation!" And it made one so sorry, that one wanted to go to him, take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" He liked to have me say that; he always petted me, and it was plain that he was touched.

On the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skilfully repaired by the hand of Karl Ivanitch. On the third wall, in the middle of which was the door leading down-stairs, hung two rulers: one was all hacked up — that was ours; the other — the new one — was his own private ruler, and employed more for encouraging us than for ruling proper. On the other side of the door was a blackboard, upon which our grand misdeeds were designated by circles, and our small ones by crosses. To the left of the board was the corner where we were put on our knees.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the grated stove-door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, "Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me; he must be sitting quietly in his soft arm-chair, and reading his hydrostatics: and how is it with me?" And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the heat damper, or pick the plaster from

the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor, the fright alone was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep round at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed anything.

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a ragged black oil-cloth, beneath which the edge, hacked in places with penknives, was visible in many places. Around the table stood several unpainted stools, polished with long use. The last wall was occupied by three little windows. This was the view which was had from them: Directly in front of the windows ran the road, every hollow, pebble, and rut of which had long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road was a close-trimmed linden alley, behind which the wattled fence was visible here and there. A field could be seen through the alley; on one side of this was a threshing-floor, on the other a forest; the guard's little cottage was visible far away in the forest. To the right, a part of the terrace could be seen, upon which the grown-up people generally sat before dinner. If you looked in that direction while Karl Ivanitch was correcting your page of dictation, you could see mamma's black hair, and some one's back, and hear faint sounds of conversation and laughter; and you would grow vexed that you could not be there, and think, "When I grow up, shall I stop learning lessons, and sit, not over conversations forever, but always with those I love?" Vexation changes to sorrow; and God knows why and what you dream, until you hear Karl Ivanitch raging over your mistakes.

Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue swallow-tailed coat with humps and folds upon the shoulders, arranged his necktie before the glass, and led us down-stairs to say good-morning to mamma.

CHAPTER II

MAMMA

Mamma was sitting in the parlor, and pouring out the tea; in one hand she held the teapot, with the other the faucet of the samovar, from which the water flowed over the top of the teapot upon the tray beneath. But though she was gazing steadily at it, she did not perceive it, nor that we had entered.

So many memories of the past present themselves when one tries to revive in fancy the features of a beloved being, that one views them dimly through these memories, as through tears. These are the tears of imagination. When I try to recall my mother as she was at that time, nothing appears to me but her brown eyes, which always expressed love and goodness; the mole on her neck a little lower down than the spot where the short hairs grow; her white embroidered collar; her cool, soft hand, which petted me so often, and which I so often kissed: but her image as a whole escapes me.

To the left of the divan stood the old English grand piano; and before the piano sat my dark-complexioned sister Liubotchka, playing Clementi's studies with evident effort, and with rosy fingers which had just been washed in cold water. She was eleven. She wore a short frock of coarse linen with white lace-trimmed pantalets, and could only manage an octave as an arpeggio. Beside her, half turned away, sat Marya Ivanovna, in a cap with rose-colored ribbons, a blue jacket, and a red and angry face, which assumed a still more forbidding expression when Karl Ivanitch entered. She looked threateningly at him; and, without responding to his salute, she continued to count, and beat time with her foot, *one*, *two*, *three*, more loudly and commandingly than before.

Karl Ivanitch, paying no attention whatever to this, according to his custom, went straight to kiss my

mother's hand with a German greeting. She recovered herself, shook her little head as though desirous of driving away painful thoughts with the gesture, gave her hand to Karl Ivanitch, and kissed him on his wrinkled temple, while he kissed her hand.

"Thank you, my dear Karl Ivanitch." And continuing to speak in German, she inquired: —

"Did the children sleep well?"

Karl Ivanitch was deaf in one ear, and now heard nothing at all on account of the noise from the piano. He bent over the divan, rested one hand on the table as he stood on one foot; and with a smile which seemed to me then the height of refinement, he raised his cap above his head, and said: —

"Will you excuse me, Natalya Nikolaevna?"

Karl Ivanitch, for the sake of not catching cold in his bald head, never took off his red cap; but each time he entered the drawing-room he begged permission to keep it on.

"Put on your cap, Karl Ivanitch..... I ask you if the children slept well?" said mamma, moving nearer to him, and speaking louder.

But again he heard nothing, covered his bald spot with his red cap, and smiled more amiably than ever.

"Stop a minute, Mimi," said mamma to Marya Ivanovna, with a smile; "we can hear nothing."

Beautiful as was mamma's face, it became incomparably more lovely when she smiled, and seemed to enliven everything about her. If in life's trying moments I could catch but a glimpse of that smile, I should not know what grief is. It seems to me that what is called beauty of face consists in the smile alone: if the smile adds charm to the face, then the face is very fine; if it does not alter the countenance, then the latter is ordinary; if it spoils it, then it is bad.

When greeting me, mamma took my head in both her hands, and bent it back, looked intently at me, and said:

"You have been crying this morning?"

I made no reply. She kissed me on the eyes, and asked in German: —

"What were you crying about?"

When she spoke pleasantly to us, she always addressed us in that tongue, which she knew to perfection.

"I cried in my sleep, mamma," I said, recalling my fictitious dream with all the details, and I involuntarily shuddered at the thought.

Karl Ivanitch confirmed my statement, but held his peace about the dream. After discussing the weather, in which conversation Mimi also took part, mamma laid six pieces of sugar on the tray for some of the favored servants, and went to her embroidery-frame which stood in the window.

"Now go to your father, children, and tell him that he must come to me without fail before he goes to the threshing-floor."

The music, counting, and black looks began again, and we went to papa. Passing through the room which had borne the title of the butler's pantry since grandfather's time, we entered the study.

CHAPTER III

PAPA

He was standing by his writing-table, and pointing to some envelops, papers, and bundles of bank-notes. He was angry, and was discussing something sharply with the overseer, Yakoff Mikhaïlof, who, standing in his usual place, between the door and the barometer, with his hands behind him, was moving his fingers with great vivacity in various directions.

The angrier papa grew, the more swiftly did the fingers move, and on the contrary, when papa ceased speaking, the fingers also stopped; but when Yakoff began to talk himself, his fingers underwent the greatest disturbance, and jumped wildly about in all directions. It seemed to me that Yakoff's secret thoughts might be guessed from their movements: but his face was always quiet; it expressed a sense of his own dignity and at the

same time of subordination, that is to say, "I am right but nevertheless have your own way!"

When papa saw us, he merely said:—

"Wait, I'll be with you presently."

And he nodded his head toward the door, to indicate that one of us was to shut it.

"Ah, merciful God! what's to be done with you now, Yakoff?" he went on, speaking to the overseer, shrugging his shoulders (which was a habit with him). "This envelope with an inclosure of eight hundred rubles...."

Yakoff moved his abacus, counted off eight hundred rubles, fixed his gaze on some indefinite point, and waited for what was coming next.

"... is for the expenses of the farming during my absence. Do you understand? From the mill you are to receive one thousand rubles; is that so, or not? You are to receive back eight thousand worth of loans from the treasury; for the hay, of which, according to your own calculation, you can sell seven thousand poods,[1] — at forty-five kopeks, I will say, — you will get three thousand; consequently, how much money will you have in all? Twelve thousand; is that so, or not?"

"Exactly, sir," said Yakoff.

But I perceived from the briskness with which his fingers moved, that he wanted to answer back; papa interrupted him.

"Now, out of this money, you will send ten thousand rubles to the Council for Petrovskoe. Now, the money which is in the office," continued papa (Yakoff mixed up this twelve thousand, and told off twenty-one thousand), "you will bring to me, and charge to expenses on this present date." (Yakoff shook up his abacus again, and turned it, indicating thereby, it is probable, that the twenty-one thousand would disappear also.) "And this envelope containing money you will forward, from me to its address."

I was standing near the table, and I glanced at the inscription. It read: "Karl Ivanitch Mauer."

Papa must have perceived that I had read what it

[1] A *pood* is about forty pounds.

was not necessary that I should know; for he laid his hand on my shoulder, and with a slight movement indicated that I was to go away from his table. I did not understand whether it was a caress or a hint; but, whatever it meant, I kissed the large, sinewy hand which rested on my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," said Yakoff. "And what are your orders with regard to the Khabarovka money?"

Khabarovka was mamma's village.

"Leave it in the office, and on no account make use of it without my orders."

Yakoff remained silent for a few seconds, then his fingers twisted about with increased rapidity, and altering the expression of servile stupidity with which he had listened to his master's orders, to the expression of bold cunning which was natural to him, he drew the abacus toward him, and began to speak.

"Permit me to report, Piotr Alexandritch, that it shall be as you please, but it is impossible to pay the Council on time. You said," he continued, his speech broken with pauses, "that we must receive money from the loans, from the mill, and from the hay." As he mentioned these statistics, he calculated them on the abacus. "I am afraid that we may be making some mistake in our reckoning," he added, after a pause, glancing with deep thoughtfulness at papa.

"How?"

"Please to consider; with regard to the mill, since the miller has been to me twice to ask for delay, and has sworn by Christ our God that he has no money ... and he is here now. Will you not please to talk with him yourself?"

"What does he say?" asked papa, signifying by a motion of his head that he did not wish to speak with the miller.

"The same old story. He says that there was no grinding; that what little money he got, he put into the dam. If we take him away, sir, will it be of any advantage to us? With regard to the loans, as you were pleased to mention them, I think I have already

reported that our money is sunk there, and we shall not be able to get at it very soon. I sent a load of flour into the city a few days ago, to Ivan Afanasitch, with a note about the matter; he replied that he would be glad to exert himself in Piotr Alexandrovitch's behalf, but the affair is not in my hands, and it is evident from the general aspect of things that you will hardly receive your quittance under two months. You were pleased to speak of the hay; suppose it does sell for three thousand."

He marked off three thousand on his abacus, and remained silent for a moment, glancing first at his calculating-frame and then at papa's eyes, as much as to say:—

"You see yourself how little it is. Yes, and we will chaffer about the hay again if it is to be sold now, you will please to understand."

It was plain that he had a great store of arguments; it must have been for that reason that papa interrupted him.

"I shall make no change in my arrangements," he said; "but if any delay should actually occur in receiving this money, then there is nothing to be done; you will take what is necessary from the Khabarovka funds."

"Yes, sir."

It was evident from the expression of Yakoff's face and fingers, that this last order afforded him the greatest satisfaction.

Yakoff was a serf, and a very zealous and devoted man. Like all good overseers, he was extremely parsimonious on his master's account, and entertained the strangest possible ideas as to what was for his master's interest. He was eternally fretting over the increase of his master's property at the expense of that of his mistress, and tried to demonstrate that it was indispensable to employ all the revenue from her estate upon Petrovskoe (the village in which we lived). He was triumphant at the present moment, because he had succeeded on this point.

Papa greeted us, and said that it was time to put a stop to our idleness; we were no longer small children, and it was time for us to study seriously.

"I think you already know that I am going to Moscow to-night, and I shall take you with me," he said. "You will live with your grandmother, and mamma will remain here with the girls. And you know that she will have but one consolation, — to hear that you are studying well, and that they are pleased with you."

Although we had been expecting something unusual, from the preparations which had been making for several days, this news surprised us terribly. Volodya turned red, and repeated mamma's message in a trembling voice.

"So that is what my dream foretold," I thought. "God grant there may be nothing worse!"

I was very, very sorry for mamma; and, at the same time, the thought that we were grown up afforded me pleasure.

"If we are going away to-night, we surely shall have no lessons. That's famous," I thought. "But I'm sorry for Karl Ivanovitch. He is certainly going to be discharged, otherwise that envelope would not have been prepared for him. It would be better to go on studying forever, and not go away, and not part from mamma, and not hurt poor Karl Ivanitch's feelings. He is so very unhappy!"

These thoughts flashed through my mind. I did not stir from the spot, and gazed intently at the black ribbons in my slippers.

After speaking a few words to Karl Ivanitch about the fall of the barometer, and giving orders to Yakoff not to feed the dogs, in order that he might go out after dinner and make a farewell trial of the young hounds, papa, contrary to my expectations, sent us to our studies, comforting us, however, with a promise to take us on the hunt.

On the way up-stairs, I ran out on the terrace. Papa's favorite greyhound, Milka, lay blinking in the sunshine at the door.

"Milotchka," I said, petting her and kissing her nose, "we are going away to-day; good-by! We shall never see each other again."

My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears.

CHAPTER IV

LESSONS

Karl Ivanitch was very much out of sorts. This was evident from his frowning brows, and from the way he flung his coat into the commode, his angry manner of tying his girdle, and the deep mark which he made with his nail in the conversation-book to indicate the point which we must learn by heart. Volodya studied properly; but my mind was so upset that I positively could do nothing. I gazed long and stupidly at the conversation-book, but I could not read for the tears which gathered in my eyes at the thought of the parting before us. When the time for recitation came, Karl Ivanitch listened with his eyes half shut (which was a bad sign); and just at the place where one says, "Where do you come from?" and the other answers, "I come from the coffee-house," I could no longer restrain my tears; and sobs prevented my uttering, "Have you not read the paper?" When it came to writing, I made such blots with my tears falling on the paper, that I might have been writing with water on wrapping paper.

Karl Ivanitch became angry; he put me on his knees, declared that it was obstinacy, a puppet comedy (this was a favorite expression of his), threatened me with the ruler, and demanded that I should beg his pardon, although I could not utter a word for my tears. He must have recognized his injustice at length, for he went into Nikolaï's room and slammed the door.

The conversation in the dyadka's room was audible in the school-room.

"You have heard, Nikolaï, that the children are going to Moscow?" said Karl Ivanitch, as he entered.

"Certainly, I have heard that."

Nikolaï must have made a motion to rise, for Karl Ivanitch said, "Sit still, Nikolaï!" and then he shut the door. I emerged from the corner, and went to listen at the door.

"However much good you do to people, however much you are attached to them, gratitude is not to be expected, apparently, Nikolaï," said Karl Ivanitch, with feeling.

Nikolaï, who was sitting at the window at his shoemaking, nodded his head affirmatively.

"I have lived in this house twelve years, and I can say before God, Nikolaï," continued Karl Ivanitch, raising his eyes and his snuff-box to the ceiling, "that I have loved them, and taken more interest in them than if they had been my own children. You remember, Nikolaï, when Volodenka had the fever, how I sat by his bedside, and never closed my eyes for nine days. Yes; then I was good, dear Karl Ivanitch; then I was necessary. But now," he added with an ironical smile, "now *the children are grown up; they must study in earnest.* Just as if they were not learning anything here, Nikolaï!"

"So they are to study more, it seems?" said Nikolaï, laying down his awl, and drawing out his thread with both hands.

"Yes; I am no longer needed, I must be driven off. But where are their promises? Where is their gratitude? I revere and love Natalya Nikolaevna, Nikolaï," said he, laying his hand on his breast. "But what is she? Her will is of no more consequence in this house than that;" hereupon he flung a scrap of leather on the floor with an expressive gesture. "I know whose doing this is, and why I am no longer needed; because I don't lie, and pretend not to see things, like *some people.* I have always been accustomed to speak the truth to every one," said he, proudly. "God be with them! They won't accumulate wealth by getting rid of me; and God

is merciful, — I shall find a bit of bread for myself ... shall I not, Nikolaï?"

Nikolaï raised his head and looked at Karl Ivanitch, as though desirous of assuring himself whether he really would be able to find a bit of bread; but he said nothing.

Karl Ivanitch talked much and long in this strain. He said they had been more capable of appreciating his services at a certain general's house, where he had formerly lived (I was much pained to hear it). He spoke of Saxony, of his parents, of his friend the tailor, Schönheit, and so forth, and so forth.

I sympathized with his sorrow, and it pained me that papa and Karl Ivanitch, whom I loved almost equally, did not understand each other. I betook myself to my corner again, crouched down on my heels, and pondered how I might bring about an understanding between them.

When Karl Ivanitch returned to the school-room, he ordered me to get up, and prepare my copy-book for writing from dictation. When all was ready, he seated himself majestically in his arm-chair, and in a voice which appeared to issue from some great depth, he began to dictate as follows: —

"'Of all pas-sions the most re-volt-ing is,' have you written that?" Here he paused, slowly took a pinch of snuff, and continued with renewed energy, — "'the most revolting is In-grat-i-tude'.... a capital *I*."

I looked at him after writing the last word, in expectation of more.

"Period," said he, with a barely perceptible smile, and made us a sign to give him our copy-books.

He read this apothegm, which gave utterance to his inward sentiment, through several times, with various intonations, and with an expression of the greatest satisfaction. Then he set us a lesson in history, and seated himself by the window. His face was not so morose as it had been; it expressed the delight of a man who had taken a proper revenge for an insult that had been put upon him.

It was quarter to one, but Karl Ivanitch had no idea

of dismissing us, apparently; in fact, he gave out some new lessons.

Ennui and hunger increased in equal measure. With the greatest impatience, I noted all the signs which betokened the near approach of dinner. There came the woman with her mop to wash the plates; then I could hear the dishes rattle on the sideboard. I heard them move the table, and place the chairs; then Mimi came in from the garden with Liubotchka and Katenka (Katenka was Mimi's twelve-year-old daughter); but nothing was to be seen of Foka, the majordomo, who always came and announced that dinner was ready. Then only could we throw aside our books without paying any attention to Karl Ivanitch, and run down-stairs.

Then footsteps were audible on the stairs, but that was not Foka! I knew his step by heart, and could always recognize the squeak of his boots. The door opened, and a figure which was totally unknown to me appeared.

CHAPTER V

THE FOOL

Into the room walked a man of fifty, with a long, pale, pock-marked face, with long gray hair and a sparse reddish beard. He was of such vast height, that, in order to pass through the door, he was obliged to bend not only his head, but his whole body. He wore a ragged garment which resembled both a kaftan and a cassock; in his hand he carried a huge staff. As he entered the room, he smote the floor with it with all his might; opening his mouth, and wrinkling his brows, he laughed in a terrible and unnatural manner. He was blind of one eye; and the white pupil of that eye hopped about incessantly, and imparted to his already homely countenance a still more repulsive expression.

"Aha! I've found you!" he shouted, running up to Volodya with little steps; he seized his head, and began

a careful examination of his crown. Then, with a perfectly serious expression, he left him, walked up to the table, and began to blow under the oil-cloth, and to make the sign of the cross over it. "O-oh, it's a pity! o-oh, it's sad! The dear children .... will fly away," he said, in a voice quivering with tears, gazing feelingly at Volodya; and he began to wipe away the tears which were actually falling, with his sleeve.

His voice was coarse and hoarse, his movements hasty and rough; his talk was silly and incoherent (he never used any pronouns); but his intonations were so touching, and his grotesque yellow face assumed at times such a frankly sorrowful expression, that, in listening to him, it was impossible to refrain from a feeling of mingled pity, fear, and grief.

This was the fool and pilgrim Grischa.

Whence was he? Who were his parents? What had induced him to adopt the singular life which he led? No one knew. I only knew that he had passed since the age of fifteen as a fool who went barefoot winter and summer, visited the monasteries, gave little images to those who struck his fancy, and uttered enigmatic words which some people accepted as prophecy; that no one had ever known him in any other aspect; that he occasionally went to grandmother's; and that some said he was the unfortunate son of wealthy parents, and a genuine fool; while others held that he was a simple peasant and lazy.

At length the long-wished-for and punctual Foka arrived, and we went down-stairs. Grischa, who continued to sob and talk all sorts of nonsense, followed us, and pounded every step on the stairs with his staff. Papa and mamma entered the drawing-room arm in arm, discussing something in a low tone. Marya Ivanovna was sitting with much dignity in one of the arm-chairs, symmetrically arranged at right angles to the divan, and giving instructions in a stern, repressed voice to the girls who sat beside her. As soon as Karl Ivanitch entered the room, she glanced at him, but immediately turned away; and her face assumed an expression which might

have been interpreted to mean: "I do not see you, Karl Ivanitch." It was plain from the girls' eyes, that they were very anxious to impart to us some extremely important news as soon as possible; but it would have been an infringement of Mimi's rules to jump up and come to us. We must first go to her, and say, "*Bonjour*, Mimi!" and give a scrape with the foot; and then it was permissible to enter into conversation.

What an intolerable creature that Mimi was! It was impossible to talk about anything in her presence; she considered everything improper. Moreover, she was constantly exhorting us to speak French, and that, as if out of malice, just when we wanted to chatter in Russian; or at dinner — you would just begin to enjoy a dish, and want to be let alone, when she would infallibly say, "Eat that with bread," or, "How are you holding your fork?" — "What business is it of hers?" you think. "Let her teach her girls, but Karl Ivanitch is there to see to us." I fully shared his hatred for *some people*.

"Ask mamma to take us on the hunt," whispered Katenka, stopping me by seizing my round jacket, when the grown-up people had passed on before into the dining-room.

"Very good; we will try."

Grischa ate in the dining-room, but at a small table apart; he did not raise his eyes from his plate, made fearful grimaces, sighed occasionally, and said, as though speaking to himself: "It's a pity.... she[1] has flown away.... the dove will fly to heaven..... Oh, there's a stone on the grave!" and so on.

Mamma had been in a troubled state of mind ever since the morning; Grischa's presence, words, and behavior evidently increased this perturbation.

"Ah, I nearly forgot to ask you about one thing," she said, handing papa a plate of soup.

"What is it?"

"Please have your dreadful dogs shut up; they came

[1] It is indispensable to the sense in English to employ pronouns, occasionally. This may be considered a specimen of Grischa's prophecy, the pronoun being indicated by the termination of the verb. — Tr.

near biting poor Grischa when he passed through the yard. And they might attack the children."

Hearing himself mentioned, Grischa turned toward the table, and began to exhibit the torn tails of his garment, and to speak with his mouth full.

"They wanted to bite to death.... God did not allow it.... It 's a sin to set the dogs on! Don't beat the bolschak[1].... why beat? God forgives.... times are different now."

"What 's that he 's saying?" asked papa, gazing sternly and intently at him. "I don't understand a word."

"But I understand," answered mamma; "he told me that some huntsman set his dogs on him, on purpose, as he says, 'that they might bite him to death, but God did not permit it;' and he begs you not to punish the man for it."

"Ah! that 's it," said papa. "How does he know that I mean to punish the huntsman? You know that I 'm not overfond of these gentlemen," he added in French, "and this one in particular does not please me, and ought...."

"Ah, do not say that, my dear," interrupted mamma, as if frightened at something. "What do you know about it?"

"It seems to me that I have had occasion to learn these people's ways by heart; enough of them come to you. They 're all of one cut. It 's forever and eternally the same story."

It was plain that mamma held a totally different opinion on this point, but she would not dispute.

"Please give me a patty," said she. "Are they good to-day?"

"Yes, it makes me angry," went on papa, taking a patty in his hand, but holding it at such a distance that mamma could not reach it; "it makes me angry, when I see sensible and cultivated people fall into the trap."

And he struck the table with his fork.

[1] Elder of a village, family, or religious community. Grischa called all peasants thus, without regard to their status.

"I asked you to hand me a patty," she repeated, reaching out her hand.

"And they do well," continued papa, moving his hand farther away, "when they arrest such people. The only good they do is to upset the weak nerves of certain individuals," he added with a smile, perceiving that the conversation greatly displeased mamma, and gave her the patty.

"I have only one remark to make to you on the subject: it is difficult to believe that a man who, in spite of his sixty years, goes barefoot summer and winter, and wears chains weighing two poods, which he never takes off, under his clothes, and who has more than once rejected a proposal to lead an easy life, — it is difficult to believe that such a man does all this from laziness.

"As for prophecy," she added with a sigh, after a pause, "I have paid for my belief; I think I have told you how Kiriuscha foretold the very day and hour of papa's death."

"Ah, what have you done to me!" exclaimed papa, smiling, and putting his hand to his mouth on the side where Mimi sat. (When he did this, I always listened with strained attention, in the expectation of something amusing.) "Why have you reminded me of his feet? I have looked at them, and now I shall not be able to eat anything."

The dinner was nearing its end. Liubotchka and Katenka winked at us incessantly, twisted on their chairs, and evinced the greatest uneasiness. The winks signified: "Why don't you ask them to take us hunting?" I nudged Volodya with my elbow; Volodya nudged me, and finally summoned up his courage: he explained, at first in a timid voice, but afterwards quite firmly and loudly, that, as we were to leave on that day, we should like to have the girls taken to the hunt with us, in the carriage.[1] After a short consultation among

[1] A *lineika*, or "little line," — that is, a long, generally springless, uncovered conveyance, somewhat of the jaunting-car pattern, suitable for rough driving. — TR.

the grown-up people, the question was decided in our favor; and, what was still more pleasant, mamma said that she would go with us herself.

CHAPTER VI

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HUNT

During dessert, Yakoff was summoned, and received orders with regard to the carriage, the dogs, and the saddle-horses, — all being given with the greatest minuteness, and every horse specified by name. Volodya's horse was lame; papa ordered the hunter to be saddled for him. This word "hunter" always sounded strange in mamma's ears; it seemed to her that it must be something in the nature of a wild beast, and that it would infallibly run away with and kill Volodya. In spite of the exhortations of papa and of Volodya, who with wonderful boldness asserted that that was nothing, and that he liked to have the horse run away extremely, poor mamma continued to declare that she should be in torments during the whole of the excursion.

Dinner came to an end; the big people went to the study to drink their coffee, while we ran into the garden, to scrape our feet along the paths covered with the yellow leaves which had fallen, and to talk. The conversation began on the subject of Volodya riding the hunter, and how shameful it was that Liubotchka ran more softly than Katenka, and how interesting it would be to see Grischa's chains, and so on; not a word was said about our separation. Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage, upon each of whose springs sat a servant-boy. Behind the carriage came the huntsmen with the dogs; behind the huntsmen Ignat, the coachman, on the horse destined for Volodya, and leading my old Kleper by the bridle. First we rushed to the fence, whence all these interesting things were visible, and then we flew up-stairs

shrieking and stamping, to dress ourselves as much like hunters as possible. One of the chief means to this end was tucking our trousers into our boots. We betook ourselves to this without delay, making haste to complete the operation, and run out upon the steps to enjoy the sight of the dogs and horses, and the conversation with the huntsmen.

The day was warm. White clouds of fanciful forms had been hovering all the morning on the horizon; then the little breezes drove them nearer and nearer, so that they obscured the sun from time to time. But black and frequent as were these clouds, it was plain that they were not destined to gather into a thunder-storm and spoil our enjoyment on our last opportunity. Toward evening they began to disperse again: some grew pale, lengthened out, and fled to the horizon; others, just overhead, turned into white transparent scales; only one large black cloud lingered in the east. Karl Ivanitch always knew where every sort of cloud went; he declared that this cloud would go to Maslovka, that there would be no rain, and that the weather would be fine.

Foka, in spite of his advanced years, ran down the steps very quickly and cleverly, cried, "Drive up!" and, planting his feet far apart, stood firm in the middle of the entrance, between the spot to which the carriage should be brought, and the threshold, in the attitude of a man who does not need to be reminded of his duty. The ladies followed, and after a brief dispute as to who should sit on which side, and whom they should cling to (although it seemed to me quite unnecessary to hold on), they seated themselves, opened their parasols, and drove off. When the lineika started, mamma pointed to the hunter, and asked the coachman in a trembling voice: —

"Is that the horse for Vladimir Petrovitch?"

And when the coachman replied in the affirmative, she waved her hand and turned away. I was very impatient; I mounted my horse, looked straight between his ears, and went through various evolutions in the courtyard.

"Please not to crush the dogs," said one of the huntsmen.

"Rest easy; this is not my first experience," I answered proudly.

Volodya mounted the hunter, not without some quaking in spite of his resolution of character, and asked several times as he patted him: —

"Is he gentle?"

He looked very handsome on horseback, — just like a grown-up person. His thighs sat so well on the saddle that I was envious, — particularly as, so far as I could judge from my shadow, I was far from presenting so fine an appearance.

Then we heard papa's step on the stairs; the dog-feeder drove up the scattered hounds; the huntsmen with greyhounds called in theirs, and began to mount. The groom led the horse to the steps; papa's leash of dogs, which had been lying about in various picturesque poses, ran to him. After him, in a bead collar jingling like iron, Milka sprang gayly out. She always greeted the male dogs when she came out; she played with some, smelled of others, growled a little, and hunted fleas on others.

Papa mounted his horse, and we set out.

CHAPTER VII

THE HUNT

The huntsman in chief, who was called Turka, rode in front on a dark gray Roman-nosed horse; he wore a shaggy cap, a huge horn over his shoulder, and a knife in his belt. From the man's fierce and gloomy exterior, one would sooner imagine that he was going to deadly conflict than on a hunting expedition. About the hind heels of his horse ran the hounds, clustered together in a many-hued, undulating pack. It was pitiful to contemplate the fate which befell any unfortunate dog who took it into his head to linger behind. His companion

was forced to drag him along with great effort; and when he had succeeded in this, one of the huntsmen who rode in the rear never failed to give him a cut with his whip, saying, "To the pack with you!" When we emerged from the gates, papa ordered us and the huntsmen to ride along the road, but he himself turned into a field of rye.

The grain harvest was in full swing. The shining yellow field, extending farther than the eye could reach, was closed in on one side only by a lofty blue forest which seemed to me then a very distant and mysterious place, behind which the world came to an end, or some uninhabited region began. The whole field was covered with shocks of sheaves and with people. Here and there amid the tall rye, on some spot that had been reaped, the bended back of a reaper was visible, the swing of the ears as she laid them between her fingers, a woman in the shade, bending over a cradle, and scattered sheaves upon the stubble strewn with cornflowers. In another quarter, peasants in their shirt-sleeves, standing on carts, were loading the sheaves, and raising a dust in the dry, hot fields. The starosta (overseer), in boots, and with his armyak [1] thrown on without the sleeves, and tally-sticks in his hand, perceiving papa in the distance, took off his felt cap, wiped his reddish head and beard with a towel, and shouted at the women. The sorrel horse which papa rode had a light, playful gait; now and then he dropped his head on his breast, pulled at the reins, and with his heavy tail brushed away the horse-flies and common flies which clung thirstily to him. Two greyhounds, with their tails curved in the shape of a sickle, lifted their legs high and sprang gracefully over the tall stubble, behind the horse's heels; Milka ran in front, and, with head bent low, was watching for the scent. The conversation of the people, the noise of the horses and carts, the merry whistle of the quail, the hum of insects which circled in motionless swarms in the air, the scent of the wormwood, the straw, and the sweat of the horses, the thou

[1] A long, wide coat worn by peasants.

sands of varying hues and shadows which the glowing sun poured over the bright yellow stubble-field, the blue of the distant forest and the pale lilac of the clouds, the white spider's webs which floated through the air or lay upon the stubble, — all this I saw, heard, and felt.

When we reached Kalinovoe (viburnum) woods, we found the carriage already there, and, beyond all our expectations, a one-horse cart, in the midst of which sat the butler. Under the hay we caught glimpses of a samovar, a cask with a form of ice-cream, and some other attractive parcels and baskets. It was impossible to make any mistake; there was to be tea, ice-cream, and fruit in the open air. At the sight of the cart, we manifested an uproarious joy; for it was considered a great treat to drink tea in the woods on the grass, and especially in a place where nobody had ever drunk tea before.

Turka came to this little meadow-encircled wood, halted, listened attentively to papa's minute directions how to get into line, and where to sally forth (he never minded these directions, however, and did what seemed good to him), uncoupled the dogs, arranged the leashes in a leisurely manner, mounted his horse, and disappeared behind the young birches. The first thing the hounds did on being released was to express their joy by wagging their tails, shaking themselves, putting themselves in order; and then, after a little scamper, they smelled each other, wagged their tails again, and set off in various directions.

"Have you a handkerchief?" asked papa.

I pulled one from my pocket and showed it to him.

"Well, take that gray dog on your handkerchief...."

"Zhiran?" I inquired, with a knowing air.

"Yes, and run along the road. When you come to a little meadow, stop and look about you; don't come back to me without a hare."

I wound my handkerchief about Zhiran's shaggy neck, and started at a headlong pace for the spot indicated to me. Papa laughed and called after me: —

"Faster, faster, or you 'll be too late."

Zhiran kept halting, pricking up his ears, and listening to the galloping of the huntsmen. I had not the strength to drag him from the spot, and I began to shout, "Catch him! catch him!" Then Zhiran tore away with such force that I could hardly hold him, and I fell down more than once before I reached my post. Selecting a shady and level place at the root of a lofty oak, I lay down on the grass, placed Zhiran beside me, and waited. My imagination, as always happens in such cases, far outran reality. I fancied that I was already coursing my third hare, when the first hound gave tongue in the woods. Turka's voice rang loudly and with animation through the forest; the hound was whimpering, and its voice was more and more frequently audible. Another voice, a bass, joined in, then a third and a fourth. These voices ceased, and again they interrupted each other. The sounds grew gradually louder and more unbroken, and at length merged into one ringing, all-pervading roar. The meadow-encircled clump of trees was one mass of sound, and the hounds were burning with impatience.

When I heard that, I stiffened at my post. Fixing my eyes upon the edge of the woods, I smiled foolishly; the perspiration poured from me in streams, and although the drops tickled me as they ran down my chin, I did not wipe them off. It seemed to me that nothing could be more decisive than this moment. This attitude of expectancy was too unnatural to last long. The hounds poured into the edge of the woods, then they retreated from me; there was no hare. I began to look about. Zhiran was in the same state; at first he tugged and whimpered, then lay down beside me, put his nose upon my knees, and became quiet.

Around the bare roots of the oak tree under which I sat, upon the gray, parched earth, amid the withered oak leaves, acorns, dry moss-grown sticks, yellowish green moss, and the thin green blades of grass which pushed their way through here and there, ants swarmed in countless numbers. They hurried after each other along the beaten paths which they had themselves prepared,

some with burdens, some unladen. I picked up a dry stick, and obstructed their way with it. You should have seen how some, despising danger, climbed over it, while others, especially those who had loads, quite lost their heads and did not know what to do; they halted, and hunted for a path round it, or turned back, or crawled upon my hand from the stick, with the intention, apparently, of getting under the sleeve of my jacket. I was diverted from these interesting observations by a butterfly with yellow wings, which hovered before me in an extremely attractive manner. No sooner had I directed my attention to it than it flew away a couple of paces, circled about a nearly wilted head of wild white clover, and alighted upon it. I do not know whether it was warming itself in the sun, or drawing the sap from this weed, but it was evident that it was enjoying itself. Now and then it fluttered its wings and pressed closer to the flower, and at last became perfectly still. I propped my head on both hands and gazed at it with pleasure.

All at once, Zhiran began to howl, and tugged with such force that I nearly fell over. I glanced about. Along the skirt of the woods skipped a hare, with one ear drooping, the other raised. The blood rushed to my head, and, forgetting everything for the moment, I shouted something in a wild voice, loosed my dog, and set out to run. But no sooner had I done this than my repentance began. The hare squatted, gave a leap, and I saw no more of him.

But what was my mortification, when, following the hounds, who came baying down to the edge of the woods, Turka made his appearance from behind a bush! He perceived my mistake (which consisted in not *holding out*), and, casting a scornful glance upon me, he merely said, "*Eh, bárin!*"[1] But you should have heard how he said it. It would have been pleasanter for me if he had hung me to his saddle like a hare.

For a long time I stood in deep despair, rooted to the

[1] Master.

spot. I did not call the dog, and only repeated as I beat my thighs, "Heavens, what have I done!"

I heard the hounds coursing in the distance; I heard them give tongue on the other side of the wood-island, and kill a hare, and Turka summoning the dogs with his long whip; but still I did not stir from the spot.

CHAPTER VIII

GAMES

The hunt was at an end. A cloth was spread under the shadow of the young birches, and the whole company seated themselves around it. Gavrilo, the butler, having trodden down the lush green grass about him, wiped the plates, and emptied the baskets of the plums and peaches wrapped in leaves. The sun shone through the green branches of the young birches, and cast round quivering gleams upon the patterns of the table-cloth, upon my feet, and even upon Gavrilo's polished perspiring head. A light breeze fluttering through the leaves, upon my hair and my streaming face, was very refreshing.

When the ices and fruits had been distributed to us, there was nothing more to be done at the cloth; and in spite of the sun's scorching, oblique rays, we rose and began to play.

"Now, what shall it be?" said Liubotchka, blinking in the sun, and dancing up and down upon the grass. "Let us have Robinson!"

"No, it's tiresome," said Volodya, rolling lazily on the turf, and chewing a leaf; "it's eternally Robinson! If you insist upon it, though, let's build an arbor."

Volodya was evidently putting on airs; it must have been because he was proud of having ridden the hunter, and he feigned to be very much fatigued. Possibly, also, he had too much sound sense, and too little force of imagination, fully to enjoy a game of Robinson. This

game consisted in acting a scene from the "Robinson Suisse,"[1] which we had read not long before.

"Now, please .... why won't you do this to please us?" persisted the girls. "You shall be Charles or Ernest or the father, whichever you like," said Katenka, trying to pull him from the ground by the sleeves of his jacket.

"I really don't want to; it's tiresome," said Volodya, stretching himself, and smiling in a self-satisfied way.

"It's better to stay at home if nobody wants to play," declared Liubotchka, through her tears.

She was a horrible cry-baby.

"Come along, then; only please don't cry. I can't stand it."

Volodya's condescension afforded us but very little satisfaction; on the contrary, his bored and lazy look destroyed all the illusion of the play. When we sat down on the ground, and, imagining that we were setting out on a fishing expedition, began to row with all our might, Volodya sat with folded hands, and in an attitude which had nothing in common with the attitude of a fisherman. I remarked on this to him; but he retorted that we should gain nothing and do no good by either a greater or less flourish of hands, and should not travel any farther. I involuntarily agreed with him. When I made believe go hunting with a stick on my shoulder, and took my way to the woods, Volodya lay down flat on his back, with his hands under his head, and said it was all the same as though he went, too. Such speeches and behavior cooled us toward this game, and were extremely unpleasant; the more so as it was impossible not to admit in one's own mind that Volodya was behaving sensibly.

I knew myself that not only could I not kill a bird with my stick, but that it was impossible to fire it off. That was what the game consisted in. If you judge things in that fashion, then it is impossible to ride on chairs; but, thought I, Volodya himself must remember how, on long winter evenings, we covered an arm-chair

[1] "The Swiss Family Robinson."

with cloths, and made a calash out of it, while one mounted as coachman, the other as footman, and the girls sat in the middle, with three chairs for a troïka of horses, and we set out on a journey. And how many adventures happened on the way! and how merrily and swiftly the winter evenings passed! Judging by the present standard, there would be no games. And if there are no games, what is left?

CHAPTER IX

SOMETHING IN THE NATURE OF FIRST LOVE

Pretending that she was plucking some American fruits from a tree, Liubotchka tore off a leaf with a huge caterpillar on it, flung it on the ground in terror, raised her hands, and sprang back as though she feared that something would spout out of it. The game came to an end; we all flung ourselves down on the ground with our heads together, to gaze at this curiosity.

I looked over Katenka's shoulder; she was trying to pick the worm up on a leaf which she placed in its way.

I had observed that many girls have a trick of twisting their shoulders, endeavoring by this movement to bring back their low-necked dresses, which have slipped down, to their proper place. I remember that this motion always made Mimi angry: "It is the gesture of a chambermaid," she said. Katenka made this motion as she bent over the worm, and at the same moment the wind raised her kerchief from her white neck. Her little shoulder was within two fingers' length of my lips. I no longer looked at the worm; I stared and stared at Katenka's shoulder, and kissed it with all my might. She did not turn round, but I noticed that her cheeks crimsoned up to her very ears. Volodya did not raise his head, but said scornfully: —

"What tenderness!"

The tears came into my eyes.

I never took my eyes from Katenka. I had long

been used to her fresh little blond face, and I had always loved it. But now I began to observe it more attentively, and I liked it still better. When we went back to the grown-up people, papa announced, to our great joy, that, at mamma's request, our departure was postponed until the following day.

We rode back in company with the carriage. Volodya and I, desirous of outdoing each other in the art of horsemanship and in boldness, pranced around it. My shadow was longer than before, and, judging from it, I imagined that I must present the effect of a very fine rider; but the feeling of self-satisfaction which I experienced was speedily destroyed by the following circumstance. Desiring completely to fascinate all who rode in the carriage, I fell behind a little; then, with the assistance of my whip and my feet, I started my horse forward, and assumed an attitude of careless grace, with the intention of dashing past them like a whirlwind on the side where Katenka sat. The only point I was in doubt about was: Would it be better to gallop by in silence, or to cry out? But the hateful horse came to a standstill so unexpectedly when he came up with the carriage-horses, that I flew over the saddle upon his neck, and almost tumbled off his back.

CHAPTER X

WHAT KIND OF A MAN MY FATHER WAS

He was a man of the last century, and possessed that indefinable chivalry of character, enterprise, self-confidence, amiability, and rakishness which was common to the youth of that period. He looked with disdain upon the people of the present century; and this view proceeded quite as much from innate pride as from a secret feeling of vexation that he could not wield that influence or enjoy those successes in our age which he had enjoyed in his own. His two principal passions in life were cards and women: he had won several mill-

ions during his lifetime, and had had *liaisons* with an innumerable number of women of all classes.

A tall, stately figure, a strange, tripping gait, a habit of shrugging his shoulders, little eyes which were always smiling, a large aquiline nose, irregular lips which closed awkwardly but agreeably, a defect in speech, a lisp, and a large bald spot extending all over his head — such was my father's appearance from the time I first recollect him, — an appearance by means of which he not only managed to make the reputation of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, but to be so and to please every one without exception, — people of all classes and conditions, and especially those whom he desired to please.

He understood how to get the upper hand in all his dealings. Without ever having been a member of the *very highest society*, he had always had intercourse with individuals belonging to that circle, and of such a sort that he was always respected. He understood that extreme measure of pride and self-confidence which, without offending others, raised him in the estimation of the world. He was original, though not always, and employed his originality as an instrument which in some cases takes the place of worldly wisdom or wealth. Nothing in the world could arouse in him a sensation of wonder: however brilliant his position, he seemed born to it. He understood so well how to hide from others, and put away from himself, that dark side of life which is familiar to every one, and filled with petty vexations and griefs, that it was impossible not to envy him.

He was a connoisseur of all things which afford comfort or pleasure, and understood how to make use of them. His hobby was his brilliant connections, which he possessed partly through my mother's relations and partly through the companions of his youth, with whom he was secretly enraged, because they had all risen to high official positions, while he had remained only a retired lieutenant in the Guards. Like all men who have once been in the army, he did not know how to dress fashionably; nevertheless, his dress was origi-

and elegant. His clothes were always very loose and light, his linen of the most beautiful quality, his large cuffs and collars were turned back. And it all suited his tall figure, his muscular build, his bald head, and his calm, self-confident movements. He was sensitive, and even easily moved to tears. Often, when he came to a pathetic place while reading aloud, his voice would begin to tremble, the tears would come; and he would drop the book in vexation. He loved music, and sang, to his own piano accompaniment, the romances of his friend A., gipsy songs, and some airs from the operas; but he did not like scientific music, and said frankly, without heeding the general opinion, that Beethoven's sonatas drove him to sleep and *ennui;* and that he knew nothing finer than "Wake the young girl not," as sung by Madame Semenoff, and "Not alone," as gipsy Taniuscha sang it. His nature was one of those to whose good deeds a public is indispensable. And he only considered that good which was so reckoned by the public. God knows whether he had any moral convictions. His life was so full of passions of every sort, that he never had any time to make an inventory of them, and he was so happy in his life that he saw no necessity for so doing.

A fixed opinion on things generally, and unalterable principles, formulated themselves in his mind as he grew older — but solely on practical grounds. Those deeds and that manner of life which procured him happiness and pleasure, he considered good; and he thought that every one should always do the same. He was a very delightful talker; and this quality, it seems to me, heightened the flexibility of his principles: he was capable of depicting the same act as a charming bit of mischief, or as a piece of low-lived villainy.

CHAPTER XI

OCCUPATIONS IN THE STUDY AND THE DRAWING-ROOM

It was already dusk when we reached home. Mamma seated herself at the piano, and we children fetched our paper, pencils, and paints, and settled ourselves about the round table at our drawing. I had only blue paint; nevertheless, I undertook to depict the hunt. After representing, in very lively style, a blue boy mounted on a blue horse, and some blue dogs, I was not quite sure whether I could paint a blue hare, and ran to papa in his study to take advice on the matter. Papa was reading; and, in answer to my question, "Are there any blue hares?" he said, without raising his head, "Yes, my dear, there are." I went back to the round table, and painted a blue hare; then I found it necessary to turn the blue hare into a bush. The bush did not please me either; I turned it into a tree, and the tree into a stack of hay, and the haystack into a cloud; and finally I blotted my whole paper so with blue paint, that I tore it up in vexation, and went off to doze on the long sofa-chair.

Mamma was playing the Second Concerto of Field - her teacher. I dreamed, and light, bright, transparent recollections penetrated my imagination. She played Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and my memories became painful, dark, burdensome. Mamma often played those two pieces; therefore I well remember the feeling which they aroused in me. It resembled memories; but memories of what? I seemed to remember something which had never happened.

Opposite me was the door into the study, and I saw Yakoff enter, and some other people with kaftans and beards. The door immediately closed behind them. "Now business has begun!" I thought. It seemed to me that nothing in the world could be more important than the business which was being transacted in that study; this idea of mine was confirmed by the fact that

all who entered the study door generally did so on tiptoe and exchanging whispers. Papa's loud voice was audible; and the smell of cigars, which always attracted me very much, I know not why, was perceptible. All at once, I was much surprised in my half slumber by the familiar squeak of boots in the butler's pantry. Karl Ivanitch walked up to the door on tiptoe, but with a gloomy and decided countenance, and some papers in his hand, and knocked lightly. He was admitted, and the door was slammed again.

"Some misfortune must have happened," I thought. "Karl Ivanitch is angry; he is ready for anything."

And again I fell into a doze.

But no misfortune had occurred. In about an hour, the same squeaking boots woke me up. Karl Ivanitch emerged from the door, wiping away the tears which I espied on his cheeks, with his handkerchief, and went up-stairs, muttering something to himself. Papa came out after him, and entered the drawing-room.

"Do you know what I have just decided upon?" he said in a gay voice, laying his hand on mamma's shoulder.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I shall take Karl Ivanitch with the children. There is room for him in the britchka. They are used to him, and it seems that he is very much attached to them; and seven hundred rubles a year does not count for much: and then he is a very good sort of fellow at bottom."[1]

I could not in the least understand why papa called Karl Ivanitch names.

"I am very glad," said mamma, "both for the children's sake and for his; he is a fine old fellow."

"If you could only have seen how much affected he was when I told him that he was to keep the five hundred rubles as a gift! But the most amusing thing of all is this account which he brought me. It 's worth looking at," he added, with a smile, handing her a list in Karl Ivanitch's handwriting; "it is delightful."

[1] "*— et puis, au fond, c'est un très bon diable.*"

This was what the list contained: —

"Two fish-hooks for the children, seventy kopeks.

"Colored paper, gold binding, a syringe and jumping-jack, for a little box for a present, six rubles fifty-five kopeks.

"Books and bows, presents to the children, eight rubles sixteen kopeks.

"Trousers for Nikolaï, four rubles.

"The gold watch promised by Piotr Alexandrovitch, to be got from Moscow in 18—, one hundred and forty rubles.

"Total due Karl Mauer, above his salary, one hundred and fifty-nine rubles seventy-nine kopeks."

After reading this list, in which Karl Ivanitch demanded payment of all the sums which he had expended for presents, and even the price of the gifts promised to himself, any one would think that Karl Ivanitch was nothing more than an unfeeling, covetous egoist — and he would be very much mistaken.

When he entered the study with this account in his hand, and a speech ready prepared in his head, he intended to set forth eloquently before papa all the injustice that he had endured in our house; but when he began to speak in that touching voice, and with the feeling intonations which he usually employed when dictating to us, his eloquence acted most powerfully on himself; so that when he reached the place where he said, "Painful as it is to me to part from the children," he became utterly confused, his voice trembled, and he was forced to pull his checked handkerchief from his pocket.

"Yes, Piotr Alexandritch," he said, through his tears (this passage did not occur in the prepared speech), "I have become so used to the children, that I do not know what I shall do without them. It will be better for me to serve you without salary," he added, wiping away his tears with one hand, and presenting the bill with the other.

That Karl Ivanitch was sincere when he spoke thus I can affirm with authority, for I know his kind heart

but how he reconciled that account with his words remains a mystery to me.

"If it is painful for you, it would be still more painful for me to part with you," said papa, tapping him on the shoulder. "I have changed my mind."

Not long before supper Grischa entered the room. From the moment he had come to the house, he had not ceased to sigh and weep; which, according to the opinion of those who believed in his power of prophecy, presaged some evil to our house. He began to take leave, and said that he should proceed farther the next morning. I winked at Volodya, and went out.

"What is it?"

"If you want to see Grischa's chains, let's go up-stairs to the men's rooms immediately. Grischa sleeps in the second chamber. We can sit in the garret perfectly well, and see everything."

"Splendid! Wait here; I'll call the girls."

The girls ran out, and we betook ourselves up-stairs. It was settled, not without some disputing, however, who was to go first into the dark garret; and we sat down and waited.

CHAPTER XII

GRISCHA

The darkness oppressed all of us; we pressed close to each other, and did not speak. Grischa followed us almost immediately, with his quiet steps. In one hand he carried his staff, in the other a tallow candle in a brass candlestick. We held our breaths.

"Lord Jesus Christ! Most Holy Mother of God! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" he repeated several times, with various intonations and abbreviations which are peculiar to those only who repeat these words often, as he drew the air into his lungs.

Having placed his staff in the corner, and inspected his bed during his prayer, he began to undress. He

unfastened his old black belt, removed his tattered nankeen smock, folded it carefully, and laid it over the back of a chair. His face did not now express haste and stupidity, as usual; on the contrary, it was composed, melancholy, and even majestic. His movements were deliberate and thoughtful.

Clad in his underclothes alone, he sank gently down upon the bed, made the sign of the cross over it on all sides, and with an evident effort (for he frowned) he adjusted the chains beneath his shirt. After sitting there awhile and anxiously examining several rents in his linen, he rose, lifted the candlestick on a level with the shrine in the corner, which contained several images, repeating a prayer meantime, crossed himself before them, and turned the candle upside down. It sputtered and went out.

The moon, which was almost full, shone in through the window, looking toward the forest. The long white figure of the fool was illuminated on one side by the pale, silvery rays of the moon: on the other it was in deep obscurity; his shadow fell on the floor and walls, and reached to the ceiling in company with the shadows from the window-frame. The watchman beat on the copper plate in the courtyard.

Grischa folded his huge arms across his breast, bent his head, sighing heavily, and without intermission, and stood in silence before the images; then he knelt, with difficulty, and began to pray.

At first he softly recited the familiar prayers, merely accentuating certain words; then he repeated them, but in a loud voice, and with much animation. He began to employ his own words, endeavoring, with evident effort, to express himself in Slavic. His words were incoherent but touching. He prayed for all his benefactors (as he called those who entertained him), among them mamma and us; he prayed for himself, besought God to forgive him his grievous sins, and said: "O God, forgive my enemies!" He rose with a groan, and, repeating the same words over and over, he fell to the ground again, and again rose, notwithstanding the

weight of the chains, which emitted a harsh, sharp sound as they struck the floor.

Volodya gave me a painful pinch on my leg, but I did not even look round; I merely rubbed the spot with one hand, and continued to observe all Grischa's words and motions with a sentiment of childish wonder, pity, and reverence.

Instead of the merriment and laughter upon which I had reckoned when I entered the garret, I felt a trembling and sinking at my heart.

Grischa remained in this state of religious exaltation for a long time, and improvised prayers. He repeated "*Lord, have mercy,*" several times in succession, but each time with fresh force and expression. Then he said: "*Forgive me, Lord; teach me what I should do; teach me what I should do, Lord!*" with an expression as though he expected an immediate response to his words; then several lamentable groans were audible. He rose to his knees, crossed his hands upon his breast, and became silent.

I put my head softly out of the door, and held my breath. Grischa did not stir; heavy sighs forced themselves from his breast; a tear stood in the dim pupil of his blind eye, which was illuminated by the moon.

"Thy will be done!" he cried suddenly, with an indescribable expression, fell with his forehead to the floor, and sobbed like a child.

A long time has passed since then; many memories of the past have lost all significance for me, and have become like confused visions; even pilgrim Grischa has long ago taken his last journey: but the impression which he made upon me, and the feeling which he awakened, will never die out of my memory.

O great Christian Grischa! Thy faith was so strong, that thou didst feel the nearness of God; thy love was so great, that thy words poured from thy lips of themselves, — thou didst not revise them with thy judgment. And what lofty praise didst thou offer to His majesty, when, finding no words, thou didst fling thyself to the earth in tears!

The emotion with which I listened to Grischa could not last long; in the first place, because my curiosity was satisfied, and, in the second, because my legs were stiff with sitting in one position, and I wanted to join in the general whispering and movement which was audible behind me in the dark garret. Some one caught my hand, and said, "Whose hand is this?" It was perfectly dark, but I immediately recognized Katenka by the touch of the hand, and by the voice which was just above my ear.

It was quite without premeditation that I grasped her arm on which the sleeve reached only to the elbow, and pressed my lips to it. Katenka was evidently surprised at this, and pulled her hand away; this movement caused her to strike a broken chair which stood in the garret. Grischa raised his head, glanced quietly about, repeating a prayer, and began to make the sign of the cross on all the corners. We ran out of the garret whispering, and making a great commotion.

CHAPTER XIII

NATALYA SAVISCHNA

About the middle of the last century, a plump, red-cheeked, barefooted, but merry girl, Nataschka, used to run about the courtyard in the village of Khabarovka in a tattered dress. My grandfather had taken her *up-stairs* as one of grandmother's female servants, on account of the services of her father Savva, the clarinet player, and at his request. *Nataschka*, as a maid, was distinguished for her gentleness of nature and her zeal. When mamma was born, and a nurse was required, this service was intrusted to *Nataschka;* and in this new career she won both praises and rewards for her activity, faithfulness, and attachment to her young mistress.

But the powdered head, stockings, and buckles of the dashing young majordomo Foka, who, in virtue of his office, was often brought in contact with Natalya, capti-

vated her rough but loving heart. She even made up her mind to go herself to grandfather, and ask permission to marry Foka. Grandfather looked upon her request as ingratitude, turned her away, and sent poor Natalya to the cattle-yard, in a village of the steppe, to punish her. But within six months Natalya was restored to her former duty, since no one could fill her place. On returning from banishment, she entered grandfather's presence, threw herself at his feet, and besought him to restore her to favor and affection, and to forget the folly which had come upon her, and to which she swore not to return. And she kept her word.

From that day Nataschka became Natalya Savischna, and wore a cap. All the treasures of love which she possessed she transferred to her young mistress.

When, later on, a governess replaced her with mamma, she received the keys of the storehouse, and all the linen and provisions were given into her charge. She fulfilled these new duties with the same love and zeal. Her whole life was devoted to the welfare of her master and mistress; she saw waste, ruin, robbery, on every side, and endeavored by every means in her power to counteract them.

When mamma married, desiring in some way to show her gratitude to Natalya Savischna for her labor and attachment of twenty years, she had her summoned; and, expressing in the most flattering terms all her love and obligations, she handed her a sheet of stamped paper, which declared that Natalya Savischna was a free woman; and she said that whether the latter should continue to serve in our house or not, she would always receive a yearly pension of three hundred rubles. Natalya Savischna listened to all this in silence; then, taking the document in her own hands, she looked angrily at it, muttered something between her lips, and flew out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Not understanding the cause of this strange behavior, mamma, after waiting a little, went to Natalya's room. The latter was sitting on her chest, with tear-swollen eyes, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers, and intently

regarding the tattered fragments of her emancipation paper, which were scattered over the floor before her.

"What is the matter, dearest Natalya Savischna?" asked mamma, taking her hand.

"Nothing, mátushka,"[1] she replied. "I must be repulsive to you in some way, that you drive me from the house. Well, I will go."

She pulled away her hand, and, with difficulty restraining her tears, she made a motion to leave the room. Mamma detained her, embraced her, and they both wept in company.

From the time when I can recollect anything, I remember Natalya Savischna, her love and caresses; but only now am I able to appreciate their worth, — but then it never entered my mind to think what a rare and wonderful being that old woman was. Not only did she never speak, but she seemed never even to think, of herself; her whole life was love and self-sacrifice. I was so accustomed to her tender, unselfish love for us, that I did not even imagine that it could be otherwise; was not in the least grateful to her, and never asked myself, Is she happy? Is she content?

Sometimes, under the plea of imperative necessity, I would run away from my lessons to her room, and begin to dream aloud, not in the least embarrassed by her presence. She was always busy over something; she was either knitting a stocking, or turning over the chests with which her room was filled, or taking account of the linen, and listening to all the nonsense which I uttered; how, "when I got to be a general, I would marry a wonderful beauty, buy myself a sorrel horse, build a glass house, and send for all Karl Ivanitch's relatives from Saxony," and so on; she would say, "Yes, bátiushka,[2] yes." Generally, when I rose and prepared to take my departure, she opened a blue chest, — on the inside of whose cover, as I now remember, there were pasted a picture of a hussar, a

[1] Little mother; a term of endearment.
[2] Little father, my dear.

picture from a pomade-box, and a drawing by Volodya, — and took from it a stick of incense, lighted it, and said, as she waved it about: —

"This, my dear, is *Otchakoff*, incense. When your late grandfather — may the kingdom of heaven be his! — went against the Turks, he brought this back. This is the last bit," she added, with a sigh.

Positively, there was everything in the chests with which her room was filled. Whatever was needed, the cry always was, "We must ask Natalya Savischna;" and, in fact, she always found the article required, after a little rummaging, and said, "It 's well that I hid it away." In those chests were thousands of things which nobody in the house, except herself, ever knew or troubled themselves about.

Once I was angry with her. This is how it was. I dropped the decanter when I was pouring myself some kvas at dinner, and spilled it on the table-cloth.

"Call Natalya Savischna, that she may take pride in her favorite," said mamma.

Natalya Savischna came, and, on seeing the puddle which I had made, she shook her head; then mamma whispered something in her ear, and she went out, shaking her finger at me.

After dinner, I was on my way to the hall, and skipping about in the most cheerful frame of mind, when, all at once, Natalya Savischna sprang out from behind the door, with the table-cloth in her hand, caught me, and, in spite of desperate resistance on my part, began to rub my face with the wet place, crying, "Don't spot the table-cloth, don't spot the table-cloth!" I was so offended that I roared with rage.

"What!" I said to myself, as I walked up and down the room and gulped down my tears, "Natalya Savischna, plain *Natalya*, calls *me* 'thou,' and strikes me in the face with a wet table-cloth to boot, as if I were a servant-boy! This is horrible!"

When Natalya Savischna saw that I was gasping with rage, she immediately ran off, and I went on pacing to and fro, and meditating how I might pay off that

impudent Natalya for the insult which she had inflicted on me.

In a few minutes Natalya Savischna returned, approached me timidly, and began to exhort me.

"Enough, my dear, don't cry. Forgive me, I was foolish. I am in the wrong. You will forgive me, my dove. Here, this is for you."

From beneath her kerchief she drew a horn of red paper, in which were two caramels and one grape, and gave it to me with a trembling hand. I had not the strength to look the good old woman in the face; I turned away, took her gift, and my tears flowed still more abundantly, but from love and shame now, and no longer from anger.

CHAPTER XIV

PARTING

At twelve o'clock on the day following the events which I have described, the calash and britchka stood at the door. Nikolaï was dressed for traveling; that is to say, his trousers were tucked into his boots, and his old coat was very closely belted. He stood by the britchka, packing the overcoats and cushions under the seat: when the pile seemed to him too high, he seated himself on the cushions, jumped up and down, and flattened them.

"Do me an unutterable favor, Nikolaï Dmitritch; can't we put the master's strong box in?" said papa's panting valet, leaning out of the calash; "it is small."

"You should have said so before, Mikheï Ivanitch," answered Nikolaï, quickly and angrily, flinging a parcel with all his might on the floor of the britchka. "O Lord, my head is going round, and here you come with your box!" he added, pulling off his cap, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his burning brow.

Men-servants in coats, kaftans, shirts, without hats women in striped petticoats and striped dresses, with

children in their arms, and barefooted children stood about the steps, stared at the equipages, and talked among themselves. One of the post-boys — a bent old man in a winter cap and armyak — held in his hand the pole of the calash, moved it back and forth, and thoughtfully surveyed its action; the other, a good-looking young fellow, clad only in a white shirt with shoulder-gussets of red kumatch,[1] and a conical black felt cap, which he tilted first over one ear and then over the other as he scratched his blond curls, placed his long coat on the box, flung the reins there also, and, cracking his braided knout, gazed now at his boots, now at the coachmen who were greasing the britchka. One of them, after having finished his labors, was straining himself and holding the steps; another was bending over the wheel, and carefully greasing axle and box, and even smearing it from below in a circle, in order that the oil upon his cloth might not be wasted. The broken-down post-horses of various colors stood at the fence, and brushed away the flies with their tails. Some of them planted their shaggy, swollen legs far apart, closed their eyes, and dozed; some scratched each other from *ennui*, or nipped the fronds and stalks of the harsh, dark green ferns which grew beside the porch. Several greyhounds breathed heavily as they lay in the sun; others got into the shade beneath the calash and britchka, and licked the tallow around the axles. The whole atmosphere was filled with a kind of dusty mist; the horizon was of a grayish lilac hue, but there was not so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. The strong west wind raised pillars of dust from the roads and fields, bent the crests of the lofty lindens, and the birches in the garden, and bore far away the falling yellow leaves. I sat by the window, and awaited with impatience the completion of the preparations.

When all were assembled around the large table in the drawing-room, in order to spend a few minutes together for the last time, it never entered my mind what a painful moment was awaiting us. The most trivial

[1] A red cotton material.

thoughts wandered through my brain. I asked myself, Which post-boy would drive the calash, and which the britchka? who would travel with papa, and who with Karl Ivanitch? and why was it indispensable to wrap me up in a scarf and a long wadded overcoat?

"Am I so delicate? I shall not freeze. I wish they would get through this as quickly as possible! I want to get in and ride off."

"To whom shall I give the list of the children's linen?" asked Natalya Savischna, coming in with tear-swollen eyes and the list in her hand, as she addressed mamma.

"Give it to Nikolaï, and come back to say good-by to the children."

The old woman tried to say something, but suddenly paused, covered her face with her handkerchief, and left the room with a wave of the hand.

My heart contracted with pain when I saw that motion; but impatience to start was stronger than that feeling, and I continued to listen indifferently to papa's conversation with mamma. They talked of things which evidently interested neither of them: What was it necessary to purchase for the house? what was to be said to Princess Sophie and Madame Julie? and would the traveling be good?

Foka entered, and, halting on the threshold, said, "The horses are ready," in exactly the same tone with which he announced, "Dinner is served." I noticed that mamma shuddered and turned pale at this announcement, as though she had not expected it.

Foka was ordered to close all the doors of the room. I was very much amused at this: "as though they were hiding themselves from somebody."

When all sat down, Foka also seated himself on the edge of a chair; but no sooner had he done so than a door squeaked, and all glanced round. Natalya Savischna entered in haste, and, without raising her eyes, took refuge near the door on the same chair with Foka. I seem now to see Foka's bald head and wrinkled, immovable face, and the kind, bent form in the cap

beneath which the gray hair was visible. They crowded together on the one chair, and both felt awkward.

I remained unconcerned and impatient. The ten seconds during which we sat there with closed doors seemed a whole hour to me. At length we all rose, crossed ourselves, and began to take leave. Papa embraced mamma, and kissed her several times.

"Enough, my dear," said papa. "We are not parting forever."

"It is painful, nevertheless," said mamma, in a voice which quivered with tears.

When I heard that voice, and beheld her trembling lips and her eyes filled with tears, I forgot everything, and everything seemed to me so sad and miserable and terrible that I would rather have run away than have said good-by to her. At that moment I realized that, when she embraced papa, she had already taken leave of us.

She kissed and crossed Volodya so many times, that, supposing that she would now turn to me, I stepped forward. But she continued to bless him and to press him to her bosom. Finally I embraced her, and, clinging to her, I wept without a thought beyond my grief.

When we went out to get into the carriage, the tiresome servants stepped forward in the anteroom to say farewell. Their "Your hand, please, sir," their noisy kisses on our shoulders, and the smell of the tallow on their heads, aroused in me a sentiment nearly akin to that of bitterness in irritable people. Under the influence of this feeling I kissed Natalya Savischna very coldly on her cap when, bathed in tears, she bade me farewell.

It is strange that I can even now see the faces of all those servants, and I could draw them with all the most minute details; but mamma's face and attitude have utterly escaped my mind, perhaps because during all that time I could not once summon up courage to look at her. It seemed to me that, if I did so, her sorrow and mine must increase to the bounds of impossibility.

I flung myself first of all into the calash, and placed

myself on the back seat. As the hood was up, I could see nothing, but some instinct told me that mamma was still there.

"Shall I look at her again, or not? Well, for the last time, then!" I said to myself, and leaned out of the calash toward the porch. At that moment mamma had come to the other side of the carriage with the same intent, and called me by name. When I heard her voice behind me, I turned round, but I did it so abruptly that we bumped our heads together. She smiled mournfully, and kissed me long and warmly for the last time.

When we had driven several rods, I made up my mind to look at her. The breeze raised the blue kerchief which was tied about her head; with bended head, and face covered with her hands, she was entering the porch slowly. Foka was sustaining her.

Papa sat beside me, and said nothing. I was choking with tears, and something oppressed my throat so that I was afraid I should stifle. As we entered the highway, we saw a white handkerchief which some one was waving from the balcony. I began to wave mine, and this movement calmed me somewhat. I continued to cry, and the thought that my tears proved my sensitiveness afforded me pleasure and consolation.

After we had traveled a verst, I sat more composedly, and began to observe the nearest objects which presented themselves to my eyes, — the hind quarters of the side horse which was on my side. I noticed how this piebald animal flourished his tail, how he set one foot down after the other, how the post-boy's braided knout reached him, and his feet began to leap together. I noticed how the harness leaped about on him, and the rings on the harness; and I gazed until the harness was covered around the tail with foam. I began to look about me, upon the undulating fields of ripe rye, on the dark waste land, on which here and there plows, peasants, and mares with their foals were visible; on the verst-stones; I even glanced at the carriage-box to find out which post-boy was driving us; and the tears

were not dry on my face, when my thoughts were already far from the mother whom I had left perhaps forever. But every recollection led me to the thought of her. I recalled the mushroom which I had found the day before in the birch-alley, and remembered that Liubotchka and Katenka had disputed as to who should pluck it, and I remember how they had wept at parting from us.

I was sorry for them, and for Natalya Savischna, and the birch-alley, and Foka. I was even sorry for malicious Mimi. I was sorry for everything, everything! But poor mamma? And the tears again filled my eyes, but not for long.

CHAPTER XV

CHILDHOOD

HAPPY, happy days of youth which can never be recalled! How is it possible not to love it, to cherish memories of it? Those memories refresh and elevate my soul, and serve me as the fountain of my best enjoyment.

— You have run your fill. You sit at the tea-table in your high chair; you have drunk your cup of milk and sugar long ago; sleep is gluing your eyes together, but you do not stir from the spot, you sit and listen. And how can you help listening? Mamma is talking with some one, and the sound of her voice is so sweet, so courteous. That sound alone says so much to my heart! With eyes dimmed with slumber, I gaze upon her face, and all at once she has become small, so small — her face is no larger than a button, but I see it just as plainly still. I see her look at me and smile. I like to see her so small. I draw my eyelids still closer together, and she is no larger than the little boys one sees in the pupils of the eyes; but I moved, and the illusion was destroyed. I close my eyes, twist about, and try in every way to reproduce it, but in vain.

I rise, tuck my feet under me, and settle myself comfortably in an easy-chair.

"You will go to sleep again, Nikolenka," says mamma; "you had better go up-stairs."

"I don't want to go to bed, mamma," you reply, and sweet, dim fancies fill your brain; the healthy sleep of childhood closes your lids, and in a moment you lose consciousness, and sleep until they wake you. You feel in your dreams that somebody's soft hand is touching you; you recognize it by that touch alone; and still sleeping you involuntarily seize it, and press it warmly, so warmly, to your lips.

Every one has already departed; one candle only burns in the drawing-room. Mamma has said that she would wake me; it is she who has sat down on the chair in which I am sleeping, and strokes my hair with her wonderfully soft hand, and in my ears resounds the dear, familiar voice.

"Get up, my darling, it is time to go to bed."

She is not embarrassed by any one's indifferent glances; she does not fear to pour out upon me all her tenderness and love. I do not move, but kiss her hand yet more earnestly.

"Get up, my angel."

She takes me by the neck with her other hand, and her slender fingers rouse me and tickle me; she touches me, and I am conscious of her perfume and her voice. All this makes me spring up, encircle her neck with my arms, press my head to her bosom with a sigh, and say: —

"Oh, dear, dear mamma, how I love you!"

She smiles, with her sad, bewitching smile, takes my head in both her hands, kisses my brow, and sets me on her knees.

"So you love me very much?" She is silent for a moment, then speaks: "See that you always love me, and never forget me. If you lose your mamma, you will not forget her? you will not forget her, Nikolenka?"

She kisses me still more tenderly.

"Stop! don't say that, my darling, my precious one!"

I cry, kissing her knees; and the tears stream in floods from my eyes, — tears of love and rapture.

After that, perhaps, when you go up-stairs, and stand before the images in your wadded dressing-gown, what a wonderful sensation you experience when you say, "O Lord! save papa and mamma!" In repeating the prayers which my mouth lisped for the first time after my beloved mother, the love of her and the love of God are united, in some strange fashion, in one feeling.

After your prayer you wrap yourself in the bed-clothes, with a spirit light, bright, and inspiring; one dream succeeds another, but what are they all about? They are indescribable; but full of pure love, of hope and bright happiness. You perhaps recall Karl Ivanitch and his bitter lot, — the only unhappy man I knew, — and you are so sorry for him, you love him so, that tears trickle from your eyes, and you think, "May God give him happiness; may He grant me power to help him, to lighten his sorrow; I am ready to sacrifice everything for him." Then you thrust your favorite porcelain plaything — a dog or a hare — into the corner of the down pillow, and it pleases you to think how warm and comfortable it will be there. You pray again that God will grant happiness to all, that every one may be content; and that the weather to-morrow may be good for walking; you turn on the other side; your thoughts and dreams mingle confusedly, and intertwine, and you fall asleep quietly, calmly, your face still wet with tears.

Will that freshness, that happy carelessness, that necessity for love and strength of faith, which you possessed in childhood, ever return? Can any time be better than that when the two greatest of virtues — innocent gayety and unbounded thirst for love — were the only requirements in life?

Where are those burning prayers? Where is that best gift of all, those pure tears of emotion? The angel of comfort flew thither with a smile, and wiped away those tears, and instilled sweet visions into the uncorrupted imagination of infancy.

Has life left such heavy traces in my heart that those tears and raptures have deserted me forever? Do the memories alone abide?

CHAPTER XVI

VERSES

Nearly a month after we removed to Moscow, I was sitting up-stairs in grandmamma's house, at a big table, writing. Opposite me sat the drawing-master, making the final corrections in a pencil sketch of the head of some Turk or other in a turban. Volodya was standing behind the master, with outstretched neck, gazing over his shoulder. This little head was Volodya's first production in pencil; and it was to be presented to grandmamma that day, which was her saint's day.

"And you would not put any more shading here?" said Volodya, rising on tiptoe, and pointing at the Turk's neck.

"No, it is not necessary," said the teacher, laying aside the pencil and drawing-pen in a little box with a lock; "it is very good now, and you must not touch it again. Now for you, Nikolenka," he added, rising, and continuing to gaze at the Turk from the corner of his eye, "reveal your secret to us. What are you going to carry to your grandmother? To tell the truth, another head just like this would be the best thing. Good-by, gentlemen," said he, and, taking his hat and note, he went out.

I had been thinking myself, at the moment, that a head would be better than what I was working at. When it had been announced to us that grandmamma's name-day was near at hand, and that we must prepare gifts for the occasion, I had immediately made up a couple of verses, hoping soon to find the rest. I really do not know how such a strange idea for a child entered my mind; but I remember that it pleased me greatly, and that to all questions on the subject I replied that I

would give grandmamma a present without fail, but that I would not tell any one of what it was to consist.

Contrary to my expectations, and in spite of all my efforts, I could not compose any more than the two stanzas which I had thought out on the spur of the moment. I began to read the poems in our books; but neither Dmitrieff nor Derzhavin afforded me any assistance. Quite the reverse: they but convinced me more thoroughly of my own incapacity. Knowing that Karl Ivanitch was fond of copying poetry, I went to rummaging among his papers on the sly; and among the German poems I found one Russian, which must have been the product of his own pen:—

TO MADAME L.

Remember me near;
Remember me afar;
Remember me
Now and forever;
Remember even to my grave
How faithfully I can love.[1]

KARL MAUER.

PETROVSKOE, 1828, June 3.

This poem, transcribed in a handsome round hand on a thin sheet of note-paper, pleased me because of the touching sentiment with which it was permeated. I immediately learned it by heart, and resolved to take it for a pattern. The matter progressed much more easily then. On the name-day a congratulation in twelve verses was ready, and as I sat in the school-room, I was copying it on vellum paper.

Two sheets of paper were already ruined; not because I had undertaken to make any alterations in them, — the verses seemed to me very fine, — but from the third line on, the ends began to incline upward more and more, so that it was evident, even at a distance, that it was written crookedly, and was fit for nothing.

The third sheet was askew like the others; but I was

[1] It hardly comes under the head of poetry, even in the original. — TR.

determined not to do any more copying. In my poem I congratulated grandmamma, wished her many years of health, and concluded thus : —

> "To comfort thee we shall endeavor,
> And love thee like our own dear mother."

It seemed to be very good, yet the last line offended my ear strangely.

I kept repeating it to myself, and trying to find a rhyme instead of "mother."[1] "Well, let it go. It's better than Karl Ivanitch's, anyway."

So I transcribed the last stanza. Then I read my whole composition over aloud in the bedroom, with feeling and gesticulations. The verses were entirely lacking in rhythm, but I did not pause over them; the last, however, struck me still more powerfully and unpleasantly. I sat down on the bed and began to think.

"Why did I write *like our own dear mother?* She's not here, and it was not necessary to mention her. I love grandma, it's true; I reverence her, but still she is not the same. Why did I write that? Why have I lied? Suppose this is poetry; it was not necessary, all the same."

At this moment the tailor entered with a new jacket.

"Well, let it go," I said, very impatiently, thrust my verses under my pillow in great vexation, and ran to try on my Moscow clothes.

The Moscow coat proved to be excellent. The cinnamon-brown half-coat, with its bronze buttons, was made to fit snugly, —not as they made them in the country. The black trousers were also tight; it was wonderful to see how well they showed the muscles, and set upon the shoes.

"At last I've got some trousers with real straps," I thought, quite beside myself with joy, as I surveyed my legs on all sides. Although the new garments were very tight, and it was hard to move in them, I concealed

[1] *Mat* (mother), as a rhyme to *utyeschat* (to comfort), is the difficulty. Nikolai tries to fit in *igrat* (to play) and *krovat* (bed), in elderly rhymester fashion. — Tr.

the fact from everybody, and declared that, on the contrary, I was extremely comfortable, and that if there was any fault about the clothes, it was that they were, if anything, a little too large. After that I stood for a long time before the glass, brushing my copiously pomaded hair; but, try as I would, I could not make the tuft where the hair parts on the crown lie flat; as soon as I ceased to press it down with the brush, in order to see if it would obey me, it rose, and projected in all directions, imparting to my face the most ridiculous expression.

Karl Ivanitch was dressing in another room; and his blue swallow-tailed coat, and some white belongings, were carried through the school-room to him. The voice of one of grandmamma's maids became audible at the door which led down-stairs. I went out to see what she wanted. In her hand she held a stiffly starched shirt-front, which she told me she had brought for Karl Ivanitch, and that she had not slept all the previous night, in order that she might get it washed in season. I undertook to deliver it, and asked if grandmamma had risen.

"Yes, indeed, sir! She has already drunk her coffee, and the protopope[1] has arrived. How fine you are!" she added, glancing at my new suit, with a smile.

This remark made me blush. I whirled round on one foot, cracked my fingers, and gave a leap, wishing by this means to make her feel that she did not thoroughly appreciate, as yet, how very grand I was.

When I carried the shirt-front to Karl Ivanitch, he no longer needed it; he had put on another, and, bending over before the little glass which stood on the table, he was holding the splendid bow of his cravat with both hands, and trying whether his clean-shaven chin would go into it easily and out again. After smoothing our clothes down on all sides, and requesting Nikolaï to do the same for him, he led us to grandmamma. I laugh when I remember how strongly we three smelt of pomade as we descended the stairs.

[1] Archpriest.

Karl Ivanitch had in his hands a little box of his own manufacture, Volodya had his drawing, I had my verses; each one had upon his tongue the greeting with which he intended to present his gift. At the very moment when Karl Ivanitch opened the drawing-room door, the priest was putting on his robes, and the first sounds of the Te Deum service resounded.

Grandmamma was already in the hall: she was standing by the wall, supporting herself on the back of a chair, over which she bent, and was praying devoutly; beside her stood papa. He turned toward us, and smiled, as he saw us hide our gifts in haste behind our backs, and halt just inside the door, in our endeavor to escape being seen. The whole effect of unexpectedness upon which we had counted was ruined.

When the time came to go up and kiss the cross, I suddenly felt that I was under the oppressive influence of an ill-defined, benumbing timidity, and, realizing that I should never have courage to present my gift, I hid behind Karl Ivanitch, who, having congratulated grandmamma in the choicest language, shifted his box from his right hand to his left, handed it to the lady whose name-day it was, and retreated a few paces in order to make way for Volodya. Grandmamma appeared to be in ecstasies over the box, which had gilt strips pasted on the edges, and expressed her gratitude with the most flattering of smiles. It was evident, however, that she did not know where to put the box, and it must have been for this reason that she proposed that papa should examine with what wonderful taste it was made.

After satisfying his curiosity, papa handed it to the protopope, who seemed exceedingly pleased with this trifle. He dandled his head, and gazed curiously now at the box, and again at the artist who could make such a beautiful object. Volodya produced his Turk, and he also received the most flattering encomiums from all quarters. Now it was my turn; grandmamma turned to me with an encouraging smile.

Those who have suffered from shyness know that that feeling increases in direct proportion to the time which

elapses, and that resolution decreases in an inverse ratio that is to say, the longer the sensation lasts, the more unconquerable it becomes, and the less decision there is left.

The last remnants of courage and determination forsook me when Karl Ivanitch and Volodya presented their gifts, and my shyness reached a crisis; I felt that the blood was incessantly rushing from my heart into my head, that one color succeeded another on my face, and that great drops of perspiration broke out upon my nose and forehead. My ears burned; I felt a shiver and a cold perspiration all over my body; I shifted from foot to foot, and did not stir from the spot.

"Come, Nikolenka, show us what you have, — a box or a drawing?" said papa. There was nothing to be done. With a trembling hand, I presented the crumpled, fateful scroll; but my voice utterly refused to serve me, and I stood before grandmamma in silence. I could not get over the thought that, in place of the drawing which was expected, my worthless verses would be read before every one, including the words *like our own dear mother*, which would clearly prove that I had never loved her and had forgotten her. How convey an idea of my sufferings during the time when grandmamma began to read my poem aloud, and when, unable to decipher it, she paused in the middle of a line in order to glance at papa with what then seemed to me a mocking smile; when she did not pronounce to suit me, and when, owing to her feebleness of vision, she gave the paper to papa before she had finished, and begged him to read it all over again from the beginning? It seemed to me that she did it because she did not like to read such stupid and crookedly written verses, and in order that papa might read for himself that last line which proved so clearly my lack of feeling. I expected that he would give me a fillip on the nose with those verses, and say, "You good-for-nothing boy, don't forget your mother — take that!" But nothing of the sort happened; on the contrary, when all was read, grandmamma said, "Charming!" and kissed my brow

The little box, the drawing, and the verses were laid out in a row, beside two cambric handkerchiefs and a snuff-box with a portrait of mamma, on the movable table attached to the long sofa-chair in which grandmamma always sat.

"Princess Varvara Ilinitchna," announced one of the two huge lackeys who accompanied grandmamma's carriage.

Grandmamma gazed thoughtfully at the portrait set in the tortoise-shell cover of the snuff-box, and made no reply.

"Will your illustrious highness receive her?" repeated the footman.

CHAPTER XVII

PRINCESS KORNAKOFF

"Ask her in," said grandmamma, sitting back in her long sofa-chair.

The princess was a woman of about forty-five, small, fragile, dry, and bitter, with disagreeable grayish green eyes, whose expression plainly contradicted that of the preternaturally sweet pursed-up mouth. Beneath her velvet bonnet, adorned with an ostrich plume, her bright reddish hair was visible; her eyebrows and lashes appeared still lighter and redder against the unhealthy color of her face. In spite of this, thanks to her unconstrained movements, her tiny hands, and a peculiar coldness of feature, her general appearance was rather noble and energetic.

The princess talked a great deal, and by her distinct enunciation belonged to the class of people who always speak as though some one were contradicting them, though no one has uttered a word; she alternately raised her voice and lowered it gradually, and began all at once to speak with fresh animation, and gazed at the persons who were present but who took no part in the conversation, as though endeavoring to obtain support by this glance.

In spite of the fact that the princess kissed grandmamma's hand, and called her *ma bonne tante* incessantly, I observed that grandmamma was not pleased with her; she twitched her brows in a peculiar manner while listening to her story about the reason why Prince Mikhaïlo could not possibly come in person to congratulate grandmamma, in spite of his ardent desire to do so; and, replying in Russian to the princess's French, she said, with a singular drawl, "I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for your attention; and as for Prince Mikhaïlo not coming, it is not worth mentioning, he always has so much to do; and what pleasure could he find in sitting with an old woman?"

And, without giving the princess time to contradict her, she went on:—

"How are your children, my dear?"

"Thank God, aunt, they are growing well, and studying and playing pranks, especially Étienne. He is the eldest, and he is getting to be so wild that we can't do anything with him; but he 's clever, — *a promising boy*.[1] — Just imagine, *cousin*," she continued, turning exclusively to papa, because grandmamma, who took no interest in the princess's children, and wanted to brag of her own grandchildren, had taken my verses from the box with great care, and was beginning to unfold them, — "just imagine, *cousin*, what he did the other day." And the princess bent over papa, and began to relate something with great animation. When she had finished her tale, which I did not hear, she immediately began to laugh, and looking inquiringly at papa, said:—

"That 's a nice kind of boy, *cousin?* He deserved a whipping; but his caper was so clever and amusing, that I forgave him, *cousin*."

And, fixing her eyes on grandmamma, the princess went on smiling, but said nothing.

"Do you *beat* your children, my dear?" inquired grandmamma, raising her brows significantly, and laying a special emphasis on the word *beat*.

[1] The italicized words in the princess's remarks are in French in the original. — Tr.

"Ah, *my good aunt*," replied the princess, in a good-natured tone, as she cast a swift glance at papa, "I know your opinion on that point; but you must permit me to disagree with you in one particular: in spite of all my thought and reading, in spite of all the advice which I have taken on this subject, experience has led me to the conviction that it is indispensable that one should act upon children through their fears. Fear is requisite, in order to make anything out of a child; is it not so, *my cousin?* Now, *I ask you*, do children fear anything more than the rod?"

With this, she glanced inquiringly at us, and I confess I felt rather uncomfortable at that moment.

"Whatever you may say, a boy of twelve, or even one of fourteen, is still a child; but a girl is quite another matter."

"How lucky," I thought to myself, "that I am not her son!"

"Yes, that's all very fine, my dear," said grandmamma, folding up my verses, and placing them under the box, as though, after that, she considered the princess unworthy of hearing such a production; "that's all very fine, but tell me, please, how you can expect any delicacy of feeling in your children after that."

And, regarding this argument as unanswerable, grandmamma added, in order to put an end to the conversation:—

"However, every one has a right to his own opinion on that subject."

The princess made no reply, but smiled condescendingly, thereby giving us to understand that she pardoned these strange prejudices in an individual who was so much respected.

"Ah, pray make me acquainted with your young people," she said, glancing at us, and smiling politely.

We rose, fixed our eyes on the princess's face, but did not in the least know what we ought to do in order to show that the acquaintance had been made.

"Kiss the princess's hand," said papa.

"I beg that you will love your old aunt," she said,

kissing Volodya on the hair; "although I am only a distant aunt, I reckon on our friendly relations rather than on degrees of blood relationship," she added, directing her remarks chiefly to grandmamma; but grandmamma was still displeased with her, and answered: —

"Eh! my dear, does such relationship count for anything nowadays?"

"This is going to be my young man of the world," said papa, pointing to Volodya; "and this is the poet," he added, just as I was kissing the princess's dry little hand, and imagining, with exceeding vividness, that the hand held a rod, and beneath the rod was a bench, and so on, and so on.

"Which?" asked the princess, detaining me by the hand.

"This little fellow with the tuft on his crown," answered papa, smiling gayly.

"What does my tuft matter to him? Is there no other subject of conversation?" I thought, and retreated into a corner.

I had the strangest possible conceptions of beauty. I even considered Karl Ivanitch the greatest beauty in the world; but I knew very well that I was not good-looking myself, and on this point I made no mistake; therefore any allusion to my personal appearance offended me deeply.

I remember very well how once — I was six years old at the time — they were discussing my looks at dinner, and mamma was trying to discover something handsome about my face: she said I had intelligent eyes, an agreeable smile, and at last, yielding to papa's arguments and to ocular evidence, she was forced to confess that I was homely; and then, when I thanked her for the dinner, she tapped my cheek, and said: —

"You know, Nikolenka, that no one will love you for your face; therefore you must endeavor to be a good and sensible boy."

These words not only convinced me that I was not a beauty, but also that I should, without fail, become a good, sensible boy.

In spite of this, moments of despair often visited me

I fancied that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face.

CHAPTER XVIII

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH

When the princess had heard the verses, and had showered praises upon the author, grandmamma relented, began to address her in French, ceased to call her *you*,[1] and *my dear*, and invited her to come to us in the evening, with all her children, to which the princess consented; and after sitting awhile longer, she took her departure.

So many visitors came that day with congratulations, that the courtyard near the entrance was never free, all the morning, from several carriages.

"Good-morning, cousin," said one of the guests, in French, as he entered the room, and kissed grandmamma's hand.

He was a man about seventy years of age, of lofty stature, dressed in a military uniform with big epaulets, from beneath the collar of which a large white cross was visible, and with a calm, frank expression of countenance. The freedom and simplicity of his movements surprised me. His face was still notably handsome, in spite of the fact that only a thin semicircle of hair was left on the nape of the neck, and that the position of his upper lip betrayed the lack of teeth.

Prince Ivan Ivanitch had enjoyed a brilliant career while he was still very young at the end of the last century, thanks to his noble character, his handsome person, his noteworthy bravery, his distinguished and powerful family, and thanks especially to good luck

[1] That is to say, she called her *thou*.

He remained in the service, and his ambition was very speedily so thoroughly gratified that there was nothing left for him to wish for in that direction. From his earliest youth he had conducted himself as if preparing himself to occupy that dazzling station in the world in which fate eventually placed him. Therefore, although he encountered some disappointments, disenchantments, and bitterness in his brilliant and somewhat vainglorious life, such as all people undergo, he never once changed his usual calm character, his lofty manner of thought, nor his well-grounded principles of religion and morality, and won universal respect, which was founded not so much on his brilliant position as upon his firmness and trustworthiness. His mind was small; but, thanks to a position which permitted him to look down upon all the vain bustle of life, his cast of thought was elevated. He was kind and feeling, but cold and somewhat haughty in his intercourse with others. This arose from the circumstance that he was placed in a position where he could be of use to many people, and he endeavored by his cold manner to protect himself against the incessant petitions and appeals of persons who only wished to take advantage of his influence. But this coldness was softened by the condescending courtesy of a man of *the very highest society.*

He was cultivated and well-read; but his cultivation stopped at what he had acquired in his youth, that is to say, at the close of the last century. He had read everything of note which had been written in France on the subject of philosophy and eloquence during the eighteenth century; he was thoroughly acquainted with all the best products of French literature, so that he was able to quote passages from Racine, Corneille, Boileau, Molière, Montaigne, and Fénelon, and was fond of doing so; he possessed a brilliant knowledge of mythology, and had studied with profit the ancient monuments of epic poetry in the French translations; he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of history from Ségur; but he knew nothing at all of mathematics beyond arithmetic, nor of physics, nor of contemporary literature; he could main-

tain a courteous silence in conversation, or utter a few commonplaces about Goethe, Schiller, and Byron, but he had never read them. In spite of this French and classical cultivation, of which so few examples still exist, his conversation was simple; and yet this simplicity concealed his ignorance of various things, and exhibited tolerance and an agreeable tone. He was a great enemy of all originality, declaring that originality is the bait of people of bad tone. Society was a necessity to him, wherever he might be living; whether in Moscow or abroad, he always lived generously, and on certain days received all the town. His standing in town was such that an invitation from him served as a passport to all drawing-rooms, and many young and pretty women willingly presented to him their rosy cheeks, which he kissed with a kind of fatherly feeling; and other, to all appearances, very important and respectable people were in a state of indescribable joy when they were admitted to the prince's parties.

Very few people were now left, who, like grandmamma, had been members of the same circle, of the same age, possessed of the same education, the same view of matters; and for that reason he especially prized the ancient friendly connection with her, and always showed her the greatest respect.

I could not gaze enough at the prince. The respect which every one showed him, his huge epaulets, the particular joy which grandmamma manifested at the sight of him, and the fact that he alone did not fear her, treated her with perfect ease, and even had the daring to address her as *ma cousine*, inspired me with a reverence for him which equaled if it did not excel that which I felt for grandmamma. When she showed him my verses, he called me to him, and said:—

"Who knows, cousin, but this may be another Derzhavin?"

Thereupon he pinched my cheek in such a painful manner that if I did not cry out it was because I guessed that it must be accepted as a caress.

The guests dispersed. Papa and Volodya went out;

only the prince, grandmamma, and I remained in the drawing-room.

"Why did not our dear Natalya Nikolaevna come?" asked Prince Ivan Ivanitch, suddenly, after a momentary silence.

"Ah! *mon cher*," replied grandmamma, bending her head and laying her hand upon the sleeve of his uniform, "she certainly would have come had she been free to do as she wished. She writes to me that Pierre proposed that she should come, but that she had refused because they had had no income at all this year; and she writes: 'Moreover, there is no reason why I should remove to Moscow this year with the whole household. Liubotchka is still too young; and as for the boys who are to live with you, I am more easy about them than if they were to live with me.' All that is very fine!" continued grandmamma, in a tone which showed very plainly that she did not consider it fine at all. "The boys should have been sent here long ago, in order that they might learn something, and become accustomed to society. What kind of education was it possible to give them in the country? Why, the eldest will soon be thirteen, and the other eleven. You have observed, cousin, that they are perfectly untamed here; they don't know how to enter a room."

"But I don't understand," replied the prince; "why these daily complaints of reduced circumstances? *He* has a very handsome property, and Natascha's Khabarovka, where I played in the theater with you once upon a time, I know as well as the five fingers on my own hand. It's a wonderful estate, and it must always bring in a handsome revenue."

"I will tell you, as a true friend," broke in grandmamma, with an expression of sadness: "it seems to me that all excuses are simply for the purpose of allowing *him* to live here alone, to lounge about at the clubs, at dinners, and to do God knows what else. But she suspects nothing. You know what an angel of goodness she is; she believes *him* in everything. He assured her that it was necessary to bring the children to

Moscow, and to leave her alone with that stupid governess in the country, and she believed him. If he were to tell her that it was necessary to whip the children as Princess Varvara Ilinitchna whips hers, she would probably agree to it," said grandmamma, turning about in her chair, with an expression of thorough disdain. "Yes, my friend," pursued grandmamma, after a momentary pause, taking in her hand one of the two handkerchiefs, in order to wipe away the tear which made its appearance; "I often think that *he* can neither value her nor understand her, and that, in spite of all her goodness and love for him, and her efforts to conceal her grief, — I know it very well, — she cannot be happy with him; and mark my words, if he does not...."

Grandmamma covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Eh, my good friend," said the prince, reproachfully, "I see that you have not grown any wiser. You are always mourning and weeping over an imaginary grief. Come, are you not ashamed of yourself? I have known *him* for a long time, and I know him to be a good, attentive, and very fine husband, and, what is the principal thing, a perfectly honest man."

Having involuntarily overheard this conversation, which I ought not to have heard, I took myself out of the room, on tiptoe, in violent emotion.

CHAPTER XIX

THE IVINS

"Volodya! Volodya! the Ivins!" I shouted, catching sight from the window of three boys in blue overcoats, with beaver collars, who were crossing from the opposite sidewalk to our house, headed by their young and dandified tutor.

The Ivins were related to us, and were of about our own age; we had made their acquaintance and struck up a friendship soon after our arrival in Moscow.

The second Ivin, Serozha, was a dark-complexioned,

curly-headed boy, with a determined, turned-up little nose, very fresh red lips, which seldom completely covered the upper row of his white teeth, very handsome dark blue eyes, and a remarkably alert expression of countenance. He never smiled, but either looked quite serious, or laughed heartily with a distinct, ringing, and very attractive laugh. His original beauty struck me at first sight. I felt for him an unconquerable liking. It was sufficient for my happiness to see him: at one time, all the powers of my soul were concentrated upon this wish; when three or four days chanced to pass without my having seen him, I began to feel bored and sad even to tears. All my dreams, both waking and sleeping, were of him; when I lay down to sleep, I willed to dream of him; when I shut my eyes, I saw him before me, and cherished the vision as the greatest bliss. I could not have brought myself to confess this feeling to any one in the world, so greatly did I prize it. He evidently preferred to play with Volodya and to talk with him, rather than with me, possibly because it annoyed him to feel my restless eyes constantly fixed upon him, or simply because he felt no sympathy for me: but nevertheless I was content; I desired nothing, demanded nothing, and was ready to sacrifice everything for him. Besides the passionate attachment with which he inspired me, his presence aroused another feeling in a no less powerful degree, — a fear of paining or offending him in any way, or of displeasing him. I felt as much fear for him as love, perhaps because his face had a haughty expression, or because, despising my own appearance, I valued the advantage of beauty too highly in others, or, what is most probable of all, because this is an infallible sign of love. The first time Serozha spoke to me, I lost my wits to such a degree at this unexpected bliss, that I turned pale, blushed, and could make no reply. He had a bad habit of fixing his eyes upon some one spot, when he was thinking, and of winking incessantly, at the same time twitching his nose and eyebrows. Every one thought that this trick spoiled him; but I thought it so charming that I in-

voluntarily acquired the same habit; and a few days after I had become acquainted with him, grandmamma inquired, Did my eyes pain me, that I was blinking like an owl? Not a word about love was ever uttered between us; but he felt his power over me, and exercised it unconsciously but tyrannically in our childish intercourse. And, no matter how hard I tried to tell him all that was in my mind, I was too much afraid of him to resolve on frankness; I endeavored to seem indifferent, and submitted to him without a murmur. At times his influence appeared to me oppressive, intolerable; but it was not in my power to escape from it.

It saddens me to think of that fresh, beautiful feeling of unselfish and unbounded love, which died away without having found vent, or met with a return.

It is strange how, when I was a child, I strove to be like a grown-up person, and how, since I have ceased to be a child, I have often longed to be like one.

How many times did this desire not to seem like a child in my intercourse with Serozha restrain the feeling which was ready to pour forth, and cause me to dissimulate! I not only did not dare to kiss him, which I very much wanted to do at times, to take his hand, to tell him that I was glad to see him, but I did not even dare to call him Serozha, but kept strictly to Sergieï. So it was settled between us. Every expression of sentiment betrayed childishness, and that he who permitted himself anything of the sort was still a *little boy*. Without having, as yet, gone through those bitter trials which lead adults to caution and coldness in their intercourse with each other, we deprived ourselves of the pure enjoyment of tender, childish affection, simply through the strange desire to imitate *grown-up people*.

I met the Ivins in the anteroom, exchanged greetings with them, and then flew headlong to grandmamma. I announced that the Ivins had arrived; and, from my expression, one would have supposed that this news must render her completely happy. Then, without taking my eyes from Serozha, I followed him into the drawing-room, watching his every movement. While

grandmamma was telling him that he had grown a great deal, and fixed her penetrating eyes upon him, I experienced that sensation of terror and hope which a painter must experience when he is awaiting the verdict upon his work from a judge whom he respects.

Herr Frost, the Ivins' young tutor, with grandmamma's permission, went into the little garden with us, seated himself on a green bench, crossed his legs picturesquely, placing between them a cane with a bronze head, and began to smoke his cigar with the air of a man who is very well satisfied with his own conduct.

Herr Frost was a German, but a German of a very different stamp from our good Karl Ivanitch. In the first place he spoke Russian correctly, he spoke French with a bad accent, and generally enjoyed, especially among the ladies, the reputation of being a very learned man; in the second place, he wore a red mustache, a big ruby pin in his black satin cravat, the ends of which were tucked under his suspenders, and light blue trousers with spring bottoms and straps; in the third place he was young, had a handsome, self-satisfied exterior, and remarkably fine muscular legs. It was evident that he set a particular value on this last advantage; he considered its effect irresistible on members of the female sex, and it must have been with this view that he tried to exhibit his legs in the most conspicuous place, and, whether standing or sitting, always put his calves in motion. He was a type of the young Russian German who aspires to be a gay fellow and a lady's man.

It was very lively in the garden. Our game of robbers could not have been more successful; but one circumstance came near ruining everything. Serozha was the robber; as he was hastening in pursuit of travelers, he stumbled, and in full flight struck his knee with so much force against a tree that I thought he had shivered it into splinters. In spite of the fact that I was the gendarme, and that my duty consisted in capturing him, I approached, and sympathetically inquired whether he had hurt himself. Serozha got angry with

me; he clenched his fists, stamped his foot, and in a voice which plainly betrayed that he had injured himself badly, he shouted at me: —

"Well, what 's this? After this we 'll have no more games! Come, why don't you catch me? why don't you catch me?" he repeated several times, glancing sideways at Volodya and the elder Ivin, who, in their character of travelers, were leaping and running along the path; and all at once he gave a shriek, and rushed after them with a loud laugh.

I cannot describe how this heroic conduct impressed and captivated me. In spite of the terrible pain, he not only did not cry, but he did not even show that he was hurt, and never for a moment forgot the game.

Shortly after this, when Ilinka Grap also joined our company, and we went up-stairs to wait for dinner, Serozha had another opportunity of enslaving and amazing me with his marvelous manliness and firmness of character.

Ilinka Grap was the son of a poor foreigner who had once lived at my grandfather's, was indebted to him in some way, and now considered it his imperative duty to send his son to us very often. If he supposed that an acquaintance with us could afford any honor or satisfaction to his son, he was entirely mistaken; for we not only did not make friends with Ilinka, but we only noticed him when we wanted to make fun of him. Ilinka Grap was a thin, tall, pale boy of thirteen, with a bird-like face and a good-naturedly submissive expression. He was very poorly dressed, but his hair was always so excessively greased that we declared that, on sunny days, Grap's pomade melted and trickled down under his jacket. As I recall him now, I find that he was very willing to be of service, and a very quiet, kind boy; but at that time he appeared to me as a contemptible being, whom it was not necessary to pity or even to think of.

When the game of robbers came to an end, we went up-stairs and began to cut capers, and to show off various gymnastic tricks before each other. Ilinka watched

us with a timid smile of admiration, and when we proposed to him to do the same, he refused, saying that he had no strength at all. Serozha was wonderfully charming. He took off his jacket. His cheeks and eyes were blazing; he laughed incessantly, and invented new tricks; he leaped over three chairs placed in a row, trundled all over the room like a wheel, stood on his head on Tatischeff's lexicon, which he placed in the middle of the room for a pedestal, and at the same time cut such funny capers with his feet that it was impossible to refrain from laughing. After this last performance he became thoughtful, screwed up his eyes, and went up to Ilinka with a perfectly sober face. "Try to do that; it really is not difficult." Grap, perceiving that general attention was directed to him, turned red, and declared, in a scarcely audible voice, that he could do nothing of the kind.

"And why won't he show off anyway? What a girl he is! he must stand on his head."

And Serozha took him by the hand.

"You must, you must stand on your head!" we all shouted, surrounding Ilinka, who at that moment was visibly terrified, and turned pale; then we seized his arms, and dragged him to the lexicon.

"Let me go, I'll do it myself! You'll tear my jacket," cried the unhappy victim. But these cries of despair imparted fresh animation to us; we were dying with laughter; the green jacket was cracking in every seam.

Volodya and the eldest Ivin bent his head down and placed it on the dictionary; Serozha and I seized the poor boy's thin legs, which he flourished in all directions, stripped up his trousers to the knee, and with great laughter turned them up; the youngest Ivin preserved the equilibrium of his whole body.

After our noisy laughter, we all became suddenly silent; and it was so quiet in the room, that the unfortunate Grap's breathing alone was audible. At that moment I was by no means thoroughly convinced that all this was so very laughable and amusing.

"There's a fine fellow, now," said Serozha, slapping him.

Ilinka remained silent, and in his endeavor to free himself flung his legs out in all directions. In one of these desperate movements, he struck Serozha in the eye with his heel in such a painful manner, that Serozha immediately released his leg, clasped his own eye, from which the unbidden tears were streaming, and pushed Ilinka with all his might. Ilinka, being no longer supported by us, went down on the floor with a crash, like some lifeless object, and all he could utter for his tears was: —

"Why do you tyrannize over me so?"

The woeful figure of poor Ilinka, with his tear-stained face, disordered hair, and his tucked-up trousers, under which his dirty boot-legs were visible, impressed us; we did not speak, and we tried to smile in a constrained fashion.

Serozha was the first to recover himself.

"There's a woman, a cry-baby," he said, pushing him lightly with his foot; "it's impossible to joke with him. Come, enough of that; get up."

"I told you that you were a good-for-nothing little boy," said Ilinka, angrily, and turning away he sobbed loudly.

"What! you use your heels, and then scold!" screamed Serozha, seizing the lexicon and swinging it over the head of the wretched boy, who never thought of defending himself, and only covered his head with his hands.

"There! there! Let's drop him, if he can't understand a joke. Let's go down-stairs," said Serozha, laughing in an unnatural way.

I gazed with sympathy at the poor fellow, who lay on the floor, hiding his face on the lexicon, and crying so that it seemed as if he were on the point of dying of the convulsions which shook his whole body.

"Hey, Sergiei!" I said to him, "why did you do that?"

"That's good! I didn't cry, I hope, when I cut my knee nearly to the bone to-day."

"Yes, that 's true," I thought; "Ilinka is nothing but a cry-baby; but there 's Serozha, he is so brave What a manly fellow he is!"

I had no idea that the poor boy was crying, not so much from physical pain, as from the thought that five boys, whom he probably liked, had all agreed, without any cause, to hate and persecute him.

I really cannot explain to myself the cruelty of this conduct. Why did I not go to him, protect him, comfort him? What had become of that sentiment of pity, which had formerly made me cry violently at the sight of a young daw which had been thrown from its nest, or a puppy which was to be thrown out of the garden, or a chicken which the cook was carrying off for soup?

Had this beautiful feeling been destroyed in me, by love for Serozha, and the desire to appear as manly in his sight as he was himself? That love and that desire to appear manly were not enviable qualities. They were the cause of the only dark spots in the pages of my childish memories.

CHAPTER XX

THE GUESTS ASSEMBLE

Judging from the special activity perceptible in the butler's pantry, the brilliant illumination which imparted a new and festive aspect to objects in the drawing-room and hall, which had long been familiar to me, and particularly judging from the fact that Prince Ivan Ivanitch would not have sent his music for nothing, a large number of guests were expected for the evening.

I ran to the window at the sound of every passing carriage, put the palms of my hand to my temples and against the glass, and gazed into the street with impatient curiosity. Through the darkness, which at first covered all objects from the window, there gradually appeared, across the way, a long familiar shop, with a lantern; in an oblique line, a large house with two

lighted windows on the lower floor; in the middle of the street some *Vanka*,[1] with two passengers, or an empty calash returning home at a foot-pace; but now a carriage drove up to the porch, and in the full conviction that it was the Ivins, who had promised to come early, I ran down to meet them in the anteroom. Instead of the Ivins, two ladies made their appearance behind the liveried arm which opened the door: one was large, and wore a blue cloak with a sable collar; the other, who was small, was all wrapped up in a green shawl, beneath which her little feet, shod in fur boots, alone were visible. Paying no attention to my presence in the anteroom, although I considered it my duty to make my bow when these persons appeared, the little one silently walked up to the big one, and halted in front of her. The big one unwound the kerchief which covered the little one's head, unbuttoned her cloak, and when the liveried footman took charge of these things, and pulled off her little fur boots, there appeared from this much-wrapped-up individual a wonderful twelve-year-old little girl, dressed in a low-necked white muslin frock, white pantalets, and tiny black slippers. There was a black velvet ribbon on her little white neck; her head was a mass of dark chestnut curls which suited her lovely face admirably, and fell upon her white shoulders behind so beautifully, that I would not have believed Karl Ivanitch himself if he had told me that they curled so because they had been twisted up in bits of *The Moscow Gazette* ever since the morning, and pinched with hot irons. She seemed to have been born with that curly head.

A striking feature of her face was the unusual size of her prominent, half-closed eyes, which formed a strange but agreeable contrast to her small mouth. Her lips were tightly closed; and her eyes had such a serious look, and the general expression of her face was such, that you would not look for a smile on it; and therefore a smile was all the more enchanting.

[1] Local term for a poor, rustic driver, who enters service for the winter in town.

I crept to the door of the hall, endeavoring to remain unperceived, and decided that it would be well to walk back and forth feigning meditation, and that I was not aware that guests had arrived. When they had traversed half the apartment, I apparently came to myself, made my bow, and informed them that grandmamma was in the drawing-room. Madame Valakhin, whose face pleased me extremely, especially because I discerned in it a strong resemblance to her daughter Sonitchka, nodded graciously to me.

Grandmamma appeared to be very glad to see Sonitchka; she called her close to her, adjusted one of her curls which had fallen over her forehead, and, gazing attentively at her face, she said in French, "What a charming child!" Sonitchka smiled and blushed so prettily that I blushed also as I looked at her.

"I hope you will not be bored here, my little friend," said grandmamma, taking hold of her chin, and raising her little face. "I beg that you will be merry and dance as much as possible. Here are one lady and two cavaliers," she added, turning to Madame Valakhin, and touching me with her hand.

This bringing us together pleased me so much that it made me blush again.

Conscious that my shyness was increasing, and hearing the noise of another carriage as it drove up, I deemed it best to make a retreat. In the anteroom I found Princess Kornakoff with her son and an incredible number of daughters. The daughters were all exactly alike in countenance, — they resembled the princess, and were ugly; therefore no one of them arrested my attention. As they took off their cloaks, and shook out their trains, they all began suddenly to talk in thin little voices as they fussed and laughed at something — probably because there were so many of them. Étienne was a tall, fleshy lad of fifteen, with a thin, bloodless face, sunken eyes with blue circles beneath them, and hands and feet which were enormous for his age; he was awkward, had a rough and disagreeable voice, but appeared very well satisfied with himself, and, according to my views,

he was precisely the sort of boy who gets whipped with a switch.

We stood for quite a while opposite each other, without uttering a word, examining each other attentively Then we approached a little nearer, apparently with the desire to kiss each other, but we changed our minds, for some reason or other, after we had looked into each other's eyes again. When the dresses of all his sisters rustled past us, I inquired, for the sake of beginning the conversation, whether they were not crowded in the carriage.

"I don't know," he answered carelessly, "for I never ride in the carriage, because just as soon as I take my seat I begin to feel ill, and mamma knows it. When we go anywhere in the evening I always sit on the box. It's much jollier; you can see everything, and Philip lets me drive, and sometimes I have the whip. Sometimes I do *so* to the passers-by," he added, with an expressive gesture; "it's splendid!"

"Your illustrious highness," said the footman, entering the anteroom, "Philip wants to know where you were pleased to put the whip?"

"What's that? Where did I put it? Why, I gave it to him."

"He says that you did not."

"Well, then I hung it on the lantern."

"Philip says that it is not on the lantern; and you had better say that you took it and lost it, or Philip will have to pay for your pranks out of his small wages," continued the angry footman, with increasing animation.

The footman, who seemed to be a respectable but sullen man, appeared to take Philip's side, and was resolved to clear up this matter at any cost. From an involuntary feeling of delicacy I stepped aside as though I had observed nothing. But the lackeys who were present behaved quite differently; they came nearer, and gazed approvingly at the old servant.

"Well, I lost it, I lost it," said Étienne, avoiding further explanations. "I'll pay him what the whip is

worth. This is amusing!" he added, approaching me, and leading me toward the drawing-room.

"No, master, how will you pay? I know you have been eight months paying Marya Vasilievna twenty kopeks, and it 's the same in my case, and it 's two years since Petrushka...."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the young prince, turning pale with rage. "I 'll tell all about it."

"You 'll tell all, you 'll tell all!" went on the footman. "This is bad, your illustrious highness," he added, with a peculiar expression, as we entered the hall, and he went to the wardrobe with the cloaks.

"That 's right, that 's right!" said an approving voice behind us in the anteroom.

Grandmamma had a peculiar gift for expressing her opinion of people by adding to a certain tone, on certain occasions, the singular and plural pronouns of the second person. Although she employed *you* and *thou* in direct opposition to the generally received usage, these shades of meaning acquired an entirely different significance in her mouth. When the young prince approached her, she at first addressed a few words to him, calling him *you*, and regarding him with such an expression of scorn that, had I been in his place, I should have become utterly abashed. But evidently Étienne was not a boy of that stamp; he not only paid no heed to grandmamma's reception, but even to her person, and saluted the whole company, if not gracefully, at least without the slightest constraint. Sonitchka occupied all my attention. I remember that when Volodya, Étienne, and I were talking together in a part of the room from which Sonitchka was visible, and she could see and hear us, I spoke with pleasure; when I had occasion to utter what seemed to me an amusing or manly remark, I spoke loudly, and glanced at the drawing-room door; but when we changed to another place, from which it was impossible to be seen or heard from the drawing-room, I remained silent, and found no further pleasure in the conversation.

The drawing-room and hall gradually filled with

guests. As always happens at children's parties, there were several large children among the number who were not willing to miss an opportunity of dancing and making merry, if only for the sake of pleasing the hostess.

When the Ivins arrived, instead of the pleasure which I generally experienced at meeting Serozha, I was conscious of a certain strange vexation because he would see Sonitchka and would show off to her.

CHAPTER XXI

BEFORE THE MAZURKA

"Eh! you are evidently going to have dancing," said Serozha, coming from the drawing-room, and pulling a pair of new kid gloves from his pocket; "I must put on my gloves."

"What's that for? we have no gloves," I thought; "I must go up-stairs and hunt for some."

But although I rummaged all the drawers, all I found was, in one, our green traveling mittens; in another, one kid glove which was of no service whatever to me, in the first place, because it was very old and dirty, in the second, because it was too large for me, and especially because the middle finger was missing, having been cut off long ago, probably by Karl Ivanitch, for a sore hand. Nevertheless I put this remnant of a glove upon my hand, and regarded intently that place upon my middle finger which was always smeared with ink.

"If Natalya Savischna were only here, she would surely find me some gloves." It was impossible to go down-stairs in such a plight, because, if they asked me why I did not dance, what could I say? To remain here was equally impossible, because I should infallibly be caught. "What am I to do?" I said, flourishing my hands.

"What are you doing here?" asked Volodya, running in; "go engage your lady, it will begin directly."

"Volodya," I said to him, displaying my hand, with two fingers sticking out of the dirty glove, and expressing in my voice that I was in a state which bordered on despair, — "Volodya, you never thought of this."

"Of what?" said he, impatiently. "Ah! gloves," he added quite indifferently, catching sight of my hand. "No, I didn't, in fact. You must ask grandmamma. What will she say?" and, without pausing to reflect, he ran down-stairs.

The cold-bloodedness with which he expressed himself on a point which seemed to me so weighty reassured me, and I hastened to the drawing-room, totally oblivious of the grotesque glove on my left hand.

Approaching grandmamma's arm-chair with caution, and touching her mantle lightly, I said in a whisper: —

"Grandmamma! what are we to do? We have no gloves!"

"What, my dear?"

"We have no gloves," I repeated, drawing nearer and nearer, and laying both hands on the arm of her chair.

"And what is this?" she said, all at once seeing my left hand. "See here, my dear," she went on in French, turning to Madame Valakhin, "this young man has made himself elegant in order to dance with your daughter."

Grandmamma held me firmly by the hand, and gazed seriously but inquiringly at her guests until all had satisfied their curiosity and the laugh had become general.

I should have been very much mortified if Serozha had seen me during the time, when, frowning with shame, I vainly endeavored to tear my hand free; but I was not at all pained in the presence of Sonitchka, who laughed until her eyes were filled with tears, and all her curls fluttered about her rosy little face. I understood that her laugh was too loud and natural to be mocking; on the contrary, we laughed together, and seemed to come nearer to each other as we exchanged glances. This episode of the glove, although it might end badly, gained me this advantage, that it placed me on easy terms with a circle which had always seemed to

me most terrible, — the drawing-room circle; I felt not the slightest timidity in the hall.

The sufferings of shy people arise from their uncertainty as to the opinion which people have formed of them; as soon as this opinion is openly demonstrated, — in whatever form it may occur, — this suffering ceases.

How charming Sonitchka Valakhin was, as she danced opposite me in the French quadrille with the clumsy young prince! How sweetly she smiled when she gave me her little hand in the chain! How prettily her golden curls waved in measure, how naïvely she brought her tiny feet together! When, in the fifth figure, my partner left me and went to the other side, while I waited for the time and prepared to execute my solo, Sonitchka closed her lips seriously and looked aside. But her fear for me was unnecessary. I boldly made my *chassé* to the front, *chassé* to the rear, and my glide; and when I approached her, I playfully showed her my glove with my two fingers sticking out. She laughed excessively, and her little feet tripped about upon the waxed floor more bewitchingly than ever. I still remember how, when we formed a circle and all joined hands, she bent her little head, and, without removing her hand from mine, scratched her little nose with her glove. I can still see all this as though it were directly before my eyes, and I still hear the quadrille from "The Maid of the Danube," to whose music all this took place.

The second quadrille arrived, and I danced it with Sonitchka. After seating myself beside her, I felt extremely awkward, and did not know in the least what to say to her. When my silence had lasted too long, I began to fear that she would take me for a fool; and I resolved to rescue her from any such error on my account, at any cost. "You are an inhabitant of Moscow?" I said to her in French; and, after receiving an answer in the affirmative, I went on, "For my part, I have never yet frequented the capital," with a calculation as to the effect which the word "frequent" would

produce. Nevertheless, I felt that although this was a very brilliant beginning, and fully proved my knowledge of the French tongue, I was incapable of continuing the conversation in this strain. Our turn to dance would not come very soon, but the silence was renewed. I gazed at her uneasily, desirous of knowing what impression I had produced, and awaiting her assistance. "Where did you find such a funny glove?" she inquired suddenly; and this question caused me the greatest pleasure and relief. I explained that the glove belonged to Karl Ivanitch, went into some rather ironical details concerning Karl Ivanitch's person, — how ridiculous he was when he took off his red cap; and how he had once fallen from a horse, when dressed in his green overcoat, straight into a puddle, and so forth. The quadrille passed off without our perceiving it. All this was very delightful; but why did I ridicule Karl Ivanitch? Should I have lost Sonitchka's good opinion if I had described him with the love and respect which I felt for him?

When the quadrille came to an end, Sonitchka said, "Thank you," in French, with as sweet an expression as though I had really deserved her gratitude. I was in ecstasies. I was beside myself with joy, and did not know myself whence I had obtained such daring, confidence, and even boldness. "Nothing can confuse me," I thought, promenading about the hall quite unembarrassed; "I am ready for anything."

Serozha proposed to me to be his *vis-à-vis*. "Very well," said I, "I have no partner, but I will find one." Casting a decisive glance about the room, I perceived that all the ladies were engaged with the exception of one big girl, who was standing at the parlor door. A tall young man approached her with the intention, as I concluded, of inviting her to dance; he was within a couple of paces of her, but I was at the other end of the hall. In the twinkling of an eye, I flew across the space which separated me from her, sliding gracefully over the polished floor, and with a scrape of my foot and a firm voice, I invited her for the contra-dance.

The big girl smiled patronizingly, gave me her hand, and the young man was left partnerless.

I was so conscious of my power, that I paid no heed to the young man's vexation; but I afterwards learned that he inquired who that frowsy boy was, who had jumped in front of him and taken away his partner.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MAZURKA

The young man whom I had robbed of his lady danced in the first couple of the mazurka. He sprang from his place, holding his lady by the hand, and, instead of making the *pas de Basques* as Mimi had taught us, he simply ran forward. When he had reached the corner, he halted, stamped his heels, spread his legs apart, turned around, and went skipping on farther.

As I had no partner for the mazurka, I sat behind grandmamma's high chair, and looked on.

"Why does he do that?" I pondered. "That's not at all as Mimi taught us. She declared that everybody danced the mazurka on their toes, bringing their feet round in a gliding circular form; and it turns out that they don't dance that way at all. There are the Ivins and Etienne and all of them dancing, and they are not doing the *pas de Basques*. And our Volodya has picked up the new fashion! It's not bad! And how lovely Sonitchka is! There she goes!"

I was very merry.

The mazurka was nearing its end. Several elderly ladies and gentlemen came up to take leave of grandmamma, and departed. The lackeys, skilfully keeping out of the way of the dancers, brought the dishes into the back rooms. Grandmamma was evidently weary, and seemed to speak unwillingly and in a very drawling way; the musicians indolently began the same air for the thirtieth time. The big girl with whom I had danced caught sight of me as she was going through

a figure, and, smiling treacherously, — she must have wanted to please grandmamma, — she led Sonitchka and one of the innumerable princesses up to me. "Rose or nettle?" said she, in French.

"Ah, so you are here!" said grandmamma, turning round in her chair. "Go, my dear, go."

Although at that moment I would much rather have hid my head under grandmamma's chair, than emerge from behind it, how could I refuse? I stood up, and said "Rose," as I glanced timidly at Sonitchka. Before I could recover myself, some one's hand in a white kid glove rested in mine, and the princess started forward with a pleasant smile, without the least suspicion that I did not in the least know what to do with my feet.

I knew that the *pas de Basques* was out of place, unsuitable, and that it might even put me to shame; but the well-known sounds of the mazurka, acting upon my ear, communicated a familiar movement to the acoustic nerves, which, in turn, communicated it to my feet; and the latter, quite involuntarily, and to the amazement of all beholders, began the fatal circular gliding step on the tips of the toes. As long as we proceeded straight ahead, we got on after a fashion; but when we turned I observed that, unless I took some precautions, I should certainly get in advance. In order to avoid such a catastrophe I stopped short, with the intention of making the same kind of *knee* which the young man in the first couple made so beautifully. But at the very moment when I separated my feet, and was preparing to spring, the princess, circling hastily around me, looked down at my feet with an expression of stupid curiosity and amazement. That look finished me. I lost my self-command to such an extent that, instead of dancing, I stamped my feet up and down in one spot in a fashion which resembled nothing on earth, and finally came to a dead standstill. Every one stared at me, some with surprise, others with curiosity, with amusement, or sympathy; grandmamma alone looked on with complete indifference.

"You should not dance if you do not know how,"

said papa's angry voice in my ear; and, thrusting me aside with a light push, he took my partner's hand, danced a turn with her in antique fashion, to the vast delight of the lookers-on, and led her to her seat. The mazurka immediately came to an end.

Lord! why dost thou chastise me so terribly.

* * * * * *

"Everybody despises me, and will always scorn me. The paths to everything, love, friendship, honor, are shut to me. All is lost! Why did Volodya make signs to me which every one saw, and which could render me no assistance? Why did that hateful princess look at my feet like that? Why did Sonitchka — she was lovely, but why did she smile just then? Why did papa blush, and seize my hand? was even he ashamed of me? Oh, this was frightful! If mamma had been there, she would not have blushed for her Nikolenka." And my fancy bore me far away to this sweet vision. I recalled the meadow in front of the house, the tall linden trees in the garden, the clear pond over which the swallows fluttered, the blue sky in which hung transparent white clouds, the perfumed stacks of fresh hay; and many other joyous, soothing memories were borne in upon my distracted imagination.

CHAPTER XXIII

AFTER THE MAZURKA

At supper, the young man who had danced in the first couple sat down at our children's table, and paid special attention to me, which would have flattered my vanity not a little, if I had been capable of any sentiment whatever after the catastrophe which had occurred to me. But the young man seemed determined to cheer me up on any terms. He played with me, he called me a fine fellow; and, when none of the grown-up people were looking at us, he poured me glasses of wine out of various bottles, and made me drink them. At the end

of the supper, when the butler poured me only a quarter of a glass of champagne from his napkin-wrapped bottle, and the young man insisted that he should pour it full, and made me swallow it at one gulp, I felt an agreeable glow through all my body, and a special kindliness toward my jolly protector, and I laughed excessively over something.

All at once the sounds of the *grandfather dance* resounded from the hall, and the guests began to rise from the table. My friendship with the young man immediately came to an end; he went off to the big people, and I, not daring to follow, approached with a curiosity to hear what Madame Valakhin was saying to her daughter.

"Just another little half-hour," said Sonitchka, entreatingly.

"It is really impossible, my angel."

"Come, for my sake, please," she said coaxingly.

"Will it make you happy if I am ill to-morrow?" said Madame Valakhin, and was so imprudent as to smile.

"Oh, you permit it! we may stay?" cried Sonitchka, dancing with joy.

"What is to be done with you? Well then, go dance. Here 's a cavalier for you," she said, pointing at me.

Sonitchka gave me her hand, and we ran into the hall.

The wine which I had drunk, Sonitchka's presence and gayety, caused me completely to forget my miserable scrape in the mazurka. I cut the most amusing capers with my feet; I imitated a horse, and went at a gentle trot, lifting my legs proudly; then I stamped on one spot like a ram who is angry at a dog, and laughed heartily without caring in the least what impression I might produce upon the spectators. Sonitchka, too, never ceased to laugh; she laughed when we circled round hand in hand, she laughed when she looked at some old gentleman who lifted his feet with care and stepped over a handkerchief, pretending that it was very difficult for him to do it, and she nearly died of laughter

when I leaped almost to the ceiling in order to display my agility.

As I passed through grandmamma's study, I glanced at myself in the mirror: my face was bathed in perspiration, my hair was in disorder, the tuft on the crown of my head stood up worse than ever; but the general expression of my countenance was so merry, kind, and healthy, that I was even pleased with myself.

"If I were always like this," I thought, "I might be able to please."

But when I glanced again at the very beautiful little face of my partner, there was in it, besides the expression of gayety, health, and freedom from care which had pleased me in my own, so much gentle and elegant beauty, that I was vexed with myself. I comprehended how stupid it was of me to hope to call the attention of such a wonderful being to myself.

I could not hope for a reciprocal feeling, and, indeed, I did not think of it; my soul was filled with bliss independent of that. I did not understand that in return for the love which filled my soul with joy, still greater happiness might be demanded, and that something more was to be desired than that this feeling might never end. All was well with me. My heart fluttered like a dove, the blood poured into it incessantly, and I wanted to cry.

When we went through the corridor, past the dark store-room under the stairs, I glanced at it and thought: "What bliss it would be if I could live forever with her in that dark store-room! and if nobody knew that we lived there."

"It's very jolly now, isn't it?" I said, in a quiet, trembling voice, and hastened my steps, frightened not so much at what I had said, but at what I had been minded to say.

"Yes, very," she replied, turning her little head toward me, with such a frank, kind expression that my fears ceased.

"Especially after supper. But if you only knew how sorry" — I wanted to say *pained*, but did not dare —

"I am that you are going away so soon, and that we shall not see each other any more!"

"Why shall we not see each other?" said she, regarding intently the toes of her slippers, and drawing her fingers along the lattice-work screen which we were passing. "Mamma and I go to the Tverskoy boulevard every Tuesday and Friday. Don't you go to walk?"

"I shall ask to go without fail on Tuesday; and if they won't let me go, I will run away alone, and without my hat. I know the way."

"Do you know," said Sonitchka, suddenly, "I always say *thou* to some little boys who come to our house; let us call each other *thou*. Wilt thou?" she added, throwing back her little head, and looking me straight in the eye.

At this moment we entered the hall, and the second, lively part of *grandfather* was beginning. "Do," I said at a point when the noise and music could drown my words.

"Say *thou*,"[1] corrected Sonitchka, with a laugh.

Grandfather ended, and I had not managed to utter a single phrase with *thou*, although I never ceased inventing such as would allow of several repetitions of that pronoun. I had not sufficient courage. "Wilt thou?" resounded in my ears, and produced a kind of intoxication. I saw nothing and nobody but Sonitchka. I saw them lift her locks, and tuck them behind her ears, disclosing portions of her brow and temples which I had not seen before; I saw them wrap her up in the green shawl so closely, that only the tip of her little nose was visible; I observed that if she had not made a little aperture near her mouth with her rosy little fingers, she would infallibly have suffocated; and I saw how she turned quickly toward us, as she descended the stairs with her mother, nodded her head, and disappeared through the door.

Volodya, the Ivins, the young prince, and I were all

[1] Nikolaï used *davai-te*, the second person plural. Sonitchka said *davai*, second person singular. — Tr.

in love with Sonitchka, and we followed her with our eyes as we stood on the stairs. I do not know to whom in particular she nodded her little head; but at that moment I was firmly convinced that it was done for me.

As I took leave of the Ivins, I conversed and shook hands quite unconstrainedly, and even rather coldly, with Serozha. If he understood that on that day he had lost my love, and his power over me, he was surely sorry for it, though he endeavored to appear quite indifferent.

For the first time in my life I had changed in love, and for the first time I experienced the sweetness of that feeling. It delighted me to exchange a worn-out sentiment of familiar affection for the fresh feeling of a love full of mystery and uncertainty. Moreover, to fall out of love and into love at the same time means loving with twice the previous fervor.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN BED

"How could I love Serozha so passionately, and so long?" I meditated, as I lay in bed. "No, he never understood, he never was capable of prizing my love, and he was never worthy of it. And Sonitchka? how charming! 'Wilt thou?' 'It is thy turn to begin.'"

I sprang up on all fours, as I pictured to myself her little face in lively colors, covered my head with the coverlet, tucked it under me on all sides, and when no opening remained anywhere, I lay down, with a pleasant sensation of warmth, and buried myself in sweet visions and memories. Fixing my gaze immovably upon the lining of the wadded quilt, I saw her as clearly as I had seen her an hour before; I conversed with her mentally, and that conversation, though utterly lacking in sense, afforded me indescribable delight, because *thee*, to *thee*, and *thine* occurred in it constantly.

These visions were so clear that I could not sleep for

sweet emotion, and I wanted to share my superabundance of bliss with some one.

"The darling!" I said almost aloud, turning abruptly on the other side. "Volodya! are you asleep?"

"No," he replied, in a sleepy voice; "what is it?"

"I am in love, Volodya. I am decidedly in love with Sonitchka."

"Well, what of it?" he answered, stretching himself.

"Oh, Volodya! you cannot imagine what is going on within me; here I was just now lying tucked up in the coverlet, and I saw her so plainly, so plainly, and I talked with her; it was simply marvelous! And, do you know, when I lie and think of her I grow sad, and I want to weep dreadfully, God knows why."

Volodya moved.

"There's only one thing I wish," I went on; "that is, to be always with her, to see her always, and nothing else. And are you in love? Confess the truth, Volodya!"

It's odd, but I wanted everybody to be in love with Sonitchka, and then I wanted them all to tell me.

"What is that to you?" said Volodya, turning his face toward me, — "perhaps."

"You don't want to sleep; you were making believe!" I cried, perceiving by his shining eyes that he was not thinking of sleep in the least; and I flung aside the coverlet. "Let's discuss her. She's charming, isn't she? So charming that if she were to say to me: 'Nikolenka! jump out of the window, or throw yourself into the fire,' — well, I swear I should do it immediately," said I, "and with joy. Ah, how bewitching!" I added, as I called her before me in imagination, and in order to enjoy myself in this manner to the fullest extent, I rolled abruptly over on the other side, and thrust my head under the pillow. "I want to cry dreadfully, Volodya!"

"What a fool!" said he, smiling, and then was silent for a while. "I'm not a bit like you; I think that, if it were possible, I should like first to sit beside her and talk."

"Ah! so you are in love too?" I interrupted.

"And then," continued Volodya, smiling tenderly, "then I would kiss her little fingers, her eyes, her lips, her nose, her tiny feet, — I would kiss all."

"Nonsense!" cried I, from under the pillow.

"You don't understand anything about it," said Volodya, contemptuously.

"Yes, I do understand, but you don't, and you're talking nonsense," I said, through my tears.

"Well, there's nothing to cry about. You're a regular girl!"

CHAPTER XXV

THE LETTER

On the sixteenth of April, nearly six months after the day which I have described, father came up-stairs to us, during our lesson hour, and announced to us that we were to set out for the country with him that night. My heart contracted at this news, and my thoughts turned at once to my mother.

The following letter was the cause of our unexpected departure: —

PETROVSKOE, April 12.

I have but just received your kind letter of April 3, at ten o'clock in the evening, and, in accordance with my usual custom, I answer it immediately. Fedor brought it from town last night, but, as it was late, he gave it to Mimi this morning. And Mimi, under the pretext that I was ill and unnerved, did not give it to me for a whole day. I really have had a little fever, and, to tell the truth, this is the fourth day that I have been too ill to leave my bed.

Pray do not be alarmed, my dear; I feel very well, and if Ivan Vasilitch will permit me, I intend to get up to-morrow.

On Friday of last week, I went to ride with the children; but the horses stuck in the mud close to the entrance to the highway, near that very bridge which has always frightened me. The day was very fine, and I thought I would go as far as the highway on foot, while they pulled the calash out. When I

reached the chapel, I was very much fatigued, and sat down to rest; and as about half an hour elapsed while they were summoning people to drag the carriage out, I felt cold, particularly in my feet, for I had on thin-soled shoes, and they were wet through. After dinner I felt a chill and a hot turn, but I continued to walk according to the usual program, and after tea I sat down to play a duet with Liubotchka. (You would not recognize her, she has made such progress!) But imagine my surprise, when I found that I could not count the time. I began to count several times, but my head was all in confusion, and I felt a strange noise in my ears. I counted one, two, three, then all at once eight and fifteen; and the chief point was that I saw that I was lying, and could not correct myself. Finally Mimi came to my assistance, and put me to bed, almost by force. This, my dear, is a circumstantial account of how I became ill, and how I myself am to blame. The next day, I had quite a high fever, and our good old Ivan Vasilitch came; he still lives with us, and promises to set me free speedily in God's world once more. A wonderful old man is that Ivan Vasilitch! When I had the fever, and was delirious, he sat beside my bed all night, without closing his eyes; and now he knows that I am writing, he is sitting in the boudoir with the girls, and from my bedroom I can hear him telling them German tales, and them dying with laughter as they listen.

La belle Flamande, as you call her, has been staying with me for two weeks past, because her mother has gone off visiting somewhere, and she evinces the most sincere affection by her care for me. She intrusts me with all her secrets of the heart. If she were in good hands, she might turn out in every respect a very fine girl, with her beautiful face, kind heart, and youth; but she will be utterly ruined in the society in which she lives, judging from her own account. It has occurred to me that, if I had not so many children, I should be doing a good deed in taking charge of her.

Liubotchka wanted to write to you herself; but she has already torn up the third sheet of paper, and says: "I know what a scoffer papa is; if you make a single mistake, he shows it to everybody." Katenka is as sweet as ever, Mimi as good and stupid.

Now I will talk to you about serious matters. You write that your affairs are not going well this winter, and that it is indispensable that you should take the money from Khabarovka. It surprises me that you should even ask my consent

to that. Does not what belongs to me belong equally to you?

You are so kind and good, my dear, that you conceal the real state of things, from the fear of troubling me; but I guess that you have probably lost a great deal at play, and I assure you that I am not angry at you; therefore, if the matter can only be arranged, pray do not think too much of it, and do not worry yourself needlessly. I have become accustomed not to count upon your winnings for the children, but even (excuse me) on your whole estate. Your winnings cause me as little pleasure as your losses cause pain; the only thing which does pain me is your unhappy passion for gambling, which deprives me of a portion of your tender attachment, and makes me tell you such bitter truths as I tell you now; and God knows how this hurts me! I shall not cease to pray God for one thing, that he will save you, not from poverty (what is poverty?), but from that frightful situation, when the interests of the children, which I am bound to protect, shall come into conflict with ours. Heretofore the Lord has fulfilled my prayer; you have not passed the line beyond which we must either sacrifice our property, — which no longer belongs to us, but to our children, — or — and it is terrible to think of, but this horrible misfortune continually threatens us. Yes, it is a heavy cross which the Lord has sent to both of us.

You write about the children, and return to our old dispute; you ask me to consent to send them to some educational institution. You know my prejudices against such education.

I do not know, my dear friend, whether you will agree with me; but I beseech you, in any case, to promise, out of love for me, that as long as I live, and after my death, if it shall please God to part us, never to do this.

You write that it is indispensable that you should go to Petersburg about our affairs. Christ be with you, my friend; go and return as speedily as possible. It is so wearisome for all of us without you! The spring is wonderfully beautiful. The balcony door has already been taken down, the paths to the green-house were perfectly dry four days ago, the peach trees are in full bloom, the snow lingers in a few spots only, the swallows have come, and now Liubotchka has brought me the first spring flowers. The doctor says I shall be quite well in three days, and may breathe the fresh air, and warm myself in the April sun. Farewell, dear friend; pray do not worry about my illness, nor about your losses; finish your business as

speedily as possible, and come to us with the children for the whole summer. I am making famous plans for passing it, and you alone are lacking to their realization.

The remaining portion of the letter was written in French, in a cramped and uneven hand, on a second scrap of paper. I translate it word for word: —

Do not believe what I wrote to you about my illness; no one suspects how serious it is. I alone know that I shall never rise from my bed again. Do not lose a moment; come and bring the children. Perhaps I may be able to embrace them once again, and bless them; that is my last wish. I know what a terrible blow I am dealing you, but it matters not; sooner or later you would receive it from me, or from others. Let us try to bear this misfortune with firmness, and hope in God's mercy. Let us submit to His will.

Do not think that what I write is the raving of a delirious imagination; on the contrary, my thoughts are remarkably clear at this moment, and I am perfectly composed. Do not comfort yourself with vain hopes that these are but the dim, deceitful presentiments of a timid soul. No, I feel, I know — and I know because God was pleased to reveal this to me — that I have not long to live.

Will my love for you and the children end with this life? I know that this is impossible. I feel too strongly at this moment to think that this feeling, without which I cannot conceive of existence, could ever be annihilated. My soul cannot exist without its love for you; and I know that it will exist forever, from this one thing, that such a sentiment as my love could never arise, were it ever to come to an end.

I shall not be with you, but I am firmly convinced that my love will never leave you; and this thought is so comforting to my heart, that I await my fast approaching death calmly, and without terror.

I am calm, and God knows that I have always regarded death, and still regard it, as a passage to a better life; but why do tears crush me? Why deprive the children of their beloved mother? Why deal you so heavy, so unlooked-for a blow? Why must I die, when your love has rendered life boundlessly happy for me?

May His holy will be done!

I can write no more for tears. Perhaps I shall not see you,

I thank you, my precious friend, for all the happiness with which you have surrounded me in this life; I shall pray God there, that he will reward you. Farewell, dear friend; remember, when I am no more, that my love will never abandon you, wherever you may be. Farewell Volodya, farewell my angel, farewell Benjamin, my Nikolenka.

Will they ever forget me?

This letter inclosed a note in French, from Mimi, which read as follows:—

The sad presentiments of which she speaks are but too well confirmed by the doctor's words. Last night she ordered this letter to be taken to the post at once. Thinking that she said this in delirium, I waited until this morning, and then made up my mind to open it. No sooner had I done so, than Natalya Nikolaevna asked me what I had done with the letter, and ordered me to burn it if it had not been sent. She keeps speaking of it and declares that it will kill you. Do not delay your coming, if you wish to see this angel while she is still left with us. Excuse this scrawl. I have not slept for three nights. You know how I love her!

Natalya Savischna, who had passed the entire night of the eleventh of April in mamma's chamber, told me that, after writing the first part of the letter, mamma laid it on the little table beside her, and went to sleep.

"I confess," said Natalya Savischna, "that I dozed in the arm-chair myself, and my stocking fell from my hands. But, about one o'clock, I heard, in my dreams, that she seemed to be conversing with some one; I opened my eyes, and looked; she was sitting up in bed, my little dove, with her little hands folded thus, and her tears were flowing in streams. 'So all is over?' she said, and covered her face with her hands. I sprang up, and began to inquire, 'What is the matter with you?'

"'Ah, Natalya Savischna, if you only knew whom I have just seen!'

"But, in spite of all my questions, she would say no more; she merely ordered me to bring the little table,

wrote something more, commanded me to seal the letter in her presence, and send it off immediately. After that, things grew worse and worse."

CHAPTER XXVI

WHAT AWAITED US IN THE COUNTRY

On the twenty-fifth of April we descended from the traveling carriage at the porch of the Petrovskoe house. Papa had been very thoughtful when we left Moscow, and when Volodya asked him whether mamma was not ill, he looked sadly at him, and nodded in silence. During the journey he evidently grew more composed; but as we approached home his face assumed a more and more mournful expression, and when, on alighting from the calash, he asked Foka, who ran panting out, "Where is Natalya Nikolaevna?" his voice was not firm, and there were tears in his eyes. Good old Foka glanced at us, dropped his eyes, and, opening the door of the anteroom, he turned aside and answered: —

"She has not left her room in six days."

Milka, who, as I afterwards learned, had not ceased to howl mournfully since the very day that mamma was taken ill, sprang joyously at papa, leaped upon him, whined, and licked his hands; but he pushed her aside, and went into the drawing-room, thence into the boudoir, from which a door led directly into the bedroom. The nearer he came to the room, the more evident became his disquiet, as was shown by all his movements; as he entered the boudoir, he walked on tiptoe, hardly drew his breath, and crossed himself before he could make up his mind to grasp the handle of the closed door. At that moment Mimi, disheveled and tear-stained, ran in from the corridor. "Ah, Piotr Alexandrovitch," she said, in a whisper, with an expression of genuine despair, and then, observing that papa was turning the handle, she added almost inaudibly, "it is impossible to pass here; the spring is gone."

Oh, how sadly this affected my childish imagination, which was attuned to sorrow, with a fearful foreboding!

We went to the maids' room. In the corridor we encountered Akim, the little fool, who always amused us with his grimaces; but at that moment he not only did not seem laughable to me, but nothing struck me so painfully as his mindless, indifferent face. In the maids' room two maids, who were sitting over their work, rose in order to salute us, with such a sorrowful expression that I was frightened. Traversing Mimi's room next, papa opened the door of the bedroom, and we entered. To the right of the door were two windows, hung with cloths; at one of them sat Natalya Savischna, with her spectacles on her nose, knitting a stocking. She did not kiss us as she generally did, but merely rose, looked at us through her spectacles, and the tears poured down her face in streams. I did not like it at all to have people begin to cry as soon as they looked at us, when they had been quite calm before.

At the left of the door stood a screen, and behind the screen the bed, a little table, a little cabinet spread with medicines, and the big arm-chair in which dozed the doctor; beside the bed stood a young, extremely fair, and remarkably pretty girl, in a white morning dress, who, with her sleeves turned back, was applying ice to mamma's head, which I could not see at that moment. This girl was *la belle Flamande*, of whom mamma had written, and who, later on, played such an important *rôle* in the life of our whole family. As soon as we entered, she removed one hand from mamma's head, and arranged the folds on the bosom of her gown, then said in a whisper, "She is unconscious."

I was very wretched at that moment, but I involuntarily noted all these trifles. It was nearly dark in the room, it was hot, and there was a mingled odor of mint, cologne-water, camomile, and Hoffmann's drops. This odor impressed me to such a degree that when I smell it, or when I even recall it, fancy immediately bears me back to that dark, stifling chamber, and reproduces

every detail, even the most minute, of that terrible moment.

Mamma's eyes were open, but she saw nothing. Oh, I shall never forget that dreadful look! It expressed so much suffering.

They led us away.

When I afterward asked Natalya Savischna about mamma's last moments, this is what she told me: —

"After you were taken away, my dear one was restless for a long time as though something oppressed her, then she dropped her head on her pillow, and dozed as quietly and peacefully as an angel from heaven. I only went out to see why they did not bring her potion. When I returned my darling was throwing herself all about, and beckoning your papa to her; he bent over her, and it was evident that he lacked the power to say what he wished to; she could only open her lips, and begin to groan, 'My God! O Lord! The children, the children!' I wanted to run and fetch you, but Ivan Vasilitch stopped me and said, 'It will excite her more, it is better not.' After that she only raised her hand and dropped it again. What she meant by that, God only knows. I think that she was blessing you in your absence, and it was plain that the Lord did not grant her to see her little children before the end. Then my little dove raised herself, kissed her hand, and all at once she spoke in a voice which I cannot bear to think of, 'Mother of God, do not desert them!' Then the pain attained her heart; it was evident from her eyes that the poor woman was suffering tortures; she fell back on the pillows, caught the sheet in her teeth, and her tears flowed, my dear."

"Well, and then?" I asked.

Natalya Savischna said no more; she turned away and wept bitterly.

Mamma died in terrible agony.

CHAPTER XXVII

SORROW

LATE in the evening of the following day I wanted to see her once more. I overcame the involuntary feeling of terror, opened the door gently, and entered the hall on tiptoe.

In the middle of the room, upon a table, stood the coffin, and around it stood lighted candles in tall silver candlesticks. In a distant corner sat the diachok[1] reading the Psalter in a low, monotonous voice.

I paused at the door, and gazed; but my eyes were so swollen with weeping, and my nerves were so unstrung, that I could distinguish nothing. Everything ran together in a strange fashion, — lights, brocade, velvet, the great candelabra, the rose-colored pillow bordered with lace, the frontlet,[2] the cap with ribbons, and something else, transparent, and of the hue of wax. I climbed upon a chair in order to see her face, but in the place where it was the same pale-yellowish transparent object presented itself to me. I could not believe that that was her face. I began to examine it attentively, and little by little I began to recognize the dear familiar features. I shivered with terror when I had convinced myself that it was she; but why were the closed eyes so sunken? Why that dreadful pallor, and the blackish spot beneath the transparent skin on one cheek? Why was the expression of the whole face so stern and cold? Why were the lips so pale, and their outline so very beautiful, so majestic, and so expressive of an unearthly calm that a cold shudder ran down my back and through my hair when I looked upon it?

I gazed, and felt that some incomprehensible, irresistible power was drawing my eyes to that lifeless face. I

[1] Chanter, lay-reader.

[2] The *vventchik* is made of satin or paper, with pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and St. John, and laid upon the brow of the corpse, in the Russian Church. — TR.

did not take my eyes from it, and imagination sketched me a picture of blooming life and happiness. I forgot that the dead body which lay before me, and upon which I stupidly gazed, as upon an object which had nothing in common with me, was *she*. I fancied her now in one, now in another, situation — alive, merry, smiling. Then all at once some feature in the pale face upon which my eyes rested struck me. I recalled the terrible reality, shuddered, but did not cease my gaze. And again visions usurped the place of reality, and again the consciousness of the reality shattered my visions. At length imagination grew weary, it ceased to deceive me; the consciousness of reality also vanished, and I lost my senses. I do not know how long I remained in this state, I do not know in what it consisted; I only know that, for a time, I lost consciousness of my existence, and experienced an exalted, indescribably pleasant and sorrowful delight.

Perhaps, in flying hence to a better world, her beautiful soul gazed sadly back upon that in which she left us; she perceived my grief, took pity upon it, and descended to earth on the pinions of love, with a heavenly smile of compassion, in order to comfort and bless me.

The door creaked, a chanter entered the room to relieve the other. This noise roused me; and the first thought which occurred to me was that, since I was not crying, and was standing on a chair, in an attitude which had nothing touching about it, the chanter might take me for an unfeeling boy, who had climbed on the chair out of mischief or curiosity. I crossed myself, made a reverence, and began to cry.

As I now recall my impressions, I find that that moment of self-forgetfulness was the only one of genuine grief. Before and after the burial, I never ceased to weep, and was sad; but it puts me to shame to recall that sadness, because a feeling of self-love was always mingled with it; at one time a desire to show that I was more sorry than anybody else; again, solicitude as to the impression which I was producing upon others; at another time, an aimless curiosity which caused me to

make observations upon Mimi's cap and the faces of those present. I despised myself, because the feeling I experienced was not exclusively one of sorrow, and I tried to conceal all others; for this reason my grief was insincere and unnatural. Moreover, I experienced a sort of pleasure in knowing that I was unhappy. I tried to arouse my consciousness of unhappiness; and this egotistical feeling, more than all the rest, stifled genuine grief within me.

After passing the night in a deep and quiet sleep, as is always the case after great sorrow, I awoke with my tears dried and my nerves calm. At ten o'clock we were summoned to the service of prayer for the dead, which was celebrated before the body was taken away. The room was filled with house-servants and peasants, who came in tears to take leave of their mistress. During the service I cried in proper fashion, crossed myself, and made reverences to the earth; but I did not pray in spirit, and was tolerably cold-blooded. I was worrying because my new half-coat, which they had put on me, hurt me very much under the arms. I meditated how not to spot the knees of my trousers too much; and I took observations, on the sly, of all those who were present. My father stood at the head of the coffin. He was as white as his handkerchief, and restrained his tears with evident difficulty. His tall figure in its black coat, his pale, expressive face, his movements, graceful and assured as ever, when he crossed himself, bowed, touching the ground with his hand, took the candle from the hand of the priest, or approached the coffin, were extremely effective. But, I do not know why, the fact that he could show himself off so effectively at such a moment was precisely what did not please me. Mimi stood leaning against the wall, and appeared hardly able to keep her feet. Her dress was crumpled and flecked with down, her cap was pushed on one side, her swollen eyes were red, her head shook. She never ceased to sob in a voice that rent the soul, and she incessantly covered her face with her hands and her handkerchief. It seemed to me that she did this in order to hide her

countenance from the spectators, and to rest for a moment after her feigned sobs. I remembered how she had told papa, the day before, that mamma's death was such a terrible shock to her that she had no hope of living through it; that it deprived her of everything; that that angel (as she called mamma) had not forgotten her before her death, and had expressed a desire to secure her future and Katenka's forever from care. She shed bitter tears as she said this, and perhaps her grief was genuine, but it was not pure and exclusive. Liubotchka, in her black frock, with mourning trimmings, was all bathed in tears, and dropped her little head, glancing rarely at the coffin, and her face expressed only childish terror. Katenka stood beside her mother, and, in spite of the long face she had put on, was as rosy as ever. Volodya's frank nature was frank even in his grief. He stood at times with his thoughtful, immovable glance fixed on some object; then his mouth began suddenly to twitch, and he hastily crossed himself, and bowed in reverence. All the strangers who were present at the funeral were intolerable to me. The phrases of consolation which they uttered to father, — that she would be better off there, that she was not for this world, — aroused a kind of anger in me.

What right had they to speak of her and mourn for her? Some of them in speaking of us called us *orphans*. As if we did not know without their assistance that children who have no mother are called by that name! It evidently pleased them to be the first to bestow it upon us, just as they generally make haste to call a young girl who has just been married *Madame* for the first time.

In the far corner of the hall, almost concealed by the open door of the butler's pantry, knelt a bowed and gray-haired woman. With clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, she neither wept nor prayed. Her soul soared impetuously up to God, and she besought him to let her join the one whom she loved more than all on earth, and she confidently hoped that it would be soon.

"There is one who loved her truly!" thought I, and I was ashamed of myself.

The service of prayer came to an end; the face of the dead woman was uncovered, and all present, with the exception of ourselves, approached the coffin one by one and kissed it.

One of the last to draw near and take leave of her was a peasant woman, leading a beautiful five-year-old girl, whom she had brought hither God only knows why. At that moment, I unexpectedly dropped my moist handkerchief, and stooped to pick it up. But I had no sooner bent over, than a frightful piercing shriek startled me; it was so full of terror that if I live a hundred years I shall never forget it, and when I recall it a cold chill always runs all over my body. I raised my head: on a tabouret beside the coffin, stood the same peasant woman, holding in her arms with difficulty the little girl, who, with her tiny hands thrust out before her, her frightened little face turned aside, and her staring eyes fastened upon the face of the corpse, was shrieking in a wild and dreadful voice. I uttered a shriek in a tone which I think must have been even more terrible than the one which had startled me, and ran out of the room.

It was only at that moment that I understood whence came that strong, heavy odor, which, mingling with the odor of the incense, filled the room; and the thought that that face, which a few days before had been full of beauty and tenderness, that face which I loved more than anything in the world, could excite terror, seemed for the first time to reveal to me the bitter truth, and filled my soul with despair.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LAST SAD MEMORIES

MAMMA was dead, but our life pursued its usual course. We went to bed and got up at the same hours, and in the same rooms; morning and evening tea, dinner, supper, all took place at the usual time; the tables and chairs stood in the same places; nothing was changed in the house or in our manner of life, only — she was no more.

It seemed to me that, after such a catastrophe, all must change; our ordinary manner of life appeared to me an insult to her memory, and recalled her absence too vividly.

After dinner, on the evening before the funeral, I wanted to go to sleep; and I went to Natalya Savischna's room, intending to install myself in her bed, on the soft feather-bed, and beneath the warm quilted coverlet. When I entered, Natalya Savischna was lying on her bed, and was probably asleep; hearing the noise of my footsteps, she rose up, flung aside the woolen cloth which protected her head from the flies, and, adjusting her cap, seated herself on the edge of the bed.

As I had previously been in the habit of coming rather frequently, after dinner, to sleep in her room, she divined the reason for my appearance, and said to me, as she rose from the bed: —

"What is it? Probably you have come to get some rest, my dear? Lie down."

"What is the matter with you, Natalya Savischna?" I said, holding her hand. "That is not it at all. — I just came .... and you are weary yourself; you had better lie down."

"No, my dear, I have slept enough," she said. (I knew that she had not slept for three days, for grief.) "And besides, I am not sleepy now," she added, with a deep sigh.

I wanted to discuss our misfortune with Natalya Savischna. I knew her honesty and love, and it would have been a comfort to me to weep with her.

"Natalya Savischna," I said, seating myself on the bed, after a brief silence, "did you expect this?"

The old woman looked at me in amazement and curiosity, probably because she did not understand why I asked her that.

"Who could expect this?" I repeated.

"Ah, my dear," said she, casting a glance of the tenderest sympathy upon me, "not only was it not to be expected, but I cannot believe it even now. Such an old woman as I ought to have laid her old bones to rest long ago. The old master, Prince Nikolaï Mikhaïlovitch, your grandfather (may his memory be eternal!), had two brothers, and a sister Annuchka; and I have buried them all, and they were all younger than I am, my dear; and now, for my sins evidently, it is my fate to outlive her. His holy will be done! He took her because she was worthy, and He wants good people there."

This simple thought impressed me as a comfort, and I moved nearer Natalya Savischna. She folded her hands on her bosom, and looked upward; her sunken, tearful eyes expressed great but quiet suffering. She cherished a firm hope that God would not long part her from her upon whom she had for so many years concentrated all the power of her love.

"Yes, my dear, it does not seem long since I was her nurse, and swaddled her, and she called me Nascha. She would run to me, seize me with her plump little hands, and begin to kiss me, and to say: —

"'My Naschik, my beauty, my little turkey!'

"And I would say in jest: —

"'It's not true, mátushka,[1] you do not love me; wait until you grow up, you will marry, and forget your Nascha.' She would begin to reflect. 'No,' she would say, 'it will be better not to marry, if I cannot take Nascha with me; I will never desert Nascha.' And now she has deserted me, and has not waited for

[1] Literally, "little mother" — my dear. — TR.

me. And she loved me, the dear dead woman! And, in truth, who was there that she did not love? Yes, my dear, it is impossible for you to forget your mamma. She was not a human being, but an angel, from heaven. When her soul reaches the kingdom of heaven, it will love you there, and rejoice over you."

"Why do you say, when she reaches the kingdom of heaven, Natalya Savischna?" I asked. "Why, I think she is there now."

"No, my dear," said Natalya Savischna, lowering her voice, and sitting closer to me on the bed; "her soul is here now," and she pointed upward. She spoke almost in a whisper, and with so much feeling and conviction that I involuntarily raised my eyes, and inspected the cornice in search of something. "Before the soul of the just goes to paradise, it undergoes forty trials, my dear, and it can stay in its home for forty days."[1]

She talked long in this strain, and with as much simplicity and faith as though she were relating the most every-day occurrences, which she had witnessed herself, and on the score of which it would never enter any one's head to entertain the slightest doubt. I held my breath as I listened to her; and, although I did not understand very well what she said, I believed her entirely.

"Yes, my dear, she is here now; she is looking at us; perhaps she hears what we are saying," said Natalya Savischna, in conclusion.

She bent her head, and became silent. She wanted a handkerchief to wipe her falling tears; she rose, looked me straight in the face, and said, in a voice which trembled with emotion: —

[1] Natalya Savischna does not state accurately the tenets of her church on the subject of the soul after death. The Eastern Church holds that the soul hovers about the body and the places familiar to it for three days after death. After that, until the fortieth day, it is shown the abodes of torment and of bliss. On the fortieth day it is brought into the presence of God for the third and last time (the other presentations of the soul before God occur on the third and the ninth days after death), and is assigned its abiding place, where it will remain until the last Judgment Day. No Purgatory, in the Roman sense, is admitted by the Eastern Church. — Tr.

"The Lord has brought me many degrees nearer to Him through this. What is left for me here now? Whom have I to live for? Whom have I to love?"

"Don't you love us?" I said reproachfully, hardly restraining my tears.

"God knows how I love you, my darlings; but I have never loved any one as I loved her, and I never can love any one in that way."

She could say no more, but turned away and sobbed loudly.

I no longer thought of sleeping; we sat opposite each other in silence, and wept.

Foka entered the room; perceiving our condition, and probably not wishing to disturb us, he glanced at us timidly and in silence, and paused at the door.

"What do you want, Fokascha?" asked Natalya Savischna, wiping her eyes.

"A pound and a half of raisins, four pounds of sugar, and three pounds of rice, for the kutya."[1]

"Immediately, immediately, bátyushka," said Natalya Savischna, taking a hasty pinch of snuff; and she went to her chest with brisk steps. The last traces of the grief called forth by our conversation had vanished when she set about her duty, which she considered as extremely important.

"What are the four pounds for?" she grumbled, as she took out the sugar and weighed it with the steelyards. "Three and a half will be enough," and she took several bits from the scales. "Who ever heard the like? I gave out eight pounds of rice yesterday, and now more is demanded. Say what you like, Foka Demiditch, but I won't let you have the rice. That Vanka is glad because the house is upside down; he thinks no one will notice. No, I won't shut my eyes to attempts on my master's goods. Now, was such a thing ever seen, as eight pounds?"

"What is to be done? He says that it 's all gone."

[1] A dish made of boiled, sweetened rice, and raisins, which is placed on a table in the church at requiem masses and services of prayer for the dead. — Tr.

"Well, there, take it, there! Let him have it!"

I was surprised at the moment by this transition from the affecting sentiment with which she had talked with me, to this grumbling and petty calculation. On reflecting upon the subject afterward I saw that, in spite of what was going on in her soul, she retained sufficient presence of mind to busy herself with her affairs, and the force of habit drew her to her customary employments. Sorrow acted so powerfully upon her that she did not find it necessary to dissemble, and she was able to occupy herself with extraneous objects; she would not even have been able to understand how such a thought could occur to any one.

Vanity is a feeling which is utterly incompatible with genuine grief; and, at the same time, this feeling is so strongly interwoven with the nature of many, that even the deepest woe very rarely expels it. Vanity exhibits itself in sorrow by the desire to appear sad, or unhappy, or firm; and these low desires, which we do not acknowledge, but which rarely forsake us even in the deepest trouble, deprive it of force, dignity, and truth. But Natalya Savischna was so deeply wounded by her unhappiness, that not a single desire lingered in her soul, and she only lived from habit.

After giving Foka the provisions he had asked for, and reminding him of the pasty which must be prepared for the entertainment of the clergy, she dismissed him, took her stocking, and seated herself beside me again.

The conversation turned again upon the same subject as before; and again we wept, and again dried our eyes.

These conversations with Natalya Savischna were repeated every day; her quiet tears and calm, devout words brought me comfort and consolation.

But we were soon parted. Three days after the funeral, the whole household removed to Moscow, and I was fated never to see her more.

Grandmother only received the terrible news on our arrival, and her grief was extraordinary. We were not admitted to her presence, because she lay unconscious

for a whole week, and the doctor feared for her life, the more so as she not only would not take any medicine, but would speak to no one, did not sleep, and took no nourishment. Sometimes, as she sat alone in her chamber, in her arm-chair, she suddenly broke into a laugh, then began to sob, but shed no tears; then she was seized with convulsions, and uttered frightful and incoherent words in a voice of madness. This was the first great grief which had fallen upon her, and it drove her to despair. She felt the need of blaming some one for her misery; and she said terrible things, threatened some invisible person with unusual energy, sprang from her chair, paced the room in long and rapid strides, and then fell senseless.

I entered her room on one occasion. She was sitting in her arm-chair, as usual, and was calm to all appearances: but her glance startled me. Her eyes were very wide open, but their gaze was wavering and dull; she looked straight at me, but she could not have seen me. Her lips began a slow smile, and she spoke in a voice of touching gentleness: "Come here, my dear; come here, my angel." I thought that she was addressing me, and approached nearer; but she did not look at me. "Ah, if you only knew, my love, what torments I have suffered, and how glad I am that you have come!" Then I understood that she fancied she saw mamma, and halted. "They told me you were dead," she went on, with a frown. "What nonsense! Could you die before me?" and she gave a dreadful hysteric laugh.

Only people who are capable of loving strongly can also suffer great sorrow; but this same necessity of loving serves to counteract their grief, and heals them. For this reason the moral nature of man is more active than the physical. Grief never kills.

After the lapse of a week, grandmamma could weep, and her condition improved. Her first thought, when she came to herself, was of us; and her love for us increased. We never left her arm-chair; she cried softly, spoke of mamma, and tenderly caressed us.

It could not enter the mind of any one who looked

upon grandmamma's grief, that she was exaggerating it, and the expressions of that grief were forcible and touching; but I do not know why I sympathized more with Natalya Savischna, and to this day I am convinced that no one loved and mourned mamma so purely and so sincerely as that simple, affectionate creature.

The happy days of childhood ended for me with mamma's death, and a new epoch began, — the epoch of boyhood; but as my recollections of Natalya Savischna, whom I never saw again, and who exercised such a powerful and beneficent influence over my career and the development of my sensibility, belong to the first epoch, I will say a few words more about her and her death.

After our departure, as the people who remained in the country afterwards informed me, she found the time hang heavy on her hands from lack of occupation. Although all the clothes-presses were still in her hands, and she never ceased to turn over their contents, alter the arrangement, hang things up and pack them away again, yet she missed the noise and turmoil of a country-house which is inhabited by its owners, to which she had been accustomed from her childhood. Grief, the change in her manner of life, the absence of responsibilities, speedily developed palsy, to which she had long been inclined. Just a year after mamma's death, dropsy made its appearance, and she took to her bed.

It was hard, I think, for Natalya Savischna to live alone, and still harder for her to die alone, in the great empty house at Petrovskoe, without relatives or friends. Every one in the house loved and revered Natalya Savischna; but she entertained no friendship with any one, and was proud of it. She considered that in her position of a housekeeper who enjoyed the confidence of her master, and had in her charge so many chests filled with all sorts of property, a friendship with any one would infallibly lead to partiality and a criminal condescension. For that reason, or, possibly, because she had nothing in common with the other servants, she held herself aloof from all, and said that she had

neither gossips nor cronies in the house, and she would not countenance any attacks upon her master's property.

She sought and found consolation by confiding her feelings to God in fervent prayer; but sometimes, in those moments of weakness to which we are all subject, when man finds his best comfort in the tears and sympathy of a living being, she put her little pug dog on her bed (it licked her hand, and fixed its yellow eyes upon her), talked to it, and wept softly as she petted it. When the pug began to howl piteously, she endeavored to quiet it, and said, "Stop; I know, without your telling me, that I shall die soon."

A month before her death, she took from her chest some white calico, white muslin, and pink ribbons; with the assistance of her maid she made herself a white dress and a cap, and arranged everything which was requisite for her funeral, down to the most minute detail. She also sorted over the chests belonging to her master, and transferred them with the greatest precision, in writing, to the overseer. Then she got out two silk dresses, an old shawl which grandmamma had given her at some time or other, and grandfather's military uniform, which had also been given to her for her own. Thanks to her care, the embroidery and galloon on the uniform were perfectly fresh, and the cloth had not been touched by the moths

Before her death, she expressed a wish that one of these dresses, the pink one, should be given to Volodya for a dressing-gown or jacket, and the other, the brown checked one, to me for the same purpose, and the shawl to Liubotchka. The uniform she bequeathed to whichever of us should first become an officer. All the rest of her property, and her money, with the exception of forty rubles which she laid aside for her funeral and masses, she left to her brother. Her brother, who had received his freedom long before, resided in some distant government, and led a very dissipated life; hence she had had no intercourse with him during her lifetime.

When Natalya Savischna's brother presented himself to receive his inheritance, and the deceased's entire property proved to consist of twenty-five rubles in bills, he would not believe it, and said that it could not be that the old woman, who had lived for sixty years in a wealthy family, and had had everything in her hands, had lived in a miserly way all her life, and had fretted over every scrap, had left nothing. But this was actually the case.

Natalya Savischna suffered for two months from her complaint, and bore her pain with a truly Christian patience; she did not grumble or complain, but merely prayed incessantly, as was her custom. She confessed with joy, and received the Holy Communion and was anointed with oil,[1] an hour before her death.

She begged forgiveness of all the house-servants for any injuries which she might have done them, and besought her priest, Father Vasily, to say to all of us that she did not know how to express her thanks for all our kindness, and prayed us to pardon her if she had pained any one by her stupidity; "but I never was a thief, and I can say that I never cheated my masters out of a thread." This was the only quality in herself which she valued.

Having put on the wrapper and cap which she had prepared, and propped herself up on the pillows, she never ceased until the moment of death to converse with the priest. She reminded him that she had not left anything to the poor, gave him ten rubles, and begged him to distribute it in the parish. Then she crossed herself, lay back, sighed for the last time, and uttered the name of God in a joyous tone.

She quitted life without regret; she did not fear death, but accepted it as a blessing. This is often said, but how rarely is it true! Natalya Savischna could not fear death, because she died firm in the faith and having

[1] It is not called "Extreme Unction" in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of the East. It is the Sacrament founded upon James v. 14, 15, and can be used in any illness, whether that illness is deemed mortal or not. — Tr.

fulfilled the law of the Gospels. Her whole life had been pure, unselfish love and self-sacrifice.

What if her creed might have been more lofty, if her life might have been devoted to higher aims? is this pure soul any the less deserving of love and admiration on that account?

She accomplished the best and grandest deed in this life; she died without regret or fear.

She was buried, in accordance with her wish, not far from the chapel which stood upon mamma's grave. The hillock, overgrown with brambles and burdock, beneath which she lies, is inclosed within a black iron paling; but I never forget to go from the chapel to that railing, and bow myself to the earth in reverence.

Sometimes I pause silent, midway between the chapel and that black fence. Painful reminiscences suddenly penetrate my soul. The thought comes to me: Did Providence connect me with these two beings merely in order that I might be made to mourn for them forever?

BOYHOOD

CHAPTER I

A JOURNEY WITHOUT RELAYS

TWO equipages are again brought to the porch of the Petrovskoe house; one is a coach, in which sit Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and the maid, with the steward Yakoff on the box; the other is a britchka, in which ride Volodya and I, and the footman Vasily, who had recently been taken from obrok.[1]

Papa, who was to follow us to Moscow in a few days, stands on the porch without his hat, and makes the sign of the cross upon the window of the coach and the britchka.

"Well, Christ be with you! drive on!" Yakoff and the coachman (we are traveling in our own carriage) take off their hats, and cross themselves. "Get up! Get up! In God's name!"

The bodies of the carriage and britchka begin to jolt over the uneven road, and the birches along the great avenue fly past us one by one. I am not at all sad; my mental gaze is fixed, not upon what I am leaving, but upon what awaits me. In proportion as the objects connected with the painful memories which have filled my mind until this moment retreat into the distance, these memories lose their force, and are speedily replaced by a consoling sense of acquaintanceship with life, which is full of force, freshness, and hope.

[1] A sum paid to the proprietor by a serf in lieu of personal service. Many serfs of both sexes exercised various trades in the cities, and their obrok often yielded their masters quite a sum. — Tr.

Rarely have I spent days so — I will not say merrily, for I was still rather conscience-stricken at the idea of yielding to merriment — but so agreeably, so pleasantly, as the four during which our journey lasted.

I had no longer before my eyes the closed door of mamma's room, which I could not pass without a shudder; nor the closed piano, which no one approached, but which every one regarded with a sort of fear; nor the mourning garments (we all had on simple traveling suits), nor any of those things which, by recalling to me vividly my irrevocable loss, made me avoid every appearance of life, from the fear of offending *her* memory in some way. Here, on the other hand, new and picturesque spots and objects arrest and divert my attention, and nature in its spring garb fixes firmly in my mind the cheering sense of satisfaction in the present, and bright hopes for the future.

Early, very early in the morning, pitiless Vasily, who is overzealous, as people always are in new situations, pulls off the coverlet, and announces that it is time to set out, and that everything is ready. Snuggle and rage and contrive as you will to prolong even for another quarter of an hour the sweet morning slumber, you see by Vasily's determined face that he is inexorable, and prepared to drag off the coverlet twenty times; so you jump up, and run out into the yard to wash yourself.

The samovar is already boiling in the anteroom, and Mitka, the outrider, is blowing it until he is as red as a crab. It is damp and dark out of doors, as though the steam were rising from an odoriferous dung-heap; the sun illuminates with a bright, cheerful light the eastern sky and the straw roofs of the ample sheds surrounding the courtyard, which are sparkling with dew. Beneath them our horses are visible, hitched about the fodder, and the peaceful sound of their mastication is audible.

A shaggy black dog, who has lain down upon a dry heap of manure before dawn, stretches lazily, and betakes himself to the other side of the yard at a gentle trot, wagging his tail the while. The busy housewife

opens the creaking gates, drives the meditative cows into the street, where the tramp, lowing, and bleating of herds is already audible, and exchanges a word with her sleepy neighbor. Philip, with the sleeves of his shirt stripped up, draws the bucket from the deep well, all dripping with clear water, by means of the wheel, and empties it into an oaken trough, about which wide-awake ducks are already splashing in the pool; and I gaze with pleasure upon Philip's handsome face with its great beard, and at the thick sinews and muscles which are sharply defined upon his bare, hairy arms when he makes any exertion.

Behind the screen where Mimi slept with the girls, and over which we had conversed in the evening, a movement is audible. Mascha runs past us repeatedly with various objects which she endeavors to conceal from our curiosity with her dress; and finally she opens the door, and calls us to drink our tea.

Vasily, in a fit of superfluous zeal, runs into the room incessantly, carries out first one thing, then another, winks at us, and in every way exhorts Marya Ivanovna to set out as speedily as possible. The horses are harnessed, and express their impatience by jingling their bells every now and then; the trunks, chests, caskets, dressing-cases, are again packed away, and we take our seats. But each time we find a mountain inside the britchka instead of a seat, so that it is impossible to understand how all this had been arranged the day before, and how we are going to sit now. One walnut-wood tea-caddy with a triangular cover, in particular, which is intrusted to us in the britchka, is placed under me, and enrages me extremely. But Vasily says that will settle down, and I am forced to believe him.

The sun has but just risen above the dense white clouds which veil the east, and all the country round about is illuminated with a quietly cheerful light. All is so very beautiful about me, and I am so tranquil and light of heart. The road winds away in front like a wide, unconfined ribbon, amid fields of dry stubble, and herbage sparkling with dew. Here and there by the

roadside, we come upon a gloomy willow, or a young birch with small, sticky leaves, casting a long, motionless shadow upon the dry clayey ruts and the short green grass of the highway. The monotonous song of the wheels and bells does not drown the sound of the larks, who circle close to the very road. The smell of moth-eaten cloth, of dust, and a certain sourness, which characterizes our britchka, is overpowered by the perfume of the morning; and I feel a joyous uneasiness in my soul, a desire to do something, which is a sign of true enjoyment.

I had not managed to say my prayers at the post-house; but as I have more than once observed that some misfortune happens to me on the day when, from any circumstance, I forget to fulfil this ceremony, I make an effort to repair my mistake. I take off my cap, turn to the corner of the britchka, recite some prayers, and cross myself under my jacket so that no one may see it. But a thousand different objects distract my attention; and I repeat the same words of the prayer several times over, in my absence of mind.

Yonder on the foot-path which winds beside the road, some slowly moving figures are visible; they are pilgrims. Their heads are enveloped in dirty cloths; sacks of birch-bark are bound upon their backs; their feet are wrapped in dirty, tattered foot-bands, and shod in heavy bast shoes. Swaying their staves in unison, and hardly glancing at us, they move on with a heavy, deliberate tread, one after the other; and questions take possession of my mind, — whither are they going, and why? will their journey last long? and will the long shadows which they cast upon the road soon unite with the shadow of the willow which they must pass? Here a calash with four post-horses comes rapidly to meet us. Two seconds more, and the faces which looked at us with polite curiosity at a distance of two arshins[1] have already flashed past; and it seems strange that these faces have nothing in common with me, and that, in all probability, I shall never behold them again.

[1] An arshin is twenty-eight inches.

Here come two shaggy, perspiring horses, galloping along the side of the road in their halters, with the traces knotted up to the breech-strap; and behind, with his long legs and huge shoes dangling on each side of a horse, over whose withers hangs the *dug*,[1] and who jingles his little bells almost inaudibly now and then, rides a young lad of a postilion, with his felt cap cocked over one ear, drawling a long-drawn-out song. His face and attitude are expressive of so much lazy, careless content, that it seems to me it would be the height of bliss to be a post-boy, to ride the horses home, and sing melancholy songs. Yonder, far beyond the ravine, a village church with its green roof is visible against the bright blue sky; yonder is a hamlet, the red roof of a gentleman's house, and a green garden. Who lives in this house? Are there children in it, father, mother, tutor? Why should we not go to this house, and make the acquaintance of the owner? Here is a long train of huge wagons harnessed to troïkas of well-fed, thick-legged horses, which are obliged to turn out to pass. "What are you carrying?" inquires Vasily of the first carter, who, with his big feet hanging from the board which forms his seat, and flourishing his whip, regards us for a long time with an intent mindless gaze, and only makes some sort of reply when it is impossible for him not to hear. "With what wares do you travel?" Vasily asks, turning to another team, upon whose railed-in front lies another carter beneath a new rug. A blond head, accompanied by a red face and a reddish beard, is thrust out from beneath the rug for a moment; it casts a glance of indifferent scorn upon us, and disappears again; and the thought occurs to me that these carters surely cannot know who we are and whither we are going.

Absorbed in varied meditations, for an hour and a half I pay no heed to the crooked numbers inscribed upon the verst-stones. But now the sun begins to warm my head and back with more fervor, the road grows more dusty, the triangular cover of the tea-caddy begins to

[1] Arch over the middle horse of a troïka, or three horses harnessed abreast. Pronounced *doog*. — TR.

discommode me greatly, and I change my position several times. I am becoming hot and uncomfortable and bored. My whole attention is directed to the verst-stones, and the figures upon them. I make various mathematical calculations as to the time it will take us to reach the station.

"Twelve versts make one-third of thirty-six, and it is forty-one to Lipetz; consequently we have traveled only one-third and how much?" and so forth.

"Vasily," I say, when I observe that he is beginning to nod upon the box, "let me come on the box, that 's a dear." Vasily consents: we change places; he immediately begins to snore and roll about so that there is no room left for any one in the britchka; and before me, from the height which I occupy, the most delightful picture presents itself, — our four horses, Nerutchinskaya,[1] the Chanter, Lyevaya, the pole-horse, and Apothecary, all of whom I know by heart in the most minute details and shades of each quality.

"Why is the Chanter on the right side to-day instead of on the left, Philip?" I inquire with diffidence.

"The Chanter?"

"And Nerutchinskaya is not drawing at all," I say.

"It is impossible to harness the Chanter on the left," says Philip, paying no attention to my last remark. "He is not the kind of horse which can be harnessed on the left; on the left a horse is needed which is a horse, in one word, and he 's not such a horse as that."

And with these words, Philip bends over to the right, and, pulling on the reins with all his might, he begins to whip poor Chanter on the tail and legs in a peculiar manner from below; and in spite of the fact that Chanter tries with all his might, and drags the whole britchka along, Philip ceases this manœuver only when he finds it necessary to take a rest and tip his hat over on one side, for some unknown reason, although it was sitting very properly and firmly on his head already. I take advantage of this favorable opportunity, and beg Philip to let me drive. At first Philip gives me one rein, then

[1] The off horse.

another; and finally all six reins and the whip are transferred to my hands, and I am perfectly happy. I endeavor in every way to imitate Philip; I ask him whether *that* is right: but it generally ends in his being dissatisfied with me; he says that one horse is pulling a great deal and that another is not pulling at all, thrusts his elbow out in front of my breast, and takes the reins away from me. The heat increases continually. The little white clouds, which we call sheep, begin to puff up higher and higher, like soap-bubbles, then unite and take on a dark gray tint. A hand, holding a bottle and a little package, emerges from the coach window. Vasily leaps from the box with wonderful agility, while we are in motion, and brings us little cheesecakes and kvas.

We all alight from the carriages at a sharp descent, and sometimes have a race to the bridge, while Vasily and Yakoff put on the brakes, and support the coach on both sides with their hands as though they were able to restrain it if it fell. Then, with Mimi's permission, either I or Volodya seat ourselves in the coach, and Liubotchka or Katenka takes the place in the britchka. These changes afford the girls great pleasure, because, as they justly decide, it is jollier in the britchka. Sometimes, when it is hot, and we are passing through the woods, we linger behind the coach, tear off green boughs, and build an arbor in the britchka. This moving arbor overtakes the coach, and Liubotchka pipes up in the most piercing of voices, which she never forgets to do on any occasion which affords her pleasure.

But here is the village where we are to dine and rest. We have already smelled the village, the smoke, tar, hemp-skins. We have heard the sound of conversation, steps, and wheels; the bells already sound differently from what they did in the open fields; and cottages appear on either side with their thatched roofs, carved wooden porches, and little windows with red and green shutters, between which the face of a curious woman peeps out. Here are the little peasant boys and girls, clad only in thin little smocks, who open their eyes wide, and throw out their hands and stand motionless on one spot, or run

swiftly with their little bare feet through the dust, after the carriages, and try to climb upon the trunks, in spite of Philip's menacing gestures. The blond inhabitants hasten up to the carriages from every direction, and endeavor, with alluring words and gestures, to entice the travelers from each other. Tpru! the gate creaks, the traces catch on the gate-posts, and we enter the courtyard. Four hours of rest and freedom!

CHAPTER II

THE THUNDER-STORM

The sun declined toward the west, and burned my neck and cheeks intolerably with its hot, slanting rays. It was impossible to touch the scorching sides of the britchka. The dust rose thickly in the road, and filled the air. There was not the slightest breeze to carry it away. In front of us, and always at the same distance, rolled the tall, dusty body of the coach with the boot, from behind which, now and then, the knout was visible as the coachman flourished it, as well as his hat and Yakoff's cap. I did not know what to do with myself; neither Volodya's face, which was black with dust, as he dozed beside me, nor the movements of Philip's back, nor the long shadow of our britchka, which followed us beneath the oblique rays of the sun, afforded me any diversion. My entire attention was directed to the verst-stones, which I perceived in the distance, and to the clouds, which had before been scattered over the sky, and assuming threatening, black hues, had now collected into one big, dark mass. From time to time, the thunder rumbled afar. This last circumstance, more than all the rest, increased my impatience to reach the post-house as speedily as possible. A thunder-storm occasioned me an indescribably oppressive sensation of sadness and terror.

It is still ten versts to the nearest village; but the great, dark, purple cloud which has collected, God

knows whence, without the smallest breeze, is moving swiftly upon us. The sun, which is not yet hidden by the clouds, brightly illumines its dark form and the gray streaks which extend from it to the very horizon. From time to time, the lightning flashes in the distance; and a faint, dull roar is audible, which gradually increases in volume, approaches, and changes into broken peals which embrace the whole heavens. Vasily rises from the box, and raises the cover of the britchka. The coachmen put on their long coats, and, at every clap of thunder, remove their caps and cross themselves. The horses prick up their ears, puff out their nostrils as if smelling the fresh air which is wafted from the approaching thunder-cloud, and the britchka rolls faster along the dusty road. I feel oppressed, and am conscious that the blood courses more rapidly through my veins. But the advance-guard of clouds already begins to conceal the sun; now it has peeped forth for the last time, has illumined the terribly dark portion of the horizon, and vanished. The entire landscape suddenly undergoes a change, and assumes a gloomy character. The ash woods quiver; the leaves take on a kind of dull whitish hue, and stand out against the purple background of cloud, and rustle and flutter; the crowns of the great birches begin to rock, and tufts of dry grass fly across the road. The water and white-breasted swallows circle about the britchka, and fly beneath the horses, as though with the intention of stopping us; daws with ruffled wings fly sideways to the wind; the edges of the leather apron, which we have buttoned up, begin to rise, and admit bursts of moist wind, and flap and beat against the body of the carriage. The lightning seems to flash in the britchka itself, dazzles the vision, and for a moment lights up the gray cloth, the border gimp, and Volodya's figure cowering in a corner. At the same moment, directly above our heads, a majestic roar resounds, which seems to rise ever higher and higher, and to spread ever wider and wider, in a vast spiral, gradually gaining force, until it passes into a deafening crash, which causes one involuntarily to

tremble and hold one's breath. The wrath of God! how much poetry there is in this conception of the common people!

The wheels whirl faster and faster. From the backs of Vasily, and of Philip, who is flourishing his reins, I perceive that they are afraid. The britchka rolls swiftly down the hill, and thunders over the bridge of planks. I am afraid to move, and momentarily await our universal destruction.

Tpru! the trace is broken, and, in spite of the unceasing, deafening claps of thunder, we are forced to halt upon the bridge.

I lean my head against the side of the britchka, and, catching my breath with a sinking of the heart, I listen despairingly to the movements of Philip's fat black fingers, as he slowly ties a knot, and straightens out the traces, and strikes the side horse with palm and whip-handle.

The uneasy feelings of sadness and terror increased within me with the force of the storm; but when the grand moment of silence arrived, which generally precedes the thunder-clap, these feelings had reached such a point that, if this state of things had lasted a quarter of an hour longer, I am convinced that I should have died of excitement. At the same moment, there appears from beneath the bridge a human form, clothed only in a dirty, ragged shirt, with a bloated, senseless face, a shaven, wagging, totally uncovered head, crooked, nerveless legs, and a shining red stump in place of a hand, which he thrusts out directly at the britchka.

"Ba-a-shka![1] Help-a-cripple for-Christ's-sake!" says the beggar, beginning to repeat his petition by rote, in a weak voice, as he crosses himself at every word, and bows to his very belt.

I cannot describe the feeling of chill terror which took possession of my soul at that moment. A shudder ran through my hair, and my eyes were riveted on the beggar, in a stupor of fright.

Vasily, who bestows the alms on the journey, is giving

[1] Imperfect pronunciation of *batiushka*, little father.

Philip directions how to strengthen the trace; and it is only when all is ready, and Philip, gathering up the reins, climbs upon the box, that he begins to draw something from his side pocket. But we have no sooner started than a dazzling flash of lightning, which fills the whole ravine for a moment with its fiery glare, brings the horses to a stand, and is accompanied, without the slightest interval, by such a deafening clap of thunder that it seems as though the whole vault of heaven were falling in ruins upon us. The wind increases; the manes and tails of the horses, Vasily's cloak, and the edges of the apron, take one direction, and flutter wildly in the bursts of the raging gale. A great drop of rain falls heavily upon the leather hood of the britchka, then a second, a third, a fourth; and all at once it beats upon us like a drum, and the whole landscape resounds with the regular murmur of falling rain. I perceive, from the movement of Vasily's elbow, that he is untying his purse; the beggar, still crossing himself and bowing, runs close to the wheel, so that it seems as if he would be crushed. "Give-for-Christ's-sake!" At last a copper groschen flies past us, and the wretched creature halts with surprise in the middle of the road; his smock, wet through and through, and clinging to his lean limbs, flutters in the gale, and he disappears from our sight.

The slanting rain, driven before a strong wind, poured down as from a bucket; streams trickled from Vasily's frieze back into the puddle of dirty water which had collected on the apron. The dust, which at first had been beaten into pellets, was converted into liquid mud, which the wheels kneaded; the jolts became fewer, and turbid brooks flowed in the clayey ruts. The lightning-flashes grew broader and paler; the thunder-claps were no longer so startling after the uniform sound of the rain.

Now the rain grows less violent; the thunder-cloud begins to disperse into undulating cloudlets; light appears in the place where the sun should be, and a scrap of clear azure is almost visible through the grayish

white edges of the thunder-cloud. A moment more, and a timid ray of sunlight gleams in the pools along the road, upon the sheets of fine, perpendicular rain which fall as if through a sieve, and upon the shining, newly washed verdure of the wayside grass.

The black thunder-cloud overspreads the opposite portion of the sky in equally threatening fashion, but I no longer fear it. I experience an inexpressibly joyous feeling of hope in life, which has quickly taken the place of my oppressive sensation of fear. My soul smiles, like nature, refreshed and enlivened.

Vasily turns down his coat-collar, takes off his cap, and shakes it; Volodya throws back the apron; I lean out of the britchka, and eagerly drink in the fresh, perfumed air. The shining, well-washed body of the coach, with its boot and trunks, rolls along in front of us; the backs of the horses, the breeching and reins, the tires of the wheels, all are wet, and glitter in the sun as though covered with lacquer. On one side of the road a limitless field of winter wheat, intersected here and there by shallow channels, gleams with damp earth and verdure, and spreads, in a carpet of varying tints, to the very horizon; on the other side an ash grove, with an undergrowth of nut-bushes and wild cherry, stands as in an overflow of bliss, quite motionless, and slowly sheds the bright raindrops from its well-washed branches upon last year's dry leaves. Crested larks flutter about on all sides with joyous song and fall; in the wet bushes the uneasy movements of little birds are audible, and the note of the cuckoo is wafted distinctly from the heart of the wood. The marvelous perfume of the forest is so enchanting after this spring thunder-storm, the scent of the birches, the violets, the dead leaves, the mushrooms, the wild cherry trees, that I cannot sit still in the britchka, but jump from the step, run to the bushes, and in spite of the shower of raindrops I tear off wet branches of the fluttering cherry trees, switch my face with them, and drink in their wondrous perfume.

Without heeding the fact that great clods of mud adhere to my boots, and that my stockings are wet

through long ago, I splash through the mud, at a run, to the window of the coach.

"Liubotchka! Katenka!" I cry, handing in several branches of cherry, "see how beautiful!"

The girls squeal, and cry "Ah!" Mimi screams that I am to go away, or I shall infallibly be crushed.

"Smell how sweet it is!" I shout.

CHAPTER III

A NEW VIEW

KATENKA was sitting beside me in the britchka, and, with her pretty head bent, was thoughtfully watching the dusty road as it flew past beneath the wheels. I gazed at her in silence, and wondered at the sad, unchildish expression which I encountered for the first time on her rosy little face.

"We shall soon be in Moscow now," said I. "What do you think it is like?"

"I do not know," she answered unwillingly.

"But what do you think? Is it bigger than Serpukhoff, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But through that instinct by means of which one person divines the thoughts of another, and which serves as a guiding thread in conversation, Katenka understood that her indifference pained me; she raised her head, and turned toward me.

"Your papa has told you that we are to live with grandmamma?"

"Yes, grandmamma insists on our living with her."

"And we are all to live there?"

"Of course; we shall live up-stairs in one half of the house; you will live in the other half, and papa will live in the wing; but we shall all dine together down-stairs with grandmamma."

"Mamma says that your grandmother is so majestic —and cross."

"No-o! She only seems so at first. She is majestic, but not at all cross; on the contrary, she is very kind and cheerful. If you had only seen what a ball we had on her name-day!"

"Nevertheless, I am afraid of her; and besides, God knows if we shall...."

Katenka stopped suddenly, and again fell into thought.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

"Nothing."

"Yes, but you said, 'God knows....'"

"And you said, 'What a ball we had at grandmamma's.'"

"Yes, it 's a pity that you were not there; there were ever so many guests, — forty people, music, generals, and I danced. Katenka!" I said all at once, pausing in the middle of my description, "you are not listening."

"Yes, I am; you said that you danced."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't be gay all the time."

"No; you have changed greatly since we returned from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added, with a look of determination, as I turned toward her, "why have you grown so strange?"

"Am I strange?" replied Katenka, with an animation which showed that my remark interested her. "I am not at all strange."

"You are not as you were formerly," I went on. "It used to be evident that we were one in everything, that you regarded us as relatives, and loved us, just as we did you; and now you have become so serious, you keep apart from us...."

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted, already beginning to be conscious of a slight tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that were always rising to my eyes, when I gave utterance to a long-repressed, tender thought. "You withdraw from us; you talk only with Mimi, as if you did not want to have anything to do with us."

"Well, it 's impossible to remain the same always;

one must change sometime," replied Katenka, who had a habit of explaining everything by a kind of fatalistic necessity, when she did not know what to say.

I remember that once, after quarreling with Liubotchka, who had called her a *stupid little girl*, she answered, "Everybody cannot be wise; some people must be stupid." But this reply, that a change was necessary sometime, did not satisfy me, and I pursued my inquiries: —

"Why is it necessary?"

"Why, we can't live together always," answered Katenka, reddening slightly, and staring steadily at Philip's back. "My mamma could live with your dead mamma, because she was her friend; but God knows whether she will get along with the countess, who is said to be so cross. Besides, we must part some day, in any case. You are rich, you have Petrovskoe; but we are poor, my mamma has nothing."

You are rich; we are poor! These words, and the ideas connected with them, seemed very strange to me. According to my notions at that period, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and this idea of poverty I could never reconcile in my imagination with pretty, graceful Katenka. It seemed to me that, since Mimi and Katenka had once lived with us, they would always do so, and share everything equally. It could not be otherwise. But now a thousand new, undefined thoughts, touching their equality of position, dawned on my brain; and I was so ashamed that we were rich, that I blushed, and positively could not look Katenka in the face.

"What does it mean?" I thought, "that we are rich and they are poor? And how does that entail the necessity of a separation? Why cannot we share what we have equally?" But I understood that it was not fitting that I should speak to Katenka about this; and some practical instinct, which ran contrary to these logical deductions, already told me that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain this idea to her.

"Are you actually going to leave us?" I said. "How shall we live apart?"

"What is to be done? It pains me too; but if this takes place, I know what I shall do."

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I broke in, knowing that it had always been one of her cherished dreams to be an actress.

"No; I said that when I was very small."

"What will you do, then?"

"I will go into a convent, and live there, and go about in a black gown and a velvet hood."

Katenka began to cry.

Has it ever happened to you, reader, to perceive, all at once, at a certain period of your life, that your view of things has entirely changed, as though all the objects which you had seen hitherto had suddenly turned another, unknown side to you? This species of moral change took place in me for the first time during our journey, from which epoch I date the beginning of my boyhood.

For the first time a distinct idea entered my head that not we, that is to say, our family, alone inhabited this world; that all interests did not revolve about us; and that there exists another life of people who have nothing in common with us, who care nothing for us, who have no idea of our existence even. No doubt, I had known all this before; but I had not known it as I knew it now. I did not acknowledge it or feel it.

A thought often passes into conviction by one familiar path, which is often entirely unexpected and apart from the paths which other souls traverse to arrive at the same conclusion. The conversation with Katenka, which affected me powerfully, and caused me to reflect upon her future position, constituted that path for me. When I looked at the villages and towns which we traversed, in every house of which lived at least one such family as ours; at the women and children who gazed after our carriages with momentary curiosity, and vanished forever from sight; at the shopkeepers and the peasants, who not only did not salute us as I was

accustomed to see them do in Petrovskoe, but did not deign so much as a glance, — the question entered my mind for the first time: What could occupy them if they cared nothing for us? And from this question, others arose: How and by what means do they live? how do they bring up their children? do they instruct them, or let them play? how do they punish them? and so forth.

CHAPTER IV

IN MOSCOW

On our arrival in Moscow, the change in my views of things, people, and my own relations to them became still more sensible. When, at my first meeting with grandmamma, I saw her thin, wrinkled face and dim eyes, the feeling of servile reverence and terror which I had entertained for her changed to one of pity; and when she bowed her face upon Liubotchka's head, and burst out sobbing, as though the corpse of her beloved daughter were before her eyes, even the feeling of pity in my heart was changed into love. It made me uncomfortable to see her sorrow at meeting us. I recognized the fact that we, of ourselves, were nothing in her eyes; that we were dear to her only as reminders. I felt that this thought was expressed in every one of the kisses with which she covered my cheeks: "She is dead; she is gone; I shall never see her more."

Papa, who had next to nothing to do with us in Moscow, and, with ever anxious face, came to us only at dinner-time, in a black coat or dress-suit, lost a great deal in my eyes, along with his big flaring collars, his dressing-gown, his stewards, his clerks, and his expeditions of the threshing-floor and hunting. Karl Ivanitch, whom grandmamma called *dyadka*,[1] and who had suddenly taken it into his head, God knows why, to exchange his respectable and familiar baldness for a red

[1] Child's valet.

wig with a thread parting almost in the middle of his head, seemed to me so strange and ridiculous, that I wondered how I could have failed to remark it before.

Some invisible barrier also made its appearance between the girls and us. Both they and we had our own secrets. They seemed to take on airs before us over their petticoats, which grew longer, and we were proud of our trousers with straps. And Mimi appeared at the first Sunday dinner in such an elegant gown, and with such ribbons on her head, that it was at once apparent that we were not in the country, and that everything was to be different now.

CHAPTER V

THE ELDER BROTHER

I was only a year and some months younger than Volodya; we had grown up, studied, and played together always. The distinction of elder and younger had not been made between us. But just about the time of which I am speaking I began to comprehend that Volodya was not my comrade in years, inclinations, and qualities. It even seemed to me that Volodya recognized his superiority, and was proud of it. This conviction, possibly a false one, inspired me with self-love, which suffered at every encounter with him. He stood higher than I in everything, in amusements, in studies, in quarrels, in the knowledge of how to conduct himself; and all this removed me to a distance from him, and caused me to experience moral torments which were incomprehensible to me. If, on the first occasion when Volodya put on cambric shirts with plaits, I had said plainly that I was vexed at not having the same, I am sure that I should have been more comfortable, and it would not have seemed, every time that he adjusted his collar, that it was done solely in order to hurt my feelings.

What tormented me most of all was that Volodya

understood me, as it seemed to me at times, but tried to hide it.

Who has not remarked those secret, wordless relations which are shown in an imperceptible smile, a motion, or a glance, between people who live together constantly, brothers, friends, husband and wife, master and servant, and particularly when these people are not in every respect frank with each other! How many unuttered desires, thoughts, and fears — of being understood — are expressed in one casual glance when our eyes meet timidly and irresolutely!

But possibly I was deceived on this point by my excessive sensibility, and tendency to analysis; perhaps Volodya did not feel at all as I did. He was impetuous, frank, and inconstant in his impulses. He was carried away by the most diverse objects, and he entered into them with his whole soul.

At one time a passion for pictures took possession of him; he took to drawing himself, spent all his money on it, begged of his drawing-master, of papa, and of grandmamma; then it was a passion for articles with which he decorated his table, and he collected them from all parts of the house; then a passion for romances, which he procured on the sly, and read all day and all night. I was involuntarily carried away by his hobbies; but I was too proud to follow in his footsteps, and too young and too little self-dependent to select a new path. But there was nothing which I envied so much as Volodya's happy, frank, and noble character, which was displayed with special clearness in the quarrels which took place between us. I felt that he behaved well, but could not imitate him.

Once, during the greatest fervor of his passion for ornamental articles, I went up to his table, and unintentionally broke an empty variegated little smelling-bottle.

"Who asked you to touch my things?" said Volodya, as he entered the room and perceived the havoc which I had wrought in the symmetry of the varied ornaments of his table; "and where 's that little smelling-bottle? You must have ...."

"I dropped it unintentionally; it broke. Where's the harm?"

"Please never to *dare* to touch my things," he said, putting the bits of the broken bottle together, and regarding them sorrowfully.

"Please *don't give any orders*," I retorted. "I broke it, that's the end of it: what's the use of talking about it?"

And I smiled, although I had not the least desire to smile.

"Yes, it's nothing to you, but it's *something* to me," went on Volodya, making that motion of shrugging his shoulders which he had inherited from papa; "he has broken it, and yet he laughs, this intolerable *little boy!*"

"I am a little boy, but you are big and stupid."

"I don't mean to quarrel with you," said Volodya, giving me a slight push; "go away."

"Don't you push me!"

"Take yourself off!"

"I tell you, don't you push me!"

Volodya took me by the hand, and tried to drag me away from the table; but I was irritated to the highest degree. I seized the table by the leg, and tipped it over. "Take that!" and all the ornaments of porcelain and glass were shivered in pieces on the floor.

"You disgusting little boy!" shrieked Volodya, attempting to uphold the falling ornaments.

"Well, everything is at an end between us now!" I thought, as I quitted the room; "we have quarreled forever."

We did not speak to each other until evening; I felt myself in the wrong, was afraid to look at him, and could not occupy myself with anything all day long. Volodya, on the contrary, studied well, and chatted and laughed with the girls after dinner, as usual.

As soon as our teacher had finished his lessons, I left the room. I was too afraid, awkward, and conscience-stricken to remain alone with my brother. After the evening lesson in history, I took my note-book, and started toward the door. As I passed Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to go up to him and

make peace, I pouted, and tried to put on an angry face. Volodya raised his head just at that moment, and, with a barely perceptible, good-naturedly derisive smile, looked boldly at me. Our eyes met, and I knew that he understood me, and also that I understood that he understood me; but an insuperable feeling made me turn away.

"Nikolenka!" he said, in his usual simple and not at all pathetic voice, "you 've been angry long enough. Forgive me if I insulted you."

And he gave me his hand.

All at once, something rose higher and higher in my breast, and began to oppress me, and stop my breath; tears came to my eyes, and I felt better.

"For-give me, Vol-dya!" I said, squeezing his hand.

But Volodya looked at me as though he could not at all comprehend why there were tears in my eyes.

CHAPTER VI

MASCHA

But not one of the changes which took place in my views of things was so surprising to me myself, as that in consequence of which I ceased to regard one of our maids as a servant of the female sex, and began to regard her as a *woman*, on whom my peace and happiness might, in some degree, depend.

From the time when I can remember anything, I recall Mascha in our house; and never, until the occasion which altered my view of her completely, and which I will relate presently, did I pay the slightest attention to her. Mascha was twenty-five when I was fourteen; she was very pretty. But I am afraid to describe her. I fear lest my fancy should again present to me the enchanting and deceitful picture which existed in it during the period of my passion for her. In order to make no mistake, I will merely say that she was remarkably white, luxuriantly developed, and was a woman; and I was fourteen years old.

At one of those moments when, lesson in hand, you busy yourself with a promenade up and down the room, endeavoring to step only on one crack in the floor, or with the singing of some incoherent air, or the smearing of the edge of the table with ink, or the repetition, without the application of any thought, of some phrase, — in a word, at one of those moments when the mind refuses to act, and the imagination, assuming the upper hand, seeks an impression, — I stepped out of the schoolroom, and went down to the landing, without any object whatever.

Some one in slippers was ascending the next turn of the stairs. Of course I wanted to know who it was; but the sound of the footsteps suddenly ceased, and I heard Mascha's voice: —

"Now, what are you playing pranks for? Will it be well when Marya Ivanovna comes?"

"She won't come," said Volodya's voice in a whisper, and then there was some movement, as if Volodya had attempted to detain her.

"Now what are you doing with your hands? you shameless fellow!" and Mascha ran past me with her neckerchief pushed to one side, so that her plump white neck was visible beneath it.

I cannot express the degree of amazement which this discovery caused me; but the feeling of amazement soon gave way to sympathy with Volodya's caper. What surprised me was not his behavior, but how he had got at the idea that it was pleasant to behave so. And involuntarily I began to want to imitate him.

I sometimes spent whole hours on that landing, without a single thought, listening with strained attention to the slightest movement which proceeded from above; but I never could force myself to imitate Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to do it more than anything else in the world. Sometimes, having concealed myself behind a door, I listened with envy and jealousy to the commotion which arose in the maids' room, and the thought occurred to me, What would be my position if I were to go up-stairs, and, like Volodya, try to kiss

Mascha? What should I, with my broad nose and flaunting tuft of hair, say when she asked me what I wanted? Sometimes I heard Mascha say to Volodya, "Take that to punish you! Why do you cling to me? Go away, you scamp! Why does n't Nikolaï Petrovitch ever come here and make a fool of himself?" She did not know that Nikolaï Petrovitch was at that moment sitting under the stairs, and would have given everything in the world to be in the place of the scamp Volodya.

I was modest by nature, but my modesty was further increased by the conviction of my own ugliness. And I am sure that nothing has such a decisive influence upon a man's course as his personal appearance, and not so much his appearance as his belief in its attractiveness or unattractiveness.

I was too egotistical to become accustomed to my position, and consoled myself, like the fox, by assuring myself that the grapes were still green; that is to say, I endeavored to despise all the pleasures derived from the pleasing exterior which Volodya enjoyed in my eyes, and which I envied with all my soul, and I strained every nerve of my mind and imagination to find solace in proud solitude.

CHAPTER VII

SHOT

"My God, powder!" screamed Mimi, panting with emotion. "What are you doing? Do you want to burn the house down, and ruin us all?"

And, with an indescribable expression of firmness, Mimi commanded all to retire, walked up to the scattered shot with long and determined strides, and, despising the danger which might result from a premature explosion, she began to stamp it out with her feet. When, in her opinion, the danger was averted, she called Mikheï, and ordered him to fling all that *powder*

as far away as possible, or, what was better still, into the water; and, proudly smoothing her cap, she betook herself to the drawing-room. "They are well looked after, there's no denying that," she grumbled.

When papa came from the wing, and we accompanied him to grandmamma, Mimi was already seated near the window in her room, gazing threateningly at the door with a certain mysteriously official expression. She held something enveloped in several papers in her hand. I guessed that it was the shot, and that grandmamma already knew everything.

In grandmamma's room there were, besides Mimi, Gascha the maid, who, as was evident from her red and angry face, was very much put out; and Dr. Blumenthal, a small, pock-marked man, who was vainly endeavoring to calm Gascha by making mysterious and pacifying signs to her with his eyes and head.

Grandmamma herself was sitting rather sideways, and laying out her "patience," the *Traveler*, which always indicated an extremely unpropitious frame of mind.

"How do you feel to-day, mamma? have you slept well?" said papa, as he respectfully kissed her hand.

"Very well, my dear; I believe you know that I am always well," replied grandmamma, in a tone which seemed to indicate that papa's question was as misplaced and insulting as it could be. "Well, are you going to give me a clean handkerchief?" she continued, turning to Gascha.

"I have given it to you," replied Gascha, pointing to a cambric handkerchief, as white as snow, which lay on the arm of the chair.

"Take away that dirty thing, and give me a clean one, my dear."

Gascha went to the chiffonnier, pulled out a drawer, and slammed it in again with such force that all the glass in the room rattled. Grandmamma glanced round with a threatening look at all of us, and continued to watch the maid's movements attentively. When the latter gave her what appeared to me to be the same handkerchief, grandmamma said: —

"When will you grind my snuff, my dear?"

"When there's time, I'll do it."

"What did you say?"

"I'll do it to-day."

"If you don't wish to serve me, my dear, you might have said so; I would have discharged you long ago."

"If you discharge me, I shan't cry," muttered the maid, in a low tone.

At that moment the doctor tried to wink at her; but she looked at him with so much anger and decision that he immediately dropped his eyes, and busied himself with his watch-key.

"You see, my dear," said grandmamma, turning to papa, when Gascha, still muttering, had left the room, "how people speak to me in my own house."

"If you will permit me, mamma, I will grind your snuff," said papa, who was evidently very much embarrassed by this unexpected behavior.

"No, I thank you; she is impudent because she knows that no one but herself understands how to grind snuff as I like it. You know, my dear," went on grandmamma, after a momentary pause, "that your children came near setting the house on fire to-day?"

Papa gazed at grandmamma with respectful curiosity.

"This is what they play with. — Show him," she said, turning to Mimi.

Papa took the shot in his hand, and could not forbear a smile.

"Why, this is shot, mamma," said he; "it's not at all dangerous."

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for teaching me, only I'm too old."

"Nerves! nerves!" whispered the doctor.

And papa immediately turned to us.

"Where did you get that? and how dare you play pranks with such things?"

"Don't ask them anything; you must ask their *dyadka*,"[1] said grandmamma, pronouncing the word *dyadka* with particular contempt, "what he is looking after."

[1] Child's valet.

"Waldemar said that Karl Ivanitch himself gave him this *powder*," put in Mimi.

"Now you see what he is good for," continued grandmamma. "And where is he, that *dyadka*, what's his name? Send him here."

"I gave him leave to go out and make a visit," said papa.

"There's no sense in that; he ought to be here all the time. The children are not mine, but yours, and I have no right to advise you, because you are wiser than I," pursued grandmamma; "but it does seem as though it were time to engage a tutor for them, and not a valet, a German peasant, — yes, a stupid peasant, who can teach them nothing except bad manners and Tyrolese songs. Is it extremely necessary, now, I ask you, that children should know how to sing Tyrolese songs? However, nobody thinks of this *now*, and you can do as you please."

The word "now" meant that they had no mother, and called up sad memories in grandmamma's heart. She dropped her eyes on her snuff-box, with its portrait, and became thoughtful.

"I have long been meditating that," papa hastened to say, "and I wanted to consult with you, mamma. Shall we not invite St. Jérôme, who is now giving them lessons by the day?"

"You will be doing extremely well, my friend," said grandmamma, and no longer in the dissatisfied tone in which she had spoken before. "St. Jérôme is at least a tutor who knows how children of good family should be trained, and not a paltry valet, who is good for nothing but to take them to walk."

"I will speak to him to-morrow," said papa.

And, in fact, two days after this conversation, Karl Ivanitch yielded his place to the young French dandy

CHAPTER VIII

KARL IVANITCH'S HISTORY

LATE in the evening that preceded the day on which Karl Ivanitch was to leave us forever, he stood beside the bed in his wadded gown and red cap, bending over his trunk, and carefully packing his effects.

Karl Ivanitch's intercourse with us had been peculiarly dry of late. He seemed to avoid all connection with us; so when I now entered the room he glanced askance at me, and went on with his work. I lay down on my bed, but Karl Ivanitch, who had in former times strictly prohibited this, said nothing to me; and the thought that he would never more scold us or stop us, that he had no concern with us now, reminded me vividly of the approaching separation. I was sorry that he had ceased to love us, and wanted to express this feeling to him.

"Let me help you, Karl Ivanitch," I said, going up to him.

Karl Ivanitch glanced at me, and again turned aside; but in the fleeting look which he cast at me I read, not the indifference with which I had explained his coldness, but genuine, concentrated grief.

"God sees all, and knows all; and may His holy will be done in all things!" he said, drawing himself up to his full height, and sighing heavily. "Yes, Nikolenka," he went on, perceiving the expression of unfeigned sympathy with which I regarded him, "it is my fate to be unhappy from my very infancy to my coffin. I have always been repaid with evil for the good which I have done to people; and my reward is not here, but yonder," he said, pointing toward heaven. "If you only knew my history, and all that I have undergone in this life! I have been a shoemaker, I have been a soldier, I have been a *deserter*, I have been a manufacturer, I have been a teacher, and now I am nothing; and, like the Son of God, I have nowhere to lay my head," he concluded, and, closing his eyes, he fell into a chair.

Perceiving that Karl Ivanitch was in that sensitive state of mind in which he uttered his inmost thoughts for his own satisfaction, without heeding the hearer, I seated myself on the bed in silence, and without removing my eyes from his kind face.

"You are not a child, you can understand. I will tell you my story, and all that I have endured in this life. Some day you will recall the old friend, who loved you very much, children."

Karl Ivanitch leaned his elbow on the table which stood beside him, took a pinch of snuff, and, rolling his eyes heavenward, began his tale in that peculiar, measured, throat voice, in which he usually dictated to us.

"*I was unhappy even before I was born,*"[1] he said with great feeling.

As Karl Ivanitch related his history to me more than once afterward, in exactly the same terms, and always with the same identical intonations, I hope to be able to reproduce it almost word for word, the faults of language, of course, excepted, of which the reader can form his own judgment from the first sentence. Whether it really was his history, or a production of the imagination, which had had its birth during his lonely life in our house, which he had begun to believe in himself by dint of frequent repetition, or whether he only colored the real events of his life with fantastic facts, I have not been able to decide to this day. On the one hand, he related his story with too much of that lively feeling and methodical sequence which constitute the chief proofs of veracity, to permit one to doubt it; on the other hand, there was too much poetic beauty about his history, so that this very beauty evoked doubts.

"In my veins flows the noble blood of the counts of Sommerblatt. I was born six weeks after marriage. My mother's husband (I called him papa) was a farmer under Count Sommerblatt. He could never forget

[1] "*Das unglück verfolgte mich schon im Schoosse meiner Mutter.*" The Russian also is incorrect. — Tr.

my mother's shame, and did not love me. I had a little brother Johann and two sisters; but I was a stranger in the midst of my own family. When Johann committed any follies, papa used to say, 'I never have a moment's peace with that child Karl!' and then I was scolded and punished. When my sisters got angry with each other, papa said, 'Karl will never be an obedient boy!' and I was scolded and punished.

"My good mamma alone loved me and petted me. She often said to me, 'Karl, come here, to my room,' and then she kissed me on the sly. 'Poor, poor Karl!' she said, 'no one loves you, but I would not change you for any one. One thing your mamma begs of you,' she said to me: 'study well, and always be an honorable man, and God will not desert you.' And I tried. When I was fourteen, and could go to communion, mamma said to papa, 'Karl is a big boy now, Gustav: what shall we do with him?' And papa said, 'I don't know.' Then mamma said, 'Let us send him to Herr Schultz in the town, and let him be a shoemaker.' And papa said, 'Very good.' Six years and seven months I lived in the town, with the master shoemaker, and the master loved me. He said, 'Karl is a good workman, and he shall soon be my partner.' But man proposes, and God disposes. In 1796 a conscription was appointed, and all who could serve, from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, must assemble in the town.

"Papa and brother Johann came to town, and we went together to draw lots to see who should be and who should not be a soldier. Johann drew a bad number; he must become a soldier. I drew a good number; I was not obliged to become a soldier. And papa said, 'I had one son, and I must part with him.'

"I took his hand, and said, 'Why did you say that, papa? Come with me, I will tell you something.' And papa went. Papa went, and we seated ourselves at a little table. 'Give us a couple of jugs of beer,' I said, and they were brought. We drank them glass for glass, and brother Johann drank also.

"'Papa,' I said, 'do not say that you had one son,

and you must part with him. My heart wants to *leap out* when I hear *that*. Brother Johann shall not serve; I will be a soldier. No one needs Karl here, and Karl will be a soldier.'

"'You are an honest man, Karl Ivanitch,' said papa to me, and he kissed me.

"And I became a soldier."

CHAPTER IX

CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING

"THAT was a terrible time, Nikolenka," continued Karl Ivanitch. "Napoleon was alive then. He wanted to conquer Germany, and we defended our fatherland to the last drop of blood!

"I was at Ulm, I was at Austerlitz, I was at Wagram."

"Did you fight too?" I asked, gazing at him in amazement. "Did you also kill people?"

Karl Ivanitch immediately relieved my mind on that score.

"Once a French grenadier lingered behind his comrades, and fell by the way. I ran up with my gun, and was about to transfix him; but the Frenchman threw away his weapons, and begged for mercy, and I let him go.

"At Wagram, Napoleon chased us to the islands, and surrounded us so that there was no safety anywhere. For three days we had no provisions, and we stood in the water up to our knees.

"The miscreant Napoleon would neither take us nor leave us.

"On the fourth day, thank God, we were taken prisoners, and led off to the fortress. I had on blue trousers, a uniform of good cloth, fifteen thalers in money, and a silver watch, the gift of my papa. A French soldier took all from me. Fortunately I had three ducats left, which mamma had sewed into my doublet. Nobody found them.

"I did not wish to remain long in the fortress, and decided to run away. Once on a great festival day, I told the sergeant who looked after us, 'Herr sergeant, this is a solemn festival, and I want to observe it. Please fetch two bottles of Madeira, and we will drink them together.' And the sergeant said, 'Very good.' When the sergeant brought the Madeira, and we had drunk it in a wine-glass, turn and turn about, I took him by the hand, and said, 'Herr sergeant, do you happen to have a father and mother?' He said, 'Yes, Herr Mauer.' — 'My father and mother,' said I, 'have not seen me for eight years, and do not know whether I am alive or whether my bones are lying in the damp earth. O Herr sergeant! I have two ducats, which were in my doublet; take them, and let me go. Be my benefactor, and my mamma will pray to Almighty God for you all her life.'

"The sergeant drank a glass of Madeira, and said, 'Herr Mauer, I love and pity you extremely; but you are a prisoner, and I am a soldier.' I pressed his hand, and said, 'Herr sergeant!'

"And the sergeant said, 'You are a poor man, and I will not take your money; but I will help you. When I go to bed, buy a bucket of brandy for the soldiers, and they will sleep. I will not watch you.'

"He was a good man. I bought the bucket of brandy; and when the soldiers were drunk, I put on my boots and my old cloak, and went out of the door. I went to the wall, with the intention of jumping over; but there was water there, and I would not spoil my last remaining clothes. I went to the gate.

"The sentry was marching up and down with his gun,[1] and he looked at me. '*Qui vive?*' he said for the first time, and I made no answer. '*Qui vive?*' said he the second time, and I made no answer. '*Qui vive?*' he said for the third time, *and I ran away. I sprang into the water, climbed out on the other side, and took to my heels.*

[1] Karl Ivanitch's language is an extraordinary mixture of bad Russian and German, which it is impossible to reproduce without much tiresome repetition. — TR.

"All night I ran along the road; but when it began to dawn, I was afraid that they would recognize me, and I hid in the tall rye. Then I knelt, folded my hands, and thanked our heavenly Father for saving me, and fell asleep with a tranquil mind.

"I woke in the evening, and proceeded farther. All at once, a great German wagon with two black horses overtook me. In the wagon sat a handsomely dressed man, who was smoking a pipe, and looking at me. I walked slowly, in order that the wagon might pass me; but when I went slowly, the wagon went more slowly still, and the man stared at me. I walked faster and the wagon went faster, and the man stared at me. I sat down by the roadside; the man stopped his horses, and looked at me. 'Young man,' said he, 'whither are you going so late?' I said, 'I am going to Frankfort.' — 'Get into my wagon; there's room, and I will take you there. Why have you nothing with you? why is your beard unshaved? and why are your clothes muddy?' he said to me, when I had seated myself by him. 'I am a poor man,' I said. 'I want to hire out somewhere as a workman; and my clothes are muddy because I fell down in the road.' — 'You are telling an untruth, young man,' said he: 'the road is dry now.'

"And I remained silent.

"'Tell me the whole truth,' said the good man to me. 'Who are you, and whence come you? Your face pleases me, and if you are an honest man I will help you.'

"And I told him all. He said, 'Very good, young man. Come to my rope-factory. I will give you work, clothes, and money, and you shall live with me.'

"And I said, 'Very well.'

"We went to the rope-factory, and the good man said to his wife, 'Here is a young man who has fought for his country, and escaped from captivity; he has neither home, clothes, nor bread. He will live with me. Give him some clean linen, and feed him.'

"I lived at the rope-factory for a year and a half, and my master became so fond of me that he would not let

me go. I was a handsome man then; I was young, tall, with blue eyes, and a Roman nose; and Madame L. (I cannot tell her name), the wife of my master, was a young and pretty woman, and she fell in love with me.

"When she saw me, she said, 'Herr Mauer, what does your mamma call you?' I said, 'Karlchen.'

"And she said, 'Karlchen, sit here beside me.'

"I seated myself beside her, and she said, 'Karlchen, kiss me!'

"I kissed her, and she said, 'Karlchen, I love you so, that I cannot endure it any longer,' and she trembled all over."

Here Karl Ivanitch made a prolonged pause; and, rolling up his kind blue eyes, he rocked his head, and began to smile, as people do when under the influence of pleasant recollections.

"Yes," he began again, settling himself in his arm-chair, and folding his dressing-gown about him, "I have been through a great deal, both of good and bad, in my life; but He is my witness," he said, pointing to a figure of the Saviour, worked on canvas, which hung over his bed, "nobody can say that Karl Ivanitch has been a dishonorable man! I would not repay the kindness which Herr L. had shown me, by black ingratitude; and I resolved to run away from him. In the evening, when all had gone to bed, I wrote a letter to my master, laid it on the table in my room, took my clothes and three thalers in money, and stepped quietly out into the street. No one saw me, and I walked along the road."

CHAPTER X

CONTINUATION

"I HAD not seen my mamma for nine years; and I did not know whether she was alive, or whether her bones were already lying in the damp earth. I returned to my fatherland. When I reached the town, I inquired where Gustav Mauer lived, who had been farmer to

Count Sommerblatt; and they told me, 'Count Sommerblatt is dead; and Gustav Mauer lives in the high street, and keeps a liquor-shop.' I put on my new vest, a handsome coat (a gift of the manufacturer), brushed my hair well, and went to my papa's liquor-shop. My sister Mariechen was sitting in the shop, and inquired what I wanted. I said, 'May I drink a glass of liquor?' and she said, 'Father, a young man is asking for a glass of liquor.' And papa said, 'Give the young man a glass of liquor.' I sat down at the table, drank my glass of liquor, smoked my pipe, and looked at papa, Mariechen, and Johann, who had also entered the shop. During the conversation, papa said to me, 'You probably know, young man, where our army stands now?' I said, 'I have come from the army myself, and it is near Vienna.' — 'Our son,' said papa, 'was a soldier, and it is nine years since he has written to us, and we do not know whether he is alive or dead. My wife is always weeping for him.' I smoked away at my pipe, and said, 'What was your son's name, and where did he serve? Perhaps I know him.' — 'He was called Karl Mauer, and he served in the Austrian Jägers,' said papa. 'He was a tall, handsome man, like you,' said sister Mariechen.

"'I know your Karl,' said I. 'Amalia!' cried my father suddenly, 'come here! here is a young man who knows our Karl.' *And my dear mamma comes through the rear door. I immediately recognize her. 'You know our Karl?' she said, looked at me, turned very pale, and began to tremble!* 'Yes, I have seen him,' said I, and did not dare to lift my eyes to her; my heart wanted to *leap*. 'My Karl is alive!' said mamma, 'thank God! Where is he, my dear Karl? I should die in peace if I could see him once more, my beloved son; but it is not God's will,' and she began to cry. *I could not bear it.* 'Mamma,' said I, 'I am your Karl,' *and she fell into my arms.*"

Karl Ivanitch closed his eyes, and his lips trembled.

"'Mother,' said I, 'I am your son, I am your Karl,' and she fell into my arms," he repeated, becoming some-

what calmer, as he wiped away the big tears which trickled down his cheeks.

"But it was not God's pleasure that I should end my days in my own country. I was destined to ill luck. Misfortune followed me everywhere. I lived in my native land only three months. One Sunday I was in a coffee-house buying a jug of beer, smoking my pipe, and talking politics with my acquaintances, and about the Emperor Franz, about Napoleon and the war, and each one was expressing his opinion. Near us sat a strange gentleman, in a gray overcoat, who drank his coffee, smoked his pipe, and said nothing to us. When the night watchman cried ten o'clock, I took my hat, paid my reckoning, and went home. About midnight some one knocked at the door. I woke up and said, 'Who 's there?' — 'Open!' — I said, 'Tell me who you are, and I will open.' — 'Open in the name of the law!' came the answer from outside the door, and I opened. Two soldiers with guns stood at the door; and the strange man in the gray overcoat, who had been sitting near us in the coffee-house, entered the room. He was a spy. 'Come with me,' said the spy. 'Very good,' said I. I put on my boots and trousers, buckled my suspenders, and walked about the room. I was raging at heart. I said, 'He is a villain.' When I reached the wall where my sword hung, I suddenly seized it, and said, '*You are a spy: defend yourself!*' I gave him a cut on the right, a cut on the left, *and one on the head. The spy fell!* I seized my portmanteau and my money, and leaped out of the window. I got to Ems; there I made the acquaintance of General Sazin. He took a fancy to me, got a passport from the ambassador, and took me to Russia with him to teach his children. When General Sazin died, your mamma called me to her. 'Karl Ivanitch,' she said, 'I give my children into your charge; love them, and I will never abandon you; I will make your old age comfortable.' Now she is dead, and all is forgotten. After twenty years of service I must now go out into the street, in my old age, to seek a crust of dry bread. *God sees it and knows*

it, and His holy will be done; only I am sorry for you, children!" said Karl Ivanitch in conclusion, drawing me to him by the hand, and kissing me on the head.

CHAPTER XI

ONE

By the conclusion of the year of mourning, grandmamma had somewhat recovered from the grief which had prostrated her, and began to receive guests now and then, especially children, boys and girls of our own age.

On Liubotchka's birthday, the thirteenth of December, Princess Kornakoff and her daughters, Madame Valakhin and Sonitchka, Ilinka Grap, and the two younger Ivin brothers arrived before dinner.

The sounds of conversation, laughter, and running about ascended to us from below, where all this company was assembled; but we could not join them until our morning lessons were finished. On the calendar which was suspended in the school-room was inscribed in French: "Monday, from 2 to 3, teacher of history and geography;" and it was that master of history whom we were obliged to wait for, listen to, and get rid of, before we should be free. It was twenty minutes past two, but nothing had yet been heard of the teacher of history; he was not even to be seen in the street which he must traverse, and which I was inspecting with a strong desire of never beholding him.

"Lebedeff does not appear to be coming to-day," said Volodya, tearing himself for a moment from Smaragdoff's book, from which he was preparing his lesson.

"God grant it, God grant it! for I know nothing at all. But he seems to be coming yonder," I added, in a sorrowful voice.

Volodya rose, and came to the window.

"No, that is not he; it is some *gentleman*," said he. "Let 's wait until half-past two," he added, stretching himself and scratching his head, as he was in the habit

of doing in moments of respite from work; "if he has not come by half-past two, then we can tell St. Jérôme to take away the note-books."

"I don't see what he wants to co-o-o-me for," I said, stretching also, and shaking Kaïdanoff's book, which I held in both hands, above my head.

For lack of something to do, I opened the book at the place where our lesson was appointed, and began to read. The lesson was long and difficult. I knew nothing about it, and I perceived that I should not succeed in remembering anything about it, the more so as I was in that state of nervous excitement in which one's thoughts refuse to concentrate themselves on any subject whatever.

After the last history lesson, which always seemed to me the very stupidest, on the most wearisome of all subjects, Lebedeff had complained to St. Jérôme about me; and two marks were placed against me in the books, which was considered very bad. St. Jérôme told me then that, if I got less than three at the next lesson, I should be severely punished. Now this next lesson was imminent, and I confess that I felt very much of a coward.

I was so carried away with the perusal of the lesson which I did not know, that the sound of galoshes being removed in the anteroom startled me all at once. I had hardly had time to cast a glance in that direction, when the pock-marked face which was so antipathetic to me, and the awkward, far too well-known figure of the teacher, in its blue coat closely fastened with learned buttons, made their appearance in the doorway.

The teacher slowly deposited his hat on the window-sill, his note-books on the table, pulled aside the tails of his swallow-tailed coat (as though it were very important), and seated himself, panting, in his place.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, rubbing one perspiring hand over the other, "let us first review what was said at the last lesson, and then I will endeavor to acquaint you with succeeding events of the Middle Ages."

That meant: Say your lesson.

At the moment when Volodya was answering him with the freedom and confidence peculiar to a person who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, I went out on the stairs, without any object whatever; and, since it was impossible for me to go down, it was very natural that I should find myself, quite unexpectedly to myself, on the landing. But just as I was about to install myself in my customary post of observation, behind a door, Mimi, who had always been the cause of my misfortunes, suddenly ran against me. "You here?" said she, looking threateningly at me, then at the door of the maids' room, and then at me again.

I felt thoroughly guilty, both because I was not in the school-room, and because I was in a place where I had no business to be. So I held my tongue, and, hanging my head, exhibited in my person the most touching expression of penitence. "Well, who ever saw the like!" said Mimi. "What have you been doing here?" I remained silent. "No, things shall not be left in this state," she repeated, rapping her knuckles against the stair-railings; "I shall tell the countess all about it."

It was already five minutes to three when I returned to the school-room. The teacher was explaining the following lesson to Volodya, as though he had remarked neither my absence nor my presence. When he had finished his exposition, he began to put his note-books together, and Volodya went into the other room to fetch the lesson-ticket; and the cheering thought occurred to me that all was over, and that I had been forgotten.

But all at once the teacher turned to me with a malicious half-smile.

"I hope you have learned your lesson, sir," he said, rubbing his hands.

"I have learned it, sir," I answered.

"Be so good as to tell me something about St. Louis's crusade," said he, shifting about in his chair, and gazing thoughtfully at his feet. "You may tell me first the causes which induced the French king to take the cross," said he, raising his brows, and pointing his

finger at the ink-bottle. "Then you may explain to me the general and characteristic traits of that expedition," he added, making a movement with his wrist, as though endeavoring to catch something. "And, finally, the influence of this crusade upon European sovereignties in general," said he, striking the left side of the table with his note-books. "And upon the French monarchy in particular," he concluded, striking the right side of the table, and inclining his head to the right.

I gulped down my spittle a few times, coughed, bent my head on one side, and remained silent. Then, seizing a pen, which lay upon the table, I began to pluck it to pieces, still maintaining my silence.

"Permit me to take that pen," said the teacher, extending his hand; "it is good for something. Now, sir!"

"Lou .... King .... St. Louis .... was .... was .... was .... a good and wise emperor."

"Who, sir?"

"An emperor. He conceived the idea of going to Jerusalem, and *transferred the reins of government* to his mother."

"What was her name?"

"B .... B .... lanka."

"What, sir? Bulanka?"[1]

I laughed rather awkwardly, and with constraint.

"Well, sir, do you know anything else?" he said sarcastically.

There was nothing for me to lose, so I coughed, and began to utter whatever nonsense came into my head. The teacher, who sat silently flicking the dust from the table, with the quill pen which he had taken away from me, gazed straight past my ear, and repeated, "Good, very good, sir." I was conscious that I knew nothing, that I was not expressing myself at all as I should; and it pained me frightfully to see that the teacher did not stop me, or correct me.

"Why did he conceive the idea of going to Jerusalem?" said he, repeating my words.

[1] Name for a cream-colored horse. — Tr.

"Because .... for the reason .... for the purpose, because ...." I stopped short, uttered not another word, and felt that if that villainous teacher were to hold his tongue for a whole year, and gaze inquiringly at me, I should not be in a condition to emit another sound. The teacher stared at me for three minutes; then an expression of deep sorrow appeared on his face, and he said to Volodya, who had just entered the room, in a feeling tone:—

"Please hand me the record-book."

Volodya gave him the book, and carefully laid the ticket beside it.

The teacher opened the book, and, cautiously dipping his pen, he put down five, in his beautiful hand, for Volodya, under the head of recitations and behavior. Then he stopped his pen over the column in which my delinquencies were inscribed, looked at me, flirted off the ink, and pondered.

All at once his hand made an almost imperceptible movement, and there appeared a handsomely shaped one and a period; another movement, and in the conduct column stood another one and a dot.

Carefully closing the record-book, the teacher rose and went to the door, as though he did not perceive my glance, in which despair, entreaty, and reproach were expressed.

"Mikhaïl Ilarionovitch," said I.

"No," said he, understanding at once what I wanted to say to him; "it 's impossible to teach in that way. I won't receive money for nothing."

The teacher put on his galoshes and his camelot cloak, and knotted his scarf with great care. As if any one could care for anything after what had happened to me! A movement of the pen for him, but the greatest misfortune for me.

"Is the lesson ended?" inquired St. Jérôme, entering the room.

"Yes."

"Was your teacher satisfied with you?"

"Yes," said Volodya.

"How many did you get?"

"Five."

"And Nicholas?"

I said nothing.

"Four, apparently," said Volodya.

He knew that it was necessary to save me, if only for that day. If I were to be punished, let it not be to-day, when there were guests in the house.

"Let us see, gentlemen," — St. Jérôme had a way of saying "let us see" (*voyons*) at every other word, — "make your toilets, and we will go down-stairs."

CHAPTER XII

THE LITTLE KEY

We had hardly got down-stairs and exchanged salutations with all the guests, when we were summoned to the table. Papa was very gay (he was winning money just then), presented Liubotchka with a handsome silver service, and, after dinner, remembered that he had also a bonbon box in his wing for the birthday girl.

"There 's no use in sending a man; better go yourself, Koko," he said to me. "The keys are lying on the large table, in the shell, you know. Take them and with the very largest key open the second drawer on the right. There you will find the box and some bonbons in a paper; and you are to bring them all here."

"And shall I bring you some cigars?" I asked, knowing that he always sent for them after dinner.

"Bring them, but see that you don't touch anything in my rooms," he called after me.

I found the keys in the place designated, and was about to open the drawer, when I was stopped by a desire to know what a very small key, which hung on the same bunch, opened.

On the table, amid a thousand varied objects, and near the railing, lay an embroidered portfolio, with a padlock; and I took a fancy to try whether the little

key would fit it. My experiment was crowned with complete success; the portfolio opened, and in it I found a whole heap of papers. A feeling of curiosity counseled me with such conviction to find out what those papers were, that I did not succeed in hearkening to the voice of conscience, and set to work to examine what was in the portfolio.

* * * * * *

The childish sentiment of unquestioning respect toward all my elders, and especially toward papa, was so strong within me, that my mind involuntarily refused to draw any conclusions whatever from what I saw. I felt that papa must live in a totally different sphere, which was very beautiful, unattainable, and incomprehensible to me, and that to attempt to penetrate the secrets of his life would be something in the nature of sacrilege on my part.

Therefore the discovery which I had almost unconsciously made in papa's portfolio left in me no clear conception, except a dim knowledge that I had behaved badly. I was ashamed and uncomfortable.

Under the influence of this feeling, I desired to close the portfolio as speedily as possible, but I was evidently fated to endure every possible kind of misfortune upon that memorable day. Placing the key in the keyhole of the padlock, I turned it the other way; supposing that the lock was closed, I pulled out the key, and — oh, horror! the head of the key only remained in my hand. In vain did I endeavor to unite it with the half in the lock, and release it by means of some magic. I was forced at length to accustom myself to the frightful thought that I had committed a fresh crime, which must be discovered this very day, when papa returned to his study.

Mimi's complaint, the one mark, and that little key! Nothing worse could have happened. Grandmamma on account of Mimi's complaint, St. Jérôme about the one mark, papa about that key: and all these would overwhelm me, and not later than that very evening.

"What will become of me? Oh, what have I done?" I said aloud, as I paced the soft carpet of the study. "Eh," I said to myself, as I got the bonbons and cigars, "*what will be, will be*," and I ran into the house.

This fatalistic adage, which I had heard from Nikolaï in my childhood, produced a beneficial and temporarily soothing effect upon me at all difficult crises in my life. When I entered the hall, I was in a somewhat excited and unnatural but extremely merry mood.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TRAITRESS

After dinner, games began, and I took the most lively interest in them. While playing at *cat and mouse*[1] I awkwardly ran against the Kornakoff's *governess*, who was playing with us, stepped on her dress unintentionally, and tore it. Perceiving that it afforded all the girls, and Sonitchka in particular, great satisfaction to see the governess retire with a perturbed countenance to the maids' room, to mend her dress, I resolved to procure them that pleasure once more. In consequence of this amiable intention, the governess had no sooner returned to the room, than I began to gallop round her, and I kept up this evolution until I found a favorable opportunity to catch my heel once more in her skirt, and tear it. Sonitchka and the princesses could hardly restrain their laughter, which flattered my vanity very agreeably; but St. Jérôme, who must have been observing my pranks, came up to me and said with a frown (which I could not endure) that I evidently was not merry in a good way, and that if I were not more discreet he would make me repent of it, even though it was a festive day.

But I was in the state of excitement of a man who has gambled away more than he has in his pocket, and who fears to reckon up his accounts, and continues to

[1] Puss in the corner.

bet on desperate cards without any hope of redeeming himself, and only for the purpose of not giving himself time to think. I smiled impudently, and walked away from him.

After the game of "cat and mouse," some one started a game which we called *long nose*. The play consisted in placing two rows of chairs opposite each other; then the ladies and gentlemen divided into two parties, each choosing another in turn.

The youngest princess chose the smallest Ivin every time; Katenka chose either Volodya or Ilinka; Sonitchka took Serozha every time, and was not at all abashed, to my extreme amazement, when Serozha went and seated himself directly opposite her. She laughed with her pretty, ringing laugh, and made him a sign with her head, to show that he had guessed aright. I comprehended, to the great injury of my vanity, that I was superfluous, *left out;* that they must say of me every time, *"Who remains yet? Why, Nikolenka; well, then, do you take him."*

When, therefore, it came my turn to step forward, I went boldly up either to my sister or to one of the ugly princesses, and, unfortunately, never made a mistake. And Sonitchka seemed so absorbed in Serozha Ivin, that I did not exist for her. I do not know on what grounds I mentally called her a *traitress*, since she had never given me a promise to choose me and not Serozha; but I was firmly convinced that she had behaved to me in the most revolting manner.

After the game I noticed that the *traitress*, whom I despised, but from whom, nevertheless, I could not take my eyes, had retired into a corner with Serozha and Katenka, where they were discussing something in a mysterious manner. Creeping up behind the piano, in order to discover their secret, I saw this: Katenka was holding a cambric handkerchief by two of its corners, thus forming a screen between Sonitchka's head and Serozha's. "No, you have lost; now you shall pay!" said Serozha. Sonitchka stood before him, with her arms hanging beside her, as if guilty, and said, blushing,

"No, I have not lost; have I, Mlle. Catherine?" — "I love the truth," replied Katenka; "you have lost your bet, my dear."

Katenka had hardly uttered these words, when Serozha bent over, and kissed Sonitchka. He kissed her full upon her rosy lips. And Sonitchka laughed, as though that were nothing, as though it were very amusing. *Horrible! ! !* Oh, the *sly traitress!*

CHAPTER XIV

THE ECLIPSE

I SUDDENLY felt a contempt for the entire female sex in general, and for Sonitchka in particular; I began to assure myself that there was nothing jolly about these games, that they were only fit for *little girls;* and I felt very much inclined to create an uproar, to do some manly deed, which would astonish them all. An occasion was not long in presenting itself.

St. Jérôme, after talking of something with Mimi, left the room; at first, his footsteps were audible on the stairs, and then above us, in the direction of the schoolroom. The thought occurred to me that Mimi had told him where she had seen me during lesson hours, and that he had gone to inspect the journal. At that time, I did not attribute to St. Jérôme any other object in life than a desire to punish me. I have read somewhere that children from twelve to fourteen years of age, that is to say, those who are in the transition stage of boyhood, are particularly inclined to arson and even to murder. In recalling my boyhood, and especially the frame of mind in which I was on that unlucky day, I very clearly appreciate the importance of the most frightful crime, committed without object or intent to injure, but from curiosity, to meet an unconscious need for activity. There are moments when the future presents itself to a man in such somber colors, that he dreads to fix his mental gaze upon it, entirely represses the action of his mind, and endeavors to convince himself

that the future will not be, and that the past has not been. At such moments, when thought does not sit in judgment before every decision of the will, and the fleshly instincts remain the sole springs of life, I can understand how a child is especially inclined, by reason of his inexperience, to set and light a fire under the very house in which his brothers, his father, and his mother, whom he tenderly loves, are sleeping, without the slightest hesitation or fear, and with a smile of curiosity. Under the influence of this temporary absence of reflection, approaching aberration of mind, a peasant lad of seventeen, contemplating the freshly sharpened edge of an ax, beside the bench on which sleeps his aged father, face downward, suddenly flourishes the ax, and gazes with stupid curiosity at the blood, as it drips from the severed neck on the bench. Under the influence of the same absence of reflection, and instinctive curiosity, a man experiences a certain enjoyment in pausing upon the brink of a precipice, and thinking, "What if I should throw myself down there?" Or, placing a loaded pistol to his forehead, he thinks, "What if I pull the trigger?" Or, he gazes upon some person for whom society universally cherishes a peculiar respect, and thinks, "What if I were to go up to him, take him by the nose, and say, 'Come, my dear fellow, shall we go?'"

Under the influence of this internal excitement, and absence of reflection, when St. Jérôme came down-stairs, and told me that I had no right to be there that evening, because I had behaved badly and studied badly, and that I was to go up-stairs at once, I stuck out my tongue at him, and said that I would not leave that spot.

For a moment, St. Jérôme could not utter a word for surprise and anger.

"Very well," he said, following me; "several times already, I have promised to punish you and your grandmamma has wanted to beg you off; but now I see that nothing but the rod will make you mind, and you have fully deserved it to-day."

He said this so loudly that every one heard his words. The blood retreated to my heart with unusual force. I

felt that it was beating violently, that the color fled from my face, and that my lips trembled quite involuntarily. I must have looked terrible at that moment, for St. Jérôme, avoiding my glance, walked quickly up to me and seized me by the hand; but I no sooner felt the touch of his hand, than I became giddy, and, beside myself with rage, I tore my hand away, and struck him with all my childish strength.

"What is the matter with you?" said Volodya, who had seen my act with horror and amazement, as he approached me.

"Let me alone!" I shrieked at him through my tears; "not one of you loves me, nor understands how unhappy I am. You are all hateful, disgusting," I added, turning to the whole company in a sort of fury.

But this time St. Jérôme came up to me with a pale, determined face, and before I had time to prepare for defense, he grasped both my hands as in a vise, with a powerful movement, and dragged me away. My head was whirling with excitement. I only remember that I fought desperately with head and knees as long as I had any strength left. I remember that my nose came in contact several times with some one's hips, and that some one's coat fell into my mouth, that I was conscious of the presence of some one's feet all around me, and of the smell of dust, and of the violet with which St. Jérôme perfumed himself.

Five minutes later, the garret door closed behind me.

"Basil!" said *he,* in a revolting, triumphant voice, "bring the rods."

* * * * * *

CHAPTER XV

FANCIES

Could I at that time suppose that I should remain alive after all the misfortunes which came upon me, and that the day would come when I should recall them with composure?

When I remembered what I had done, I could not imagine what would become of me, but I dimly comprehended that I was irretrievably ruined.

At first, absolute silence reigned below and around me, or so it seemed to me at least, because of my excessively powerful inward agitation; but gradually I began to distinguish the different sounds. Vasily came down stairs, and, flinging something which resembled a broom on the window-ledge, lay down on the chest with a yawn. Below, August Antonitch's huge voice was audible (he must have been speaking of me), then childish voices, then laughter and running; and then a few minutes later everything in the house had again relapsed into its former movement, as though no one knew or thought of me sitting in the dark garret.

I did not cry, but something as heavy as a stone lay upon my heart. Thoughts and visions passed with redoubled swiftness before my disturbed imagination; but the memory of the misfortune which had overtaken me incessantly broke their wondrous chain, and I again traversed an endless labyrinth of uncertainty as to the fate which awaited me, of terror and despair.

Then it occurs to me that there must exist some cause for the general dislike and even hatred of me. (At that time I was firmly convinced that everybody, beginning with grandmamma and down to Philip the coachman, hated me, and found pleasure in my sufferings.)

"It must be that I am not the son of my father and mother, not Volodya's brother, but an unhappy orphan, a foundling, adopted out of charity," I say to myself; and this absurd idea not only affords me a certain melancholy comfort, but even appears extremely probable. It pleases me to think that I am unhappy not because I am myself to blame, but because such has been my fate since my very birth, and that my lot is similar to that of the unfortunate Karl Ivanitch.

"But why conceal this secret any longer, when I have myself succeeded in penetrating it?" I say to myself. "To-morrow I will go to papa, and say to him, 'Papa, in vain do you conceal from me the secret of my birth;

I know it.' He will say, 'What is to be done, my friend? Sooner or later you would have learned it. You are not my son; but I have adopted you, and if you will prove worthy of my love, I will never desert you.' And I shall say to him, 'Papa, although I have no right to call you by that name, I now utter it for the last time. I have always loved you, and I shall always love you, and I shall never forget that you are my benefactor; but I can no longer remain in your house. No one here loves me, and St. Jérôme has sworn my ruin. Either he or I must leave your house, because I cannot answer for myself. I hate that man to such a degree that I am prepared for anything. I would kill him as readily as I say: Papa, I will kill him.' Papa will begin to beseech me; but I shall wave my hand, and say, 'No, my friend, my benefactor, we cannot live together; but release me.' And then I will embrace him, and say in French, for some reason or other, 'O my father! O my benefactor! give me thy blessing for the last time, and may God's will be done.'" And as I sit on the chest in the dark store-room, I weep and cry at the thought. But all at once I remember the shameful punishment which is awaiting me; reality presents itself to me in its true light, and my fancies momentarily take flight.

Then I fancy myself already at liberty, outside our house. I enter the hussars, and go to the war. Enemies bear down upon me from all sides; I wave my sword, and kill one; a second wave, I slay another, and a third. Finally, exhausted by wounds and fatigue, I fall to the earth, and shout, "Victory!" The general approaches, and asks, "Where is he, our savior?" They point me out to him; he flings himself on my neck, and shouts, with tears of joy, "Victory!" I recover, and with an arm bandaged in a black handkerchief I promenade the Tverskoy boulevard. I am a general! But lo, the *Emperor* meets me, and inquires, "Who is this wounded young man?" He is told that it is the renowned hero Nikolaï. The Emperor comes up to me and says, "I thank you. I will do anything you ask of

me." I salute respectfully, and leaning on my sword I say, "I am happy, great Emperor, to have been able to shed my blood for my fatherland, and I wish to die for it; but if you will be so gracious, then permit me to beg one thing of you, — permit me to annihilate my enemy, the foreigner, St. Jérôme. I want to annihilate my enemy, St. Jérôme." I halt threateningly before St. Jerôme, and say to him, "You have caused my misfortune. On your knees!" But suddenly the thought occurs to me that the real St. Jérôme may enter at any moment with the rods; and again I see myself, not a general serving his country, but a very pitiful, weeping creature.

The thought of God comes to me, and I ask Him impudently why He is punishing me. "I have not forgotten my prayers morning and evening, it strikes me; then why do I suffer?" I can assert conclusively that the first step toward the religious doubts which troubled me during my boyhood was taken then, not because unhappiness excited my murmuring and unbelief, but because the thought of the injustice of Providence, which entered my mind in that time of spiritual disorder and solitude of twenty-four hours' duration, began speedily to grow and to send forth roots, like a pernicious seed which has fallen upon the soft earth after a rain. Then I imagined that I should certainly die, and represented vividly to myself St. Jérôme's amazement when he should find a lifeless body in the garret, instead of me. Recalling Natalya Savischna's tales of how the soul of a dead person does not quit the house for forty days, I penetrate, in thought, unseen, all the rooms of grandmamma's house, and listen to Liubotchka's sincere tears, to grandmamma's grief, and papa's conversation with August Antonitch. "He was a fine boy," says papa, with tears in his eyes. "Yes," says St. Jérôme, "but a great scamp." — "You should respect the dead," says papa. "You were the cause of his death; you frightened him; he could not endure the humiliation which you were preparing for him. Away from here, you villain!"

And St. Jérôme falls on his knees, and weeps, and sues for pardon. At the end of the forty days, my soul flies to heaven; there I behold something wonderfully beautiful, white, transparent, and long, and I feel that it is my mother. This white something surrounds me, caresses me; but I feel an uneasiness, as though I did not know her. "If it really is you," I say, "then show yourself to me more distinctly, that I may embrace you." And her voice answers me, "We are all so, here. I cannot embrace you any better. Do you not think it well thus?" — "Yes, I think it is very well; but you cannot tickle me, and I cannot kiss your hands." — "That is not necessary; it is so very beautiful here," she says, and I feel that it really is very beautiful, and we soar away together, higher and ever higher. Then I suddenly seem to wake, and find myself again on the chest in the dark garret, my cheeks wet with tears, without a single thought, repeating the words, "*And we soar higher and ever higher.*" For a long time, I exert all my power to explain my situation; but only one fearfully gloomy, impenetrable perspective offers itself to my mental gaze at the present moment. I endeavor to return once more to those cheering, blissful dreams, which destroyed consciousness of reality; but to my amazement, no sooner do I enter upon the traces of my former reveries, than I see that a prolongation of them is impossible, and, what is still more surprising, that it no longer affords me any pleasure.

CHAPTER XVI

GRIND LONG ENOUGH, AND THE MEAL WILL COME

I SPENT the night in the garret, and no one came near me; it was only on the following day, that is to say, on Sunday, that I was taken to a little room adjoining the school-room, and again locked up. I began to hope that my punishment would be confined to imprisonment; and my thoughts, under the influence of sweet, refreshing

slumber, of the bright sunlight playing upon the frost-patterns on the windows, and the customary noises of the day in the streets, began to grow composed. Nevertheless, my solitude was very oppressive; I wanted to move about, to tell somebody all that was seething in my soul, and there was not a living being near me. This position of affairs was all the more disagreeable, because, however repulsive it was to me, I could not avoid hearing St. Jérôme whistling various gay airs with perfect tranquillity, as he walked about his room. I was fully persuaded that he did not want to whistle at all, but that he did it solely for the sake of tormenting me.

At two o'clock, St. Jérôme and Volodya went downstairs; but Nikolaï brought my dinner, and when I spoke to him about what I had done, and what awaited me, he said: —

"Eh, sir! don't grieve; grind long enough, and the meal will come."[1]

This adage, which, later on, more than once sustained my firmness of spirit, comforted me somewhat; but the very fact that they had not sent me bread and water alone, but a complete dinner, including rose cakes, caused me to meditate profoundly. If they had not sent me the rose cakes, then it would have signified that I was to be punished by imprisonment; but now it turned out that I had not been punished yet, that I was only isolated from others as a pernicious person, and that chastisement was still before me. While I was busy with the solution of this question, the key turned in the lock of my prison, and St. Jérôme entered the room, with a stern, official countenance.

"Come to your grandmother," he said, without looking at me.

I wanted to clean the cuffs of my jacket, which were smeared with chalk, before leaving the room; but St. Jérôme told me that this was quite unnecessary, as though I was already in such a pitiful moral condition that it was not worth while to trouble myself about my external appearance.

[1] Equivalent to various English proverbs which inculcate patience. — Tr.

Katenka, Liubotchka, and Volodya stared at me, as St. Jérôme led me through the hall by the hand, with exactly the same expression with which we generally gaze upon the prisoners who are led past our windows every week. But when I approached grandmamma's chair with the intention of kissing her hand, she turned away from me, and hid her hand beneath her mantilla.

"Well, my dear," she said, after a tolerably long silence, during which she surveyed me from head to foot with such a look that I did not know what to do with my eyes and hands, "I must say that you prize my love, and afford me true pleasure. M. St. Jérôme, who at my request," she added, pausing on each word, "undertook your education, does not wish now to remain in my house any longer. Why? Because of you, my dear. I did hope that you would be grateful," she continued, after a short silence, and in a tone which showed that her speech had been prepared beforehand, "for his care and labor, that you would understand how to value his services; but you, a beardless youngster, a bad little boy, have brought yourself to raise your hand against him. Very good! Extremely fine! I, also, begin to think that you are incapable of appreciating gentle treatment, that other and more degraded means are required for you. Ask his pardon this instant," she added, in a tone of stern command, pointing to St. Jérôme; "do you hear?"

I glanced in the direction indicated by grandmamma's hand, and, catching sight of St. Jérôme's coat, turned away, and did not stir from the spot; and again I began to feel that sinking at my heart.

"What? Don't you hear what I say to you?"

I trembled all over, but did not move.

"Koko!" said grandmamma, who must have perceived the inward agony which I was suffering. "Koko!" she said in a tender, rather than a commanding, voice, "is this you?"

"Grandmamma, I will not beg his pardon, because...." said I, pausing suddenly, for I felt that I should not

be able to restrain the tears which were suffocating me if I uttered a single word more.

"I command you, I beseech you. What is the matter with you?"

"I .... I .... won't, I .... can't," I said; and the stifled sobs which had collected in my breast suddenly cast down the barriers which restrained them, and dissolved in a flood of despair.

"Is this the way you obey your second mother? is this the way you repay her kindness?" said St. Jérôme, in a tragic voice. "On your knees!"

"My God, if she could have seen this!" said grandmamma, turning away from me, and wiping her tears, which began to make their appearance. "If she could have seen .... All is for the best. Yes, she could not have borne this sorrow, she could not have borne it."

And grandmamma wept more and more violently. I wept also, but I never thought of begging pardon.

"Calm yourself, in the name of heaven, Madame la Comtesse," said St. Jérôme.

But grandmamma no longer heard him; she covered her face with her hands, and her sobs speedily turned into hiccoughs and hysterics. Mimi and Gascha rushed into the room with frightened faces, and made her smell of some spirits, and a running and whispering speedily arose all over the room.

"Admire your work," said St. Jérôme, leading me upstairs.

"My God, what have I done? What a frightful criminal I am!"

As soon as St. Jérôme had gone down-stairs again, after ordering me to go to my room, I ran to the great staircase leading to the street, without giving myself any reason for what I was about.

I do not remember whether I meant to run away, or to drown myself; I only know that, covering my face with my hands, in order that I might not see any one, I ran farther and farther down those stairs.

"Where are you going?" a familiar voice inquired all at once. "I want you too, my dear."

I tried to run past; but papa caught me by the hand, and said sternly: —

"Come with me, my good fellow! How dared you touch the portfolio in my study?" said he, leading me after him into the little boudoir. "Eh! Why are you silent? Hey?" he added, taking me by the ear.

"Forgive me," I said; "I don't know what possessed me."

"Ah, you don't know what possessed you! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know!" he repeated, and gave my ear a tweak at each word. "Will you poke your nose where you have no business in future? will you? will you?"

Although my ear pained me very much, I did not cry; but I experienced a pleasant moral feeling. No sooner had papa released my ear, than I seized his hand, and began to cover it with tears and kisses.

"Whip me," said I, through my tears. "Whip me hard, painfully; I am good for nothing; I am a wretch; I am a miserable being."

"What 's the matter with you?" he said, slightly repulsing me.

"No, I won't go away on any account," I said, clinging to his coat. "Everybody hates me, I know that; but, for God's sake, listen to me, protect me, or turn me out of the house. I cannot live with him; *he* tries in every way to humiliate me. He makes me go on my knees before him. He wants to thrash me. I won't have it; I am not a little boy. I can't endure it; I shall die; I will kill myself. *He* told grandmamma that I was a good-for-nothing, and now she is ill, and she will die because of me. I .... for God's sake flog me! why .... torture .... me .... for .... it?"

Tears suffocated me. I seated myself on the divan, utterly powerless to say more, and dropped my head on his knees, sobbing so that it seemed to me that I should die that very minute.

"What are you crying about, baby?" said papa, sympathetically, as he bent over me.

"*He* is my tyrant .... tormentor. .... I shall die ....

nobody loves .... me!" I could hardly speak, and I began to fall into convulsions.

Papa took me in his arms, and carried me into the bedroom. I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was very late. A single candle was burning near my bed, and our family doctor, Mimi, and Liubotchka were sitting in the room. It was evident from their faces that they feared for my health; but I felt so well and light after my twelve hours' sleep, that I could have leaped from the bed, had it not been disagreeable for me to disturb their belief in my severe illness.

CHAPTER XVII

HATRED

Yes, it was a genuine feeling of hatred. Not that hatred which is only depicted in romances, and in which I do not believe, — hatred which finds delight in doing evil to mankind, — but that hatred which inspires you with an unconquerable aversion to a person who, nevertheless, deserves your respect; which makes his hair, his neck, his walk, the sound of his voice, his every limb, his every motion, repulsive to you, and at the same time attracts you to him by some incomprehensible power, and forces you to watch his slightest acts. This feeling I experienced toward St. Jérôme.

St. Jérôme had lived with us for a year and a half. Judging the man now, in cold blood, I find that he was a fine Frenchman, but a Frenchman in the most thorough sense. He was not stupid; he was tolerably well educated, and he conscientiously fulfilled his duties toward us; but he possessed the distinctive traits which are peculiar to all his countrymen, and which are so repugnant to the Russian character, — frivolous egotism, vanity, impudence, and unmannerly self-confidence. All this displeased me greatly.

Of course grandmamma explained to him her views on

corporal punishment, and he did not dare to whip us; but, in spite of this, he often threatened us, especially me, with the rod, and pronounced the word *fouetter* (as if it were *foüatter*) in a very repulsive manner, and with an intonation which seemed to indicate that it would afford him the greatest satisfaction to flog me.

I did not fear the pain of punishment at all, never having experienced it; but the mere thought that St. Jérôme might strike me put me into a state of suppressed rage and despair.

It had happened that Karl Ivanitch, in a moment of vexation, had reduced us to order with the ruler or his suspenders, but I recall this without the slightest anger. Even at the time of which I speak (when I was fourteen), if Karl Ivanitch had chanced to flog me, I should have borne his chastisement with perfect composure. I loved Karl Ivanitch. I remembered him from the time when I remembered myself, and was accustomed to him as a member of my family; but St. Jérôme was a haughty, self-conceited man, for whom I felt no sentiment but that involuntary respect with which all *grown-up* people inspired me. Karl Ivanitch was a ridiculous old man, a kind of man-servant whom I heartily loved, but placed beneath myself in my childish comprehension of social classes.

St. Jérôme, on the contrary, was a handsome, cultivated young dandy, who tried to stand on an equality with every one.

Karl Ivanitch always scolded and punished us coolly. It was evident that he regarded it as a necessary but disagreeable duty. St. Jérôme, on the other hand, liked to *pose* in the *rôle* of an instructor. It was plain, when he punished us, that he did so more for his own satisfaction than for our good. He was carried away by his own greatness. His elegant French phrases, which he uttered with strong emphasis on the last syllable, with circumflex accents, were inexpressibly repugnant to me. When Karl Ivanitch got angry, he said, "Puppets' comedy, scamp, little boy, champagne fly!" St. Jérôme called us, "Worthless fellow, vile

scapegrace," and so forth, names which wounded my self-love.

Karl Ivanitch put us on our knees, with our faces in a corner; and the punishment consisted of the physical pain incident to such an attitude. St. Jérôme threw out his chest, and shouted, with a majestic wave of the hand, and with a tragic voice, "On your knees!" made us kneel with our faces toward him, and beg his pardon. The punishment consisted in humiliation.

I was not punished, and no one so much as mentioned to me what had happened; but I could not forget all that I had experienced — despair, shame, terror, and hate — in those two days. In spite of the fact that St. Jérôme, from that time forth, seemed to give up all hopes of me, and hardly concerned himself with me at all, I could not accustom myself to look upon him with indifference. Every time that our eyes met by accident, it seemed to me that enmity was far too plainly expressed in my glance, and I hastened to assume an expression of indifference; but then it seemed to me that he understood my hypocrisy, and I blushed and turned quite away.

In a word, it was inexpressibly disagreeable to me to have any relations whatever with him.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAIDS' ROOM

I FELT more and more lonely, and solitary meditation and observation formed my principal delights. The subject of my meditations I will treat of in a succeeding chapter; but the chief theater of my observations was the maids' room, in which a very absorbing and touching romance, for me, took place. The heroine of this romance was Mascha, of course. She was in love with Vasily, who had known her when she lived out of service, and had promised to marry her at that time. Fate, which had parted them five years before, had again

brought them together in grandmamma's house, but had placed a barrier in the way of their mutual love in the person of Nikolaï (Mascha's uncle), who would not hear to his niece's marriage with Vasily, whom he called an *absurd and dissipated man.*

The effect of this obstacle was to cause the hitherto rather cold-blooded and negligent Vasily suddenly to fall in love with Mascha; and he loved her in a way of which only a house-serf from the tailor's corps, with a pink shirt and pomaded hair, is capable.

In spite of the fact that the exhibitions of his love were exceedingly strange and incongruous (for instance, when he met Mascha, he always tried to cause her pain, and either pinched her, or slapped her, or hugged her with such force that she could hardly draw her breath), his affection was genuine, which was proved by the circumstance that from the day when Nikolaï finally refused him his niece's hand, Vasily took to drinking from grief, and began to loiter about the drinking-houses, create disturbances, and, in a word, to conduct himself so badly, that more than once he subjected himself to scandalous correction by the police. But this behavior and its results appeared to constitute a merit in Mascha's eyes, and increased her love for him. When Vasily was *in retirement at the police-station* Mascha wept for days together without drying her eyes, and complained of her bitter fate to Gascha (who took a lively interest in the affairs of the unhappy lovers); and, scorning the scoldings and beatings of her uncle, she stole away to the police-station on the sly to visit and comfort her friend.

Do not disdain, reader, the society to which I am introducing you. If the chords of love and sympathy have not grown weak within your soul, sounds to which they will respond will be found in the maids' room. Whether it please you or not to follow me, I shall betake myself to the landing on the staircase, from which I could see all that went on in the maids' room. There is the stove-bench on which I stand; a flat-iron, a pasteboard doll with a broken nose, a little wash-tub, and a

hand-basin; there is the window-sill upon which are heaped in confusion a bit of black wax, a skein of silk, a green cucumber which has been bitten, and a bonbon box; there, also, is the large red table, upon which, upon a bit of sewing which is begun, lies a brick wrapped in calico, and behind which *she* sits, in my favorite pink linen dress and blue kerchief, which particularly attract my attention. She sews, pausing now and then in order to scratch her head with her needle, or adjust a candle; and I gaze and think, Why was she not born a lady, with those bright blue eyes, that huge golden braid of hair, and plump bosom? How it would have become her to sit in the drawing-room, in a cap with pink ribbons, and a deep red gown, not such as Mimi has, but like the one I saw on the Tverskoy boulevard! She would have embroidered at her frame, and I might have watched her in the mirror; and I would have done everything she wanted, whatever it might have been; I would have handed her her mantle and her food myself.

And what a drunken face and disgusting figure that Vasily is in his tight coat, worn above that dirty pink shirt, with the tails hanging out! At every movement of his body, at every bend of his spine, I seem to perceive the indisputable signs of the revolting punishment which had overtaken him.

"What, Vasya! again?" said Mascha, sticking her needle into the cushion, but not raising her head to greet Vasily as he entered.

"And what of it? Will any good come of *him?*" retorted Vasily. "If I had only decided on something alone! but now I shall be ruined all for nothing, and all through *him.*"

"Will you have some tea?" said Nadyózha, another maid.

"I thank you humbly. And why does that thief, your uncle, hate me? Why? Because I have good clothes of my own, because of my pride, because of my walk. Enough. There you have it!" concluded Vasily, with a wave of the hand.

"One must be obedient," said Mascha, biting off her thread, "and you are so...."

"I can bear it no longer, that I can't!"

At that moment the sound of a closing door resounded from grandmamma's room, and Gascha's grumbling voice approaching the staircase.

"Go try to please her, when she does n't know herself what she wants. Accursed life! May the Lord forgive my sins, if for that alone," she muttered, flourishing her arms.

"My respects, Agafya Mikhaïlovna," said Vasily, rising to greet her.

"Well, so you are there! I don't want your respects," she replied grimly, staring at him. "And why do you come here? Is the maids' room a place for men to come?"

"I wanted to inquire after your health," said Vasily, timidly.

"I shall soon expire, that's the state of my health," screamed Agafya Mikhaïlovna, still more angrily, and at the top of her voice.

Vasily laughed.

"There 's nothing to laugh at, and if I say that you are to take yourself off, then march! See, that heathen wants to marry, the low fellow! Now march, be off!"

And Agafya went stamping to her room, and slammed the door so violently that the glass in the windows rattled.

She could be heard for a long time behind the partition, scolding at everything and everybody, cursing her existence, hurling her effects about, and pulling the ears of her beloved cat; finally the door opened a crack, and the cat flew out, swung by her tail, and mewing piteously.

"Evidently I had better come another time to drink tea," said Vasily, in a whisper; "farewell until a pleasanter meeting."

"Never mind," said Nadyózha, with a wink, "I will go and see to the samovar."

"Yes, and I 'll make an end of it once for all," con-

tinued Vasily, seating himself close to Mascha, as soon as Nadyózha had left the room.

"I 'll either go straight to the countess, and say, 'Thus and so is the state of things,' or else .... I 'll give up everything, and run away to the ends of the earth, by God!"

"And how can I remain?"

"I am only sorry for you, and you should have been free, my little dove, lo-o-ng ago, so surely as God lives."

"Why don't you bring me your shirts to wash, Vasya?" said Mascha, after a momentary silence; "see how black this one is," she added, taking hold of the shirt-collar.

At that moment grandmamma's little bell was heard from below, and Gascha emerged from her chamber.

"What are you getting from her now, you vile man?" she said, pushing Vasily toward the door, as he rose hastily at the sight of her; "you have brought the girl to this state, and still you cling to her, you bare-backed wretch; evidently, it 's merry for you to gaze upon her tears. Go away. Take yourself off. — What good did you ever find in him?" she went on, turning to Mascha. "Did n't your uncle beat you enough to-day on his account? But no, you will have your own way: 'I won't marry anybody but Vasily Gruskoff.' The fool!"

"I won't marry anybody, I don't love anybody, if I 'm beaten to death for his sake," cried Mascha, bursting suddenly into tears.

I gazed long at Mascha, who, reclining upon a chest, wiped away her tears with her kerchief; and I made every effort to alter my opinion of Vasily, and endeavored to find the point of view from which he could appear so attractive to her. But in spite of my sincere sympathy with her grief, I could not possibly comprehend how such a bewitching being as Mascha appeared in my eyes could love Vasily.

"When I am grown up," I reasoned with myself, as I went up-stairs to my own quarters, "Petrovskoe will be mine, and Mascha and Vasily will be my serfs. I shall be sitting in the study, smoking my pipe, and Mascha

will be going to the kitchen with her flat-iron. I shall say, 'Call Mascha to me.' She will come, and there will be no one in the room. — All at once, Vasily will enter, and when he sees Mascha he will say, 'My dear little dove is ruined!' And Mascha will cry; and I shall say, 'Vasily, I know that you love her, and she loves you: here are a thousand rubles for you; marry her; and may God grant you happiness.' And then I shall go into the boudoir."[1] Among the innumerable thoughts and fancies which pass through the mind and imagination, leaving no trace, there are some which leave a deep, sensitive furrow, so that, without recalling the thought itself, one remembers that there was something pleasant in one's mind, and one feels the trace of the thought, and tries to reproduce it once again. Such a deep trace did the thought of sacrificing my own feeling, for the sake of such happiness as Mascha could find only in a marriage with Vasily, leave in my soul.

CHAPTER XIX

BOYHOOD

I CAN scarcely believe what were the favorite and most constant subjects of my meditations during my boyhood — they were so incompatible with my age and position. But, in my opinion, incompatibility between a man's position and his moral activity is the truest proof of sincerity.

During the course of the year, when I led an isolated moral life, concentrated within myself, all the abstract questions concerning the destination of man, the future life, the immortality of the soul, already presented themselves to me; and, with all the fervor of inexperience, my weak childish mind endeavored to solve these questions, the presentation of which represents the highest stage to which the mind of man can attain, but the solution of which is not granted to him.

[1] Or divan-room.

It seems to me that the human mind, in every separate individual, traverses the same path during development by which it is developed in whole races; that the thoughts which serve as a foundation for the various philosophical theories form the inalienable attributes of the mind; but that every man has recognized them, with more or less clearness, even before he has known of the philosophical theories.

These thoughts presented themselves to my mind with such clearness, and in such a striking light, that I even tried to apply them to life, fancying that I was the *first* to discover such great and useful truths.

Once the thought occurred to me that happiness does not depend upon external conditions, but on our relations to them; that man, after he is accustomed to endure suffering, cannot be unhappy; and, in order to accustom myself to pain, I held Tatischeff's lexicon for five minutes in my outstretched hands, in spite of dreadful pain, or I went into the garret and castigated myself on the bare back with a rope so severely that tears sprang involuntarily to my eyes.

On another occasion, remembering, all of a sudden, that death awaited me at any hour, at any moment, I made up my mind, not understanding how people had hitherto failed to understand it, that man can be happy only by making use of the present, and not thinking of the future; and for three days, under the influence of this thought, I neglected my lessons, and did nothing but lie on the bed, and enjoy myself by reading a romance and eating gingerbread with Kronoff mead, for which I spent the last money I had.

On another occasion, while standing before the blackboard engaged in drawing various figures upon it with chalk, I was suddenly struck by the thought: Why is symmetry pleasing to the eye? What is symmetry?

It is an inborn feeling, I answered myself. But on what is it founded? Is there symmetry in everything in life? On the contrary here is life — and I drew an oval figure on one side of the blackboard. After life the soul passes into eternity; here is eternity — and from

one side of the oval I drew a line which extended to the very edge of the board. Why not another similar line from the other side? Yes, and, as a matter of fact, what kind of eternity is that which is on one side only? for we certainly have existed before this life, although we have lost the memory of it.

This reasoning, which appeared to me extremely novel and lucid, and whose thread I can now only catch with difficulty, pleased me excessively, and I took a sheet of paper with the idea of setting it forth in writing; but, in the process, such a mass of thoughts suddenly entered my mind, that I was obliged to rise and walk about the room. When I approached the window, my attention turned on the water-carrier horse which the coachman was harnessing at the moment; and all my thoughts were concentrated upon the solution of the question, Into what animal or man will the soul of that horse migrate, when it is set free? At that moment, Volodya was passing through the room, and smiled, perceiving that I was meditating something; and that smile was sufficient to make me comprehend that all I had been thinking about was the most frightful nonsense.

I have related this, to me, memorable occasion, merely for the purpose of giving the reader to understand the nature of my reflections.

But in none of all the philosophical directions was I drawn so far as by skepticism, which at one time brought me into a state bordering on madness. I fancied that, besides myself, nothing and nobody existed in the whole world; that objects were not objects, but images which only appeared when I directed my attention to them; and that, as soon as I ceased to think of them, the objects disappeared.

In a word, I agreed with Schelling in the conviction that objects do not exist, but only my relation to them exists. There were moments when, under the influence of this *fixed idea*, I reached such a stage of derangement that I sometimes glanced quickly in the opposite direction, hoping suddenly to find nothingness (*néant*) where I was not.

A pitiful, worthless spring of moral action is the mind of man!

My weak mind could not penetrate the impenetrable; but in this labor, which was beyond its strength, I lost, one after the other, the convictions which, for the happiness of my own life, I never should have dared to touch upon.

From all this heavy moral toil I brought away nothing except a shiftiness of mind which weakened the force of my will, and a habit of constant moral analysis which destroyed freshness of feeling and clearness of judgment.

Abstract thoughts take shape, in consequence of man's capacity to seize with his perceptions the state of his soul at any given moment, and transfer it to his memory. My tendency to abstract meditation developed the perceptive faculties in me to such an unnatural degree that frequently, when I began to think of the simplest sort of thing, I fell into an inextricable circle of analysis of my thoughts, and no longer considered the question which had occupied me, but thought of what I was thinking about. When I asked myself, Of what am I thinking? I replied, I think of what I am thinking. And now what am I thinking of? I think that I am thinking of what I am thinking, and so on. Intellect gave way before ratiocination.

Nevertheless, the philosophical discoveries which I made were extremely flattering to my self-conceit. I often fancied myself a great man, who was discovering new truths for the benefit of mankind, and I gazed upon other mortals with a proud consciousness of my worth; but, strange to say, when I came in contact with these mortals, I was shy in the presence of every one of them, and the higher I rated myself in my own opinion, the less capable I was of displaying my consciousness of my own merit to others, and I could not even accustom myself not to feel ashamed of my every word and movement, however simple.

CHAPTER XX

VOLODYA

YES, the farther I proceed in the description of this period of my life, the more painful and difficult does it become for me. Rarely, rarely amid the memories of this time, do I find moments of the genuine warmth of feeling which so brilliantly and constantly illumined the beginning of my life. I feel an involuntary desire to pass as quickly as possible over the desert of boyhood, and attain that happy epoch when a truly tender, noble sentiment of friendship lighted up the conclusion of this period of growth, and laid the foundation for a new epoch, full of charm and poetry, — the epoch of adolescence.

I shall not trace my recollections hour by hour; but I will cast a quick glance at the principal ones, from that time to which I have brought down my narrative until my connection with a remarkable man, who exercised a decided and beneficial influence upon my character and course.

Volodya will enter the university in a few days. Separate masters come for him; and I listen with envy and involuntary respect as he taps the blackboard boldly with the chalk, and talks of functions, and sinuses, and coördinates, and so on, which seem to me the expression of unattainable wisdom. But one Sunday, after dinner, all the teachers and two professors assemble in grandmamma's room; and in the presence of papa and several guests they rehearse the university examination, in the course of which Volodya, to grandmamma's great joy, exhibits remarkable learning. Questions on various subjects are also put to me; but I make a very poor show, and the professors evidently endeavor to conceal my ignorance before grandmamma, which confuses me still more. However, very little attention is paid to me; I am only fifteen, consequently there is still a year to my examination. Volodya only comes down

stairs at dinner-time, but spends the whole day and even the evenings up-stairs in his occupations, not of necessity, but at his own desire. He is extremely vain, and does not want to pass merely a mediocre examination, but a distinguished one.

But now the day of the first examination has arrived. Volodya puts on his blue coat with brass buttons, his gold watch, and lacquered boots; papa's phaeton is brought up to the door. Nikolaï throws aside the apron, and Volodya and St. Jérôme drive off to the university. The girls, especially Katenka, look out of the window at Volodya's fine figure as he seats himself in the carriage, with joyous and rapturous faces; and papa says, "God grant it! God grant it!" and grandmamma, who has also dragged herself to the window, makes the sign of the cross over Volodya, with tears in her eyes, until the phaeton disappears round the corner of the lane, and says something in a whisper.

Volodya returns. All inquire impatiently, "Well, was it good? how much?" But it is already evident from his beaming face that it is good. Volodya has received five. On the following day he is accompanied by the same anxiety and wishes for his success, and received with the same impatience and joy. Thus nine days pass. On the tenth day, the last and most difficult examination of all awaits him — the Law of God;[1] and all of us stand at the window and wait for him with the greatest impatience. Two hours have already elapsed, and still Volodya has not returned.

"Heavens! my dears!! here they are!!! here they are!!!!" screams Liubotchka, with her face glued to the pane.

And, in fact, Volodya is sitting beside St. Jérôme in the phaeton, but dressed no longer in his blue coat and gray cap, but in student uniform, with blue embroidered collar, three-cornered hat, and a gilt sword by his side.

"Oh, if *you* were only alive!" shrieks grandmamma, when she beholds Volodya in his uniform, and falls into a swoon.

[1] The official title of religious instruction. — Tr.

Volodya runs into the vestibule with a beaming face, kisses me, Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka, who blushes to her very ears. Volodya is beside himself with joy. And how handsome he is in his uniform! How becoming his blue collar is to his black whiskers, which are just sprouting! What a long, slender waist he has, and what a fine gait! On that memorable day, all dine in grandmamma's room. Joy beams from every countenance; and after dinner, at dessert, the butler, with politely majestic but merry countenance, brings in a bottle of champagne, enveloped in a napkin. Grandmamma drinks champagne for the first time since mamma's death; she drinks a whole glass, as she congratulates Volodya, and she weeps again with joy as she looks at him. Volodya drives out of the courtyard in his own equipage now, receives *his acquaintances in his own apartments*, smokes tobacco, goes to balls; and I even saw him and his companions, on one occasion, drink up two bottles of champagne in his room, and at every glass propose the healths of some mysterious personages, and dispute as to which one the bottom of the bottle belonged to. But he dines regularly at home, and sits in the boudoir after dinner, as before, and is forever engaged in some mysterious discussion with Katenka; but so far as I can hear — for I do not take part in their conversation — they are merely talking of the heroes and heroines of the novels which they have read, of love and jealousy; and I cannot at all understand what interest they can find in such discussions, and why they smile so artfully and dispute so warmly.

I observe in general that some strange relations exist between Katenka and Volodya, besides the readily intelligible friendship between companions of childhood, which set them apart from us and unite them to each other in a mysterious way.

CHAPTER XXI

KATENKA AND LIUBOTCHKA

KATENKA is sixteen, she is grown up; the angularity of form, the timidity and awkwardness of movement, peculiar to girls in the age of transition, have made way for the harmonious freshness and grace of a newly blown flower. But she has not changed; the same bright blue eyes and smiling glance, the same little straight nose which forms almost one line with the brow, with its strong nostrils, and the tiny mouth with its brilliant smile, the same tiny dimples on the rosy, transparent cheeks, the same little white hands; and for some reason, as heretofore, the expression, a *pure girl*, fits her peculiarly well. The only new thing about her is her heavy blond hair, which she wears in the fashion of grown-up people; and her young bosom, whose advent plainly delights yet shames her.

Although Liubotchka has grown up and always studied with her, she is quite a different girl in every respect.

Liubotchka is small of stature, and in consequence of the rickets her legs are still crooked, and her figure is very ugly. The only pretty thing about her face is her eyes, and they are really very beautiful, — large and black, and with such an indefinably attractive expression of dignity and simplicity that it is impossible not to remark them. Liubotchka is natural and simple in everything. Katenka does not wish to be like any one else in any respect. Liubotchka's gaze is always straight forward; and sometimes she fixes her great black eyes on a person, and keeps them there so long that she is reproved and told that it is not polite.

Katenka, on the other hand, drops her eyelashes, draws her lids together, and declares that she is short-sighted, though I know very well that her sight is perfectly good. Liubotchka does not like to attitudinize before strangers; and when any of the guests begin to kiss her, she pouts, and says that she cannot endure

sentiment. Katenka, on the contrary, becomes particularly affectionate with Mimi in the presence of guests, and loves to promenade in the hall, in the embrace of some girl. Liubotchka is a terrible laugher; and sometimes, in outbursts of merriment, she flourishes her hands and runs about the room. Katenka, on the contrary, covers her mouth with her hands or her handkerchief when she begins to laugh. Liubotchka always sits and walks upright, with her arms dangling; Katenka holds her head a little on one side, and walks with her hands clasped together. Liubotchka is always dreadfully glad when she succeeds in talking with a grown-up man, and declares that she will certainly marry a hussar; but Katenka says that all men are hateful to her, that she will never marry, and becomes quite a different girl when a man speaks to her, just as though she were afraid of something. Liubotchka is forever offended with Mimi because they lace her up so tight in corsets that she "can't breathe," and she is fond of eating; but Katenka, on the other hand, often thrusts her finger under the point of her bodice, and shows us how loose it is for her, and she eats very little. Liubotchka loves to draw heads, but Katenka draws only flowers and butterflies. Liubotchka plays Field's concertos perfectly, and some of Beethoven's sonatas. Katenka plays variations and waltzes, retards the time, pounds, uses the pedal incessantly; and before she begins to play anything she strikes three arpeggio chords.

But Katenka, according to my opinion then, was much more like an adult, and therefore she pleased me far more.

CHAPTER XXII

PAPA

Papa has been particularly gay since Volodya's entrance to the university, and comes to dine with grandmamma much oftener than usual. Moreover, the cause of his cheerfulness, as I have learned from Nikolaï, con

sists in the fact that he has won a remarkably large amount of money of late. It even happens that he sometimes comes to us in the evening before going to his club, sits down at the piano, gathers us all about him, and sings gipsy songs, accompanying them by stamping his feet in their soft boots (he cannot bear heels, and never wears them). And then the rapture of his favorite Liubotchka, on her side, who adores him, is worth seeing. Sometimes he comes to the school-room, and listens with a stern countenance while I recite my lessons; but I perceive, from the occasional words with which he endeavors to set me right, that he is but badly acquainted with what I am learning. Sometimes he gives us a sly wink, and makes signs to us, when grandmamma begins to grumble and get into a rage with everybody without cause. "Now it's *our* turn to catch it, children," he says afterwards. On the whole, he has descended somewhat in my eyes from the unapproachable height upon which my childish imagination placed him. I kiss his large white hand, with the same feeling of genuine love and respect; but I already permit myself to think of him, to pass judgment on his acts, and thoughts occur to me in regard to him which frighten me. Never shall I forget one circumstance which inspired many such thoughts in me, and caused me much moral suffering.

Once, late in the evening, he entered the drawing-room, in his black dress-coat and white waistcoat, in order to carry off Volodya with him to a ball. The latter was dressing in his own room at the time. Grandmother was waiting in her bedroom for Volodya to come and show himself to her (she had a habit of summoning him to her presence before every ball, to inspect him, and to bestow upon him her blessing and instructions). In the hall, which was lighted by one candle only, Mimi and Katenka were pacing to and fro; but Liubotchka was seated at the piano, engaged in memorizing Field's Second Concerto, which was one of mamma's favorite pieces.

Never, in any one whatever, have I met such an inti-

mate likeness as existed between my sister and my mother. This likeness consisted not in face, nor form, but in some intangible quality,—in her hands, in her manner of walking, in peculiarities of voice, and in certain expressions. When Liubotchka got angry, and said, "It won't be allowed for a whole age," she pronounced the words, *a whole age,* which mamma was accustomed to use, so that it seemed as if one heard them lengthened, who-o-le a-ge. But the likeness was still more remarkable in her playing on the piano, and in all her ways connected with this. She adjusted her dress in exactly the way, and turned her pages from above with her left hand, and pounded the keys with her fist from vexation when she was long in conquering a difficult passage, and said, "Ah, heavens!" and she had that same indescribable tenderness and accuracy of execution, that beautiful execution like Field, which is so well called *jeu perlé,* and whose charm all the hocus-pocus of newer pianists cannot make one forget.

Papa entered the room with swift, short steps, and went up to Liubotchka, who stopped playing when she saw him.

"No, go on playing, Liuba, go on," said he, putting her back in her seat; "you know how I love to hear you."

Liubotchka continued her playing, and papa sat opposite her for a long time, supporting his head on his hand; then he gave his shoulders a sudden twist, rose, and began to pace the room. Every time that he approached the piano, he paused, and looked intently at Liubotchka. I perceived, from his movements and his manner of walking, that he was excited. After traversing the hall several times, he paused behind Liubotchka's seat, kissed her black hair, and then, turning away, he pursued his walk. When Liubotchka had finished her piece, and went up to him with the question, "Is it pretty?" he took her head silently in his hands, and began to kiss her brow and eyes with such tenderness as I had never seen him display.

"Ah, heavens! you are weeping!" said Liubotchka,

all at once dropping the chain of his watch, and fixing her great, surprised eyes on his face. "Forgive me, dear papa; I had quite forgotten that that was *mamma's piece.*"

"No, my dear, play it as often as possible," he said in a voice which quivered with emotion; "if you only knew how good it is for me to weep with you...."

He kissed her once more, and, endeavoring to overcome his emotion, he twitched his shoulders, and went out of the door which led to the corridor and Volodya's room.

"Waldemar! Will you be ready soon?" he cried, halting midway in the corridor. At that moment, Mascha the maid passed him, and, seeing the master, she dropped her eyes, and tried to avoid him. He stopped her. "You grow prettier and prettier," he said, bending over her.

Mascha blushed, and drooped her head still lower. "Permit me," she whispered.

"Waldemar, are you nearly ready?" repeated papa, twitching himself and coughing, when Mascha passed, and he caught sight of me.

I love my father; but the mind of man exists independently of the heart, and often mixes within itself thoughts which are insulting to him, with feelings both incomprehensible and stern concerning him. And such thoughts come to me, although I strive to drive them away.

CHAPTER XXIII

GRANDMAMMA

GRANDMAMMA grows weaker from day to day; her bell, Gascha's grumbling voice, and the slamming of doors are heard more frequently in her room, and she no longer receives us in the study in her long sofa-chair, but in her bedroom in her high bed with its lace-trimmed pillows. I perceive, on saluting her, that there is a pale, yellowish, shining swelling on her hand and that oppressive odor in the chamber which I had observed five years

before in mamma's room. The doctor comes to the house three times a day, and several consultations have been held. But her character, her haughty and ceremonious intercourse with all members of the household, particularly with papa, is not altered in the least; she enunciates her words, elevates her brows, and says, "my dear,"[1] in exactly the same manner as usual.

But, for several days now, we have not been admitted to her; and once in the morning St. Jérôme proposes to me that I shall go to ride with Liubotchka and Katenka during lesson hours. Although I notice, as I take my seat in the sleigh, that the street in front of grandmamma's windows is strewn with straw, and that several people in blue overcoats are standing about our gate, I cannot in the least understand why I have been sent to ride at this unusual hour. During our entire ride on that day, Liubotchka and I are, for some reason, in that particularly cheerful frame of mind when every occurrence, every word, every motion, excites one's laughter.

A peddler crosses the road at a trot, holding on to his tray, and we laugh. A ragged Vanka[2] overtakes our sleigh at a gallop, flourishing the ends of his reins, and we shout with laughter. Philip's knout has caught in the runners of the sleigh; he turns around, and says, "Alas!" and we die with laughter. Mimi remarks, with a face of displeasure, that only *stupid people* laugh without cause; and Liubotchka, all rosy with the strain of repressed laughter, casts a sidelong glance at me. Our eyes meet, and we break out into such Homeric laughter, that the tears come to our eyes, and we are unable to suppress the bursts of merriment which are suffocating us. We have no sooner quieted down to some extent, than I glance at Liubotchka, and utter a private little word which has been in fashion for some time among us, and which always calls forth a laugh; and again we break out.

[1] *Moi miluii*, equivalent to *mon cher*, and not always a term of endearment. — Tr.

[2] Cabman.

On our return home, I have but just opened my mouth in order to make a very fine grimace at Liubotchka, when my eyes are startled by the black cover of a coffin leaning against one half of our entrance door, and my mouth retains its distorted shape.

"Your grandmother is dead," says St. Jérôme, coming to meet us with a pale face.

During the whole time that grandmamma's body remains in the house, I experience an oppressive feeling, a fear of death, as if the dead body were alive, and unpleasantly reminding me that I must die sometime, — a feeling which it is usual, for some reason, to confound with grief. I do not mourn for grandmamma, and, in fact, there can hardly be any one who sincerely mourns her. Although the house is full of mourning visitors, no one sorrows for her death, except one individual, whose wild grief impresses me in an indescribable manner. And this person is Gascha, the maid. She goes off to the garret, locks herself up there, weeps incessantly, curses herself, tears her hair, will not listen to any advice, and declares that death is the only consolation left for her after the death of her beloved mistress.

I repeat once more that inconsistency in matters of feeling is the most trustworthy sign of genuineness.

Grandmother is no more, but memories and various rumors about her still live in her house. These rumors refer especially to the will which she made before her end, and the contents of which no one knows, with the exception of her executor, Prince Ivan Ivanitch. I observe some excitement among grandmamma's people, and I frequently overhear remarks as to who will become whose property ; and I must confess that I think, with involuntary joy, of the fact that we shall receive a legacy.

At the end of six weeks, Nikolaï, who is the daily newspaper of our establishment, informs me that grandmamma has left all her property to Liubotchka, intrusting the guardianship until her marriage, not to papa, but to Prince Ivan Ivanitch.

CHAPTER XXIV

I

ONLY a few months remain before my entrance to the university. I am studying well. I not only await my teachers without terror, but even feel a certain pleasure in my lessons.

I am glad that I can recite the lesson I have learned clearly and accurately. I am preparing for the mathematical department; and this choice, to tell the truth, has been made by me simply because the words "sinuses," "tangents," "differentials," "integrals," and so forth, please me extremely.

I am much shorter of stature than Volodya, broad-shouldered and fleshy, homely as ever, and worried about it as usual. I try to appear original. One thing consoles me; that is, that papa once said of me that I had a *sensible phiz*, and I am fully convinced of it.

St. Jérôme is satisfied with me; and I not only do not hate him, but, when he occasionally remarks that *with my gifts* and *my mind* it is a shame that I do not do thus and so, it even seems to me that I love him.

My observations on the maids' room ceased long ago; I am ashamed to hide myself behind a door, and, moreover, my conviction that Mascha loves Vasily has cooled me somewhat, I must confess. Vasily's marriage, the permission for which, at his request, I obtain from papa, effects a final cure of this unhappy passion in me.

When the *young pair* come, with bonbons on a tray, to thank papa, and Mascha in a blue-ribboned cap, kissing each of us on the shoulder, also returns thanks to all of us for something or other, I am conscious only of the rose pomade on her hair, but not of the least emotion

On the whole, I am beginning gradually to recover from my boyish follies; with the exception, however, of the chief one, which is still fated to cause me much injury in life, — my tendency to metaphysics.

CHAPTER XXV

VOLODYA'S FRIENDS

ALTHOUGH in the company of Volodya's acquaintances I played a *rôle* which wounded my self-love, I liked to sit in his room when he had visitors, and silently observe all that took place there.

The most frequent of all Volodya's guests were Adjutant Dubkoff, and a student, Prince Nekhliudoff. Dubkoff was a small, muscular, dark-complexioned man, no longer in his first youth, and rather short-legged, but not bad-looking, and always gay. He was one of those narrow-minded persons to whom their own narrow-mindedness is particularly agreeable, who are not capable of viewing subjects from different sides, and who are continually allowing themselves to be carried away with something. The judgment of such people is one-sided and erroneous, but always open-hearted and captivating. Even their narrow egotism seems pardonable and attractive, for some reason. Besides this, Dubkoff possessed a double charm for Volodya and me, — a military exterior, and, most of all, the age, with which young people have a habit of confounding their ideas of what is *comme il faut*, which is very highly prized during these years. Moreover, Dubkoff really was what is called a man *comme il faut*. One thing displeased me, and that was that Volodya seemed at times to be ashamed, in his presence, of my most innocent acts, and, most of all, my youth.

Nekhliudoff was not handsome; little gray eyes, a low, rough forehead, disproportionately long arms and legs, could not be called beautiful features. The only handsome thing about him was his unusually lofty stature, the delicate coloring of his face, and his very fine teeth. But his countenance acquired such a character of originality and energy from his narrow, brilliant eyes, and the expression of his smile which changed from sternness to childish indefiniteness, that it was impossible not to take note of him

He was, it appeared, excessively modest, for every trifle made him flush up to his very ears; but his shyness did not resemble mine. The more he reddened, the more determination did his face express. He seemed angry with himself for his weakness. Although he seemed very friendly with Dubkoff and Volodya, it was worthy of note that chance alone had connected him with them. Their views were entirely different. Volodya and Dubkoff seemed afraid of everything which even resembled serious discussion and feeling; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, was an enthusiast in the highest degree, and often entered into discussion of philosophical questions and of feelings, in spite of ridicule. Volodya and Dubkoff were fond of talking about the objects of their love (and they fell in love all of a sudden, with several, and both with the same persons); Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, always became seriously angry when they hinted at his love for a *little red-haired girl.*

Volodya and Dubkoff often permitted themselves to make amiable sport of their relatives; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, could be driven quite beside himself by uncomplimentary allusions to his aunt, for whom he cherished a sort of rapturous reverence. Volodya and Dubkoff used to go off somewhere after supper without Nekhliudoff, and they called him a *pretty little girl.*

Prince Nekhliudoff impressed me from the first by his conversation as well as by his appearance. But although I found much in his tastes that was common to mine, — or perhaps just for that reason, — the feeling with which he inspired me when I saw him for the first time was extremely hostile.

I was displeased by his quick glance, his firm voice, his haughty look, but most of all by the utter indifference toward me which he exhibited. Often, during a conversation, I had a terrible desire to contradict him; I wanted to quarrel with him, to punish him for his pride, to show him that I was sensible, although he would not pay the slightest attention to me. Diffidence restrained me.

CHAPTER XXVI

DISCUSSIONS

Volodya was lying with his feet on the divan, and leaning on his elbow; he was engaged in reading a French romance, when I went to his room after my evening lessons according to custom. He raised his head for a second to glance at me, and again turned to his reading; the most simple and natural movement possible, but it made me blush. It seemed to me that his glance expressed the question why I had come there; and his hasty bend of the head, a desire to conceal from me the meaning of the glance. This tendency to attribute significance to the simplest movement constituted one of my characteristic traits at that age. I walked up to the table, and took a book; but before I began to read it, it occurred to me how ridiculous it was not to say anything to each other, when we had not seen each other all day.

"Shall you be at home this evening?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because," said I, perceiving I could not start a conversation. I took my book, and began to read.

It was strange that Volodya and I should pass whole hours in silence, face to face, but that it required only the presence of a third person, even if taciturn, to start the most interesting and varied discussions. We felt that we knew each other too well; and too intimate or too slight knowledge of each other prevents approach.

"Is Volodya at home?" said Dubkoff's voice in the vestibule.

"Yes," said Volodya, lowering his feet, and laying his book on the table.

Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff entered the room in their coats and hats.

"What do you say, Volodya? shall we go to the theater?"

"No, I'm busy," replied Volodya, turning red.

"Well, what an idea! Pray let us go."

"I have n't any ticket."

"You can get as many tickets as you want at the entrance."

"Wait, I 'll come directly," said Volodya, yielding, and he left the room with a twitch of his shoulders.

I knew that Volodya wanted very much to go to the theater, whither Dubkoff invited him; that he only refused because he had no money; and that he had gone to borrow five rubles of the butler until his next instalment of allowance became due.

"How are you, *Diplomat?*" said Dubkoff, giving me his hand.

Volodya's friends called me the diplomat, because once, after a dinner with my grandmother, in speaking of our future, she had said, in their presence, that Volodya was to be a soldier, and that she hoped to see me a diplomat, in a black dress-coat, and with my hair dressed *à la coq*, which, according to her views, constituted an indispensable part of the diplomatic profession.

"Where has Volodya gone?" Nekhliudoff asked.

"I don't know," I replied, reddening at the thought that they probably guessed why Volodya had quitted the room.

"He can't have any money! is that so? Oh, *Diplomat!*" he added with conviction, displaying his smile, "I have n't any money either; have you, Dubkoff?"

"We shall see," said Dubkoff, pulling out his purse, and very carefully feeling a few bits of small change with his short fingers. "Here's a five-kopek bit, and here's a twenty-kopek piece, and f-f-f-f-u!" said he, making a comical gesture with his hand.

At that moment Volodya entered the room.

"Well, shall we go?"

"No."

"How ridiculous you are!" said Nekhliudoff. "Why don't you say that you have n't any money? Take my ticket, if you like."

"But what will you do?"

"He will go to his cousin's box," said Dubkoff.

"No, I will not go at all."

"Why?"

"Because, as you know, I don't like to sit in a box."

"Why?"

"I don't like it; it makes me feel awkward."

"The same old thing again! I don't understand how you can feel awkward where every one is glad to have you. It 's absurd, *my dear fellow*."[1]

"What am I to do, *if I am timid?*[1] I am convinced that you have never blushed in your life, but I do it every moment for the veriest trifles," turning crimson as he spoke.

"*Do you know the cause of your timidity?*[1] An excess of self-love, my dear fellow," said Dubkoff, in a patronizing tone.

"*An excess of self-love*,[1] indeed!" said Nekhliudoff, touched to the quick. "On the contrary, it is because I have too little *self-love;*[1] it seems to me that things displease and bore me .... because .... "

"Dress yourself, Volodya," said Dubkoff, seizing him by the shoulders, and pulling off his coat. "Ignat, dress your master!"

"Because, it often happens to me .... " went on Nekhliudoff.

But Dubkoff was no longer listening to him. "Tra-la-ta-ra-ra-la-la," and he hummed an air.

"You have not escaped," said Nekhliudoff; "and I will prove to you that shyness does not proceed from self-love at all."

"You will prove it if you come with us."

"I have said that I would not go."

"Well, stay, then, and prove it to the *diplomat;* and he shall tell us when we come back."

"I will prove it," retorted Nekhliudoff, with childish obstinacy; "but come back as soon as you can.

"What do you think? am I vain?" he said, seating himself beside me.

Although I had formed an opinion on that point, I was

[1] In French, in the original. — Tr.

so intimidated by this unexpected appeal, that I could not answer him very promptly.

"Yes, I think so," I said, feeling that my voice trembled and the color covered my face at the thought that the time had come to show him that *I was intelligent*, — "I think that every man is vain, and that everything a man does is done from vanity."

"What is vanity, in your opinion?" said Nekhliudoff, smiling somewhat disdainfully, as it struck me.

"Vanity .... self-love," said I, "is the conviction that I am better and wiser than anybody else."

"But how can everybody entertain that conviction?"

"I do not know whether I am correct or not, but no one except myself confesses to it; I am persuaded that I am wiser than any one in the world, and I am persuaded that you are convinced of the same thing."

"No, I am the first to say of myself that I have met people whom I have acknowledged to be wiser than myself," said Nekhliudoff.

"Impossible," I answered, with conviction.

"Do you really think so?" said Nekhliudoff, looking intently at me.

And then an idea occurred to me, to which I immediately gave utterance.

"I will prove it to you. Why do we love ourselves more than others? Because we consider ourselves better than others, more worthy of love. If we considered others better than ourselves, then we should love them more than ourselves, and that never happens. Even if it does happen, I am right all the same," I added, with an involuntary smile of vanity.

Nekhliudoff remained silent for a moment.

"I never thought that you were so clever!" he said with such a sweet, good-natured smile, that it seemed to me all at once that I was perfectly happy.

Praise acts so powerfully, not only on the feelings, but on the mind of man, that under its pleasant influence it seemed to me that I became much more clever, and ideas occurred to me one after the other with unusual swiftness. From vanity we passed, without noticing it, to

love; and discussion on this theme seemed inexhaustible. Although our judgments might seem utter nonsense to an uninterested listener, — so unintelligible and one-sided were they, — they possessed a lofty significance for us. Our souls were so agreeably attuned in harmony, that the slightest touch upon any chord in one found an echo in the other. We took pleasure in this mutual echoing of the divers chords which we touched in our discussion. It seemed to us that time and words were lacking to express to each other the thoughts which sought utterance.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BEGINNING OF FRIENDSHIP

From that time, rather strange but very agreeable relations existed between me and Dmitry Nekhliudoff. In the presence of strangers, he paid hardly any attention to me; but as soon as we chanced to be alone, we seated ourselves in some quiet nook, and began to discuss, forgetful of everything, and perceiving not how the time flew.

We talked of the future life, and of the arts, and of the government service, and marriage, and bringing up children; and it never entered our heads that all we said was the most frightful nonsense. It never occurred to us, because the nonsense we talked was wise and nice nonsense; and in youth one still prizes wisdom, and believes in it. In youth, all the powers of the soul are directed toward the future; and that future assumes such varied, vivid, and enchanting forms under the influence of hope, founded, not upon experience of the past, but upon the fancied possibilities of happiness, that the mere conceptions and dreams of future bliss, when shared, form a genuine happiness at that age. In the metaphysical discussions which formed one of the chief subjects of our conversation, I loved the moment when thoughts succeed each other more and more swiftly, and, growing ever more abstract, finally attain such a

degree of mistiness that one sees no possibility of expressing them, and, supposing that one is saying what he thinks, he says something entirely different. I loved the moment when, soaring higher and higher into the realms of thought, one suddenly comprehends all its infiniteness, and confesses the impossibility of proceeding farther.

Once, during the Carnival, Nekhliudoff was so absorbed in various pleasures, that, although he came to the house several times a day, he never once spoke to me; and this so offended me, that he again seemed to me a haughty and disagreeable man. I only waited for an opportunity to show him that I did not value his society in the least, and entertained no special affection for him.

On the first occasion after the Carnival that he wanted to talk to me, I said that I was obliged to prepare my lessons, and went up-stairs; but a quarter of an hour later, some one opened the school-room door, and Nekhliudoff entered.

"Do I disturb you?" said he.

"No," I replied, although I wanted to say that I really was busy.

"Then why did you leave Volodya's room? We haven't had a talk for a long while. And I have become so used to it, that it seems as if something were missing."

My vexation vanished in a moment, and Dmitry again appeared the same kind and charming man as before in my eyes.

"You probably know why I went away," said I.

"Perhaps," he replied, seating himself beside me. "But if I guess it, I cannot say why, but you can," said he.

"I will say it: I went away because I was angry with you — not angry, but vexed. To speak plainly, I am always afraid that you will despise me because I am still so very young."

"Do you know why I have become so intimate with you?" he said, replying to my confession with a good-humored and sensible smile, — "why I love you more

than people with whom I am better acquainted, and with whom I have more in common? I settled it at once. You have a wonderfully rare quality, — frankness."

"Yes, I always say just the very things that I am ashamed to acknowledge," I said, confirming him, "but only to those people whom I can trust."

"Yes; but in order to trust a person, one must be entirely friendly with him, and we are not friends yet, Nikolas. You remember that we discussed friendship; in order to be true friends, it is necessary to trust one another."

"To trust that what I tell you, you will not repeat to any one," said I. "But the most important, the most interesting thoughts, are just those which we would not tell each other for anything!"

"And what loathsome thoughts! such thoughts that, if we knew that we should be forced to acknowledge them, we should never have dared to think them."

"Do you know what idea has come to me, Nikolas?" he added, rising from his chair, and rubbing his hands, with a smile. "*Do it*, and you will see how beneficial it will be for both of us. Let us give our word to confess everything to each other; we shall know each other, and we shall not be ashamed; but, in order that we may not fear strangers, let us take a vow *never* to say *anything* to *anybody* about each other. Let us do this."

"All right," said I.

And we actually *did it*. What came of it, I shall relate hereafter.

Karr has said that, in every attachment, there are two sides: one loves, while the other permits himself to be loved; one kisses, the other offers the cheek. This is perfectly correct; and in our friendship I kissed, but Dmitry offered his cheek; but he was also ready to kiss me. We loved equally, because we knew and valued each other; but this did not prevent his exercising an influence over me, and my submitting to him.

Of course, under the influence of Nekhliudoff, I un-

consciously adopted his view, the gist of which consisted in an enthusiastic adoration of the ideal of virtue, and in a belief that man is intended constantly to perfect himself. Then the reformation of all mankind, the annihilation of all popular vices and miseries, appeared a practicable thing. It seemed very simple and easy to reform one's self, to acquire all virtues, and be happy.

But God only knows whether these lofty aspirations of youth were ridiculous, and who was to blame that they were not fulfilled.

YOUTH

CHAPTER I

WHAT I CONSIDER THE BEGINNING OF YOUTH

I HAVE said that my friendship with Dmitry revealed a new view of life to me, its aims and bearings. This view consisted essentially in the belief that man's destiny is to strive for moral perfection, and this perfection is easy, possible, and eternal. But hitherto I had reveled only in the discovery of the new thoughts which sprang from this belief, and in the construction of brilliant plans for a moral and active future; but my life went on in the same petty, confused, and idle fashion.

The philanthropic thoughts which I examined in my conversations with my adored friend Dmitry, *wonderful Mitya*, as I called him in a whisper to myself sometimes, still pleased my mind only, but not my feelings. But the time arrived when these thoughts came into my head with such freshness and force of moral discovery, that I was alarmed when I reflected how much time I had wasted in vain; and I wanted to apply these thoughts immediately, that very second, to life, with the firm intention of never changing them.

And from that time I date the beginning of *youth*. At that time I was nearly sixteen. Masters continued to come to me. St. Jérôme supervised my studies, and I was forced unwillingly to prepare for the university. Besides my studies, my occupations consisted in solitary incoherent reveries and meditation; in gymnastic exercises with a view to making myself the strongest man in the world; in roaming, without any definite aim or idea, through all the rooms, and particularly in the cor-

ridor of the maids' room; and in gazing at myself in the mirror, from which last occupation, by the way, I always desisted with a heavy feeling of sorrow and even of aversion. I not only was convinced that my appearance was plain, but I could not even comfort myself with the consolations usual in such cases. I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, and noble. There was nothing expressive about it; the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary, and most homely description. My small gray eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less of manliness about it. Although I was not so diminutive in stature, and very strong for my age, all my features were soft, flabby, and unformed. There was not even anything noble about it; on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (*mushik*), and I had just such big hands and feet; and this seemed to me at that time very disgraceful.

CHAPTER II

SPRING

On the year when I entered the university, Easter fell so late in April that the examinations were set for St. Thomas's Week,[1] and I was obliged to fast in preparation for the Holy Communion,[2] and make my final preparations, during Passion Week.

The weather had been soft, warm, and clear for three days after the wet snow which Karl Ivanitch had been in the habit of calling "*the son followed the father.*" Not a lump of snow was to be seen in the streets; dirty paste had given way to wet, shining pavements and rapid rivulets. The last drops were thawing from the

[1] The week following Easter week. — Tr.

[2] At least one reception a year of this Sacrament is obligatory; and the usual time is during the Great Fast (Lent) before Easter. Even those who receive it frequently make a point of having one such reception fall during this Great Fast. — Tr.

roofs in the sun. The buds were swelling on the trees within the enclosures. The path in the courtyard was dry. In the direction of the stable, past the frozen heaps of manure, and between the stones about the porch, the moss-like grass was beginning to turn green. It was that particular period of spring which acts most powerfully upon the soul of man, — the clear, full, brilliant but not hot sun, the brooks and snow-bare places, perfumed freshness in the air, and the tender blue sky, with its long transparent clouds. I do not know why, but it seems to me that the influence of this first period of birth of the spring is even more powerful and perceptible in a great city; one sees less, but foresees more. I stood by the window, through whose double frames the morning sun cast dusty rays of light upon the floor of the school-room which bored me so intolerably, solving a long algebraic equation on the blackboard. In one hand I held a soft, tattered copy of Franker's Algebra, in the other a small bit of chalk, with which I had already smeared both hands, my face, and the elbows of my coat. Nikolaï, wearing an apron, and with his sleeves rolled up, was chipping off the cement, and extracting the nails of the window which opened on the front yard. His occupation, and the noise he made, distracted my attention. Besides, I was in a very evil and dissatisfied state of mind. Nothing would go right with me. I had made a mistake at the beginning of my calculation, so that I had had to begin all over again. I had dropped the chalk twice. I was conscious that my hands and face were dirty. The sponge had disappeared somewhere or other; the noise which Nikolaï made shook my nerves painfully. I wanted to get into a rage, and growl. I flung aside the chalk and algebra, and began to pace the room. But I remembered that to-day I must go to confession, and that I must refrain from all evil; and all at once I fell into a peculiar, gentle mood, and approached Nikolaï.

"Permit me; I will help you, Nikolaï," said I, trying to impart the gentlest of tones to my voice. The thought that I was behaving well, stifling my vexation,

and helping him, heightened this gentle disposition of mind still further.

The cement was cut away, the nails removed; but although Nikolaï tugged at the cross-frame with all his might, the frame would not yield.

"If the frame comes out immediately now, when I pull on it," I thought, "it will signify that it is a sin, and that I need not do any more work to-day." The frame leaned to one side, and came out.

"Where is it to be carried?" said I.

"If you please, I will take care of it myself," replied Nikolaï, evidently amazed and seemingly displeased with my zeal; "it must not be mixed up, but they belong in the garret in my room."

"I will mark it," said I, lifting the frame.

It seems to me that if the garret were two versts away, and the window-frame were twice as heavy, I should be very much pleased. I wanted to exhaust myself by performing this service for Nikolaï. When I returned to the room, the tiles and the cones of salt[1] were already transferred to the window-sills, and Nikolaï, with a wing, had brushed off the sand and drowsy flies through the open window. The fresh, perfumed air had already entered and filled the room. From the window the hum of the city and the twittering of the sparrows in the yard were audible.

Every object was brilliantly illuminated; the room had grown cheerful; the light spring breeze fluttered the leaves of my algebra, and Nikolaï's hair. I approached the window, sat down in it, bent toward the yard, and began to think.

A certain new, exceedingly powerful, and pleasant sensation penetrated my soul all at once. The wet earth, through which, here and there, bright green

[1] In order to aid the sand, which is placed between the double windows to absorb dampness, little cones of salt two or three inches high are added, about three to a window. The salt is put into little paper molds while damp, to give it this conical form, and the molds are sometimes left also. Tiles or little bricks are often added, like cases, between the salt, for ornament; and provincial esthetes frequently add or substitute little bunches of artificial flowers. — Tr.

spears of grass with yellow stalks pushed their way; the rivulets, sparkling in the sun, and whirling along little clods of earth and shavings; and reddening twigs of syringa with swollen buds which undulate just beneath the window; the anxious twittering of the birds thronging this bush; the blackish hedge wet with the melted snow: but chiefly the damp, fragrant air and cheerful sun, — spoke to me intelligibly, clearly, of something new and very beautiful, which, though I cannot reproduce it as it told itself to me, I shall endeavor to repeat as I received it: everything spoke to me of beauty, happiness, and virtue, said that both were easy and possible to me, that one could not exist without the other, and even that beauty, happiness, and virtue are one and the same. "How could I fail to understand this? How wicked I was before! How happy I might have been, and how happy I may be in the future!" I said to myself. "I must become another man as quickly, as quickly, as possible, this very moment, and begin to live differently." But, in spite of this, I still sat for a long time in the window, dreaming and doing nothing. Has it ever happened to you, in summer, to lie down to sleep, during the daytime, in gloomy, rainy weather, and, waking up at sunset, to open your eyes, to catch sight through the wide square window, from under the linen shade which swells and beats its stick against the window-sill, of the shady, purpling side of the linden alley, wet with rain, and the damp garden walks, illuminated by the bright, slanting rays; suddenly to catch the sound of merry life among the birds in the garden, and to see the insects which are circling in the window aperture, transparent in the sun, and become conscious of the fragrance of the air after rain, and to think, "How shameful of me to sleep away such an evening!" and then to spring up in haste, in order to go to the garden and rejoice in life? If this has happened to you, then that is a specimen of the powerful feeling which I experienced then.

CHAPTER III

REVERIES

"To-day I shall confess, I shall purify myself of all my sins," I thought, "and I shall never commit any more." (Here I recalled all the sins which troubled me most.) "I shall go to church, without fail, every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for a whole hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I shall receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two rubles and a half (one-tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it — and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman, whom no one knows about.

"I shall have a room to myself (probably St. Jérôme's), and I shall take care of it myself, and keep it wonderfully clean; and I shall leave the man nothing to do for me, for he is just the same as I am. Then I shall go every day to the university on foot (and if they give me a drozhky, I shall sell it, and give that money also to the poor), and I shall do everything with the greatest precision. (What this "everything" was, I could not have told, in the least, then; but I vividly realized and felt that this "everything" meant an intellectual, moral, and irreproachable life.) "I shall prepare my lectures, and even go over the subjects beforehand, so that I shall be at the head in the first course, and write the dissertation; in the second course, I shall know everything beforehand, and they can transfer me directly to the third course, so that at eighteen I shall graduate as first candidate, with two gold medals; then I shall stand my examination for the degree of Master, then Doctor, and I shall become the leading *savant* in Russia; I may be the most learned man in Europe, even." "Well, and afterwards?" I asked myself. But here I remembered that these were dreams, — pride, sin, which I should have to recount to the priest that evening; and I went back to the beginning of my argument. "As a

preparation for my lectures, I will walk out to the Sparrow Hills ;[1] there I will select a spot beneath a tree, and read over the lesson. Sometimes I shall take something to eat with me, cheese or cakes from Pedotti, or something. I shall rest myself, and then I shall read some good book, or sketch views, or play on some instrument (I must not fail to learn to play the flute). Then *she* will also take a walk on the Sparrow Hills, and some day she will come up to me and ask who I am. And I shall look at her so mournfully, and say that I am the son of a priest, and that I am happy only here when I am alone, quite, quite alone. Then she will give me her hand, and say something, and sit down beside me. Thus we shall come there every day, and we shall become friends, and I shall kiss her. — No, that is not well ; on the contrary, from this day forth, I shall never more look at a woman. Never, never will I go into the maids' room, I will try not to pass by it even ; and in three years I shall be free from guardianship, and I shall marry, without fail. I shall take as much exercise as possible with gymnastics every day, so that when I am twenty-five I shall be stronger than Rappeau. The first day, I will hold half a pood[2] in my outstretched hand for five minutes ; on the second day, twenty-one pounds ; on the third day, twenty-two pounds, and so on, so that at last I can support four poods in each hand, and I shall be stronger than all the men-servants ; and when any one undertakes to insult me, or express himself disrespectfully of *her*, I will take him thus, quite simply, by the breast, I will lift him an arshin or two from the ground with one hand, and only hold him long enough to let him feel my power, and then I will release him. — But this is not well : no, I will not do him any harm, I will only show him .... "

Reproach me not because the dreams of youth were as childish as the dreams of childhood and boyhood. I am convinced that if I am fated to live to extreme old age, and my story follows my growth, as an old man of seventy I shall dream in exactly the same impossibly

[1] Hills near Moscow. — Tr.

[2] About twenty pounds. — Tr.

childish way as now. I shall dream of some charming Marie, who will fall in love with me as a toothless old man, as she loved Mazeppa;[1] of how my weak-minded son will suddenly become a Minister through some unusual circumstance; or of how a treasure of millions will fall to me all of a sudden. I am convinced that there is no human being or age which is deprived of this beneficent, comforting capacity for dreaming. But, exclusive of the general traits of impossibility, — the witchcraft of reverie, — the dreams of each man and of each stage of growth possess their own distinctive character. During that period of time which I regard as the limit of boyhood and the beginning of youth, four sentiments formed the foundation of my dreams: love for *her*, the ideal woman, of whom I thought always in the same strain, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any moment. This *she* was a little like Sonitchka; a little like Mascha, Vasily's wife, when she washes the clothes in the tub; and a little like the woman with pearls on her white neck, whom I saw in the theater very long ago, in the box next to ours. The second sentiment was love of love. I wanted to have every one know and love me. I wanted to pronounce my name, Nikolaï Irteneff, and have every one, startled by this information, surround me, and thank me for something. The third feeling was the hope of some remarkable, glorious good fortune, — so great and firm that it would border on madness. I was so sure that I should become the greatest and most distinguished man in the world very soon, in consequence of some extraordinary circumstance or other, that I found myself constantly in a state of agitated expectation of something enchantingly blissful. I was always expecting that it *was about to begin*, and that I was on the point of attaining whatever a man may desire; and I was always hastening about in all directions, supposing that it was already *beginning* in the place where I was not. The fourth and principal feeling was disgust at myself, and remorse, but a remorse so mingled with hope of bliss that there was nothing

[1] An allusion to Pushkin's poem, "Poltava." — Tr.

sorrowful about it. It seemed to me so easy and natural to tear myself away from all the past, to reconstruct, to forget everything which had been, and to begin my life with all its relations quite anew, that the past neither weighed upon nor fettered me. I even took pleasure in my repugnance to the past, and began to see it in more somber colors than it had possessed. The blacker was the circle of memories of the past, the purer and brighter did the pure, bright point of the present and the rainbow hues of the future stand out in relief against it. This voice of remorse and of passionate desire for perfection was the chief new spiritual sentiment at that epoch of my development; and it marked a new era in my views with regard to myself, to people, and the world. That beneficent, cheering voice has, since then, so often boldly been raised, in those sad hours when the soul has silently submitted to the weight of life's falsehood and vice, against every untruth, maliciously convicting the past, pointing to the bright spot of the present and making one love it, and promising good and happiness in the future, — the blessed, comforting voice! Is it possible that thou wilt ever cease to sound?

CHAPTER IV

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

Papa was seldom at home that spring. But when it did happen, he was extremely gay; he rattled off his favorite pieces on the piano, made eyes and invented jests about Mimi and all of us, such as that the Tsarevitch of Georgia had seen Mimi out riding, and had fallen so much in love that he had sent a petition to the Synod for a divorce, and that I had been appointed assistant to the ambassador to Vienna, — and he communicated this news with a sober face, — and frightened Katenka with spiders, which she was afraid of. He was very gracious to our friends Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff,

and was constantly telling us and visitors his plans for the coming year. Although these plans were changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them eagerly, and Liubotchka stared straight at papa's mouth, never winking lest she should lose a single word. Now the plan consisted in leaving us in Moscow at the university, and going to Italy with Liubotchka for two years, — again, he was going to purchase an estate in the Crimea, on the southern shore, and go there every summer, — then, he intended to remove to Petersburg with the whole family, and so forth. But another change had taken place of late in papa, besides his remarkable gayety, which greatly surprised me. He had got himself some fashionable clothes, — an olive-colored coat, fashionable trousers with straps, and a long overcoat which became him extremely, — and he was often deliciously scented with perfumes when he went anywhere, and particularly to one lady of whom Mimi never spoke except with a sigh, and with a face on which one might have read the words, "Poor orphans! An unfortunate passion. It is well that *she* is no more," and so on. I learned from Nikolaï (for papa never told us about his gambling affairs) that he had been very lucky in play that winter; he had won a dreadfully large sum at *l'hombre*, and did not want to play any that spring. Probably this was the reason that he was so anxious to go to the country as soon as possible, lest he should not be able to restrain himself. He even decided not to await my entrance to the university, but to go off immediately after Easter to Petrovskoe with the girls, whither Volodya and I were to follow him later on.

Volodya had been inseparable from Dubkoff all winter and even until the spring (but they and Dmitry began to treat each other rather coldly). Their chief pleasures, so far as I could judge from the conversations which I heard, consisted in drinking champagne incessantly, driving in a sleigh past the windows of young ladies with whom they were both in love, and dancing *vis-à-vis*, not at children's balls any more, but at real balls.

This last circumstance caused a great separation between Volodya and me, although we loved each other. We were conscious that the difference was too great between the boy to whom teachers still came, and the man who danced at great balls, to allow of our making up our minds to share our thoughts. Katenka was already quite grown up, read a great many romances, and the thought that she might soon marry no longer seemed a joke to me ; but although Volodya was grown up also, they did not associate, and it even seemed as though they despised each other. Generally, when Katenka was alone at home, nothing interested her but romances, and she was bored most of the time ; but when strange men came, she became very lively and charming, made eyes at them, and what she meant to express by this I could not in the least understand. Only later, when I learned from her in conversation that the only coquetry permitted to a girl is this coquetry of the eyes, could I explain to myself the strange, unnatural grimaces of the eyes, which did not seem to surprise other people at all. Liubotchka also had begun to wear dresses which were almost long, so that her crooked legs were hardly visible at all ; but she cried as much as ever. She no longer dreamed now of marrying a hussar, but a singer or a musician ; and to this end she busied herself diligently with music. St. Jérôme, who knew that he was to remain in the house only until the conclusion of my examinations, had found a situation with some Count, and from that time forth looked upon our household rather disdainfully. He was seldom at home, took to smoking cigarettes, which were then the height of dandyism, and was incessantly whistling merry airs through a card. Mimi became more bitter every day, and it seemed as though she did not expect any good from any one of us from the time we were grown up.

When I came down to dinner, I found only Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and St. Jérôme in the dining-room ; papa was not at home, and Volodya, who was preparing for examination, was with his comrades in his

room, and had ordered his dinner to be served there. Of late, Mimi, whom none of us respected, had taken the head of the table most of the time, and dinner lost much of its charm. Dinner was no longer, as in mamma's day, and grandmamma's, a kind of ceremony which united the whole family at a certain hour, and divided the day into two halves. We permitted ourselves to be late, to come in at the second course, to drink wine from tumblers (St. Jérôme himself set the example on this point), to lounge on our chairs, to go off before dinner was over, and similar liberties. From that moment dinner ceased to be, as formerly, a joyous, daily family solemnity. It was quite another thing at Petrovskoe, where all, freshly washed and dressed for dinner, seated themselves in the drawing-room at two o'clock, and chatted merrily while waiting for the appointed hour. Just as the clock in the butler's pantry squeaks preparatory to striking two, Foka enters softly, a napkin on his arm, and with a dignified and rather stern countenance. "Dinner is ready!" he says in a loud, drawling voice; and all go to the dining-room, the elder people in front, the young ones behind, with gay, contented faces; rattling their starched skirts, and squeaking their shoes, and softly talking, they seat themselves in their familiar places. And it used to be very different in Moscow, where all stood softly talking before the table, waiting for grandmamma, — and Gavrilo has already gone to announce to her that dinner is served; all at once the door opens, the rustle of a dress and the sound of feet become audible, and grandmamma swims out of her chamber, in a remarkable cap with lilac ribbons and all on one side, smiling or scowling darkly (according to the state of her health). Gavrilo rushes to her chair, the chairs rattle, and with a feeling of cold trickling down your spine — a forerunner of appetite — you take your rather damp, starched napkin, devour your crust of bread, and, rubbing your hands under the table with impatient and joyous greediness, you gaze at the steaming tureen of soup, which the butler dispenses according to rank, age, and grandmamma's ideas.

I no longer experienced any such joy or emotion when I came to dinner.

The chatter between Mimi, St. Jérôme, and the girls about the frightful shoes which the Russian teacher wears, and about the young Princesses Kornakoff's flounced dresses, and so on, — that chatter which formerly inspired me with genuine contempt, which I did not even try to conceal so far as Liubotchka and Katenka were concerned, — did not withdraw me from my new and virtuous frame of mind. I was unusually gentle; I listened to them with a peculiarly courteous smile, respectfully asked to have the kvas passed to me, and agreed with St. Jérôme when he corrected me for a phrase which I had used before dinner, and told me that it was more elegant to say *je puis* than *je peux*. But I must confess that it rather displeased me to find no one paid any special attention to my gentleness and amiability. After dinner Liubotchka showed me a paper on which she had written down all her sins; I thought that very fine, but that it would be still better to inscribe one's sins in one's soul, and that "all that was not quite the thing to do."

"Why not?" asked Liubotchka.

"Well, but this is all right also; you don't understand me." And I went up-stairs to my own room, telling St. Jérôme that I was going to occupy myself until time to go to confession, which was an hour and a half off yet, with writing out a list of my duties and occupations for my whole life, and laying out on paper the aim of my life, and the rules by which I was always to act without any deviation.

CHAPTER V

RULES

I PROCURED a sheet of paper, and wanted first of all to set about a list of my duties and occupations for the coming year. For this the paper must be ruled; but as I had not the ruler by me, I used the Latin dictionary

for that purpose. When I drew the pen along the dictionary, and then moved that back, it appeared that instead of a line I had made a long puddle of ink on the paper; besides, the dictionary was shorter than the paper, and the line curved around its soft corner. I took another piece of paper, and by moving the lexicon I managed to draw the line after a fashion. Separating my duties into three classes, — duties to myself, to my neighbor, and to God, — I began to write down the first; but they turned out to be so numerous, and of so many kinds and subdivisions, that it was necessary to write first, "Rules of Life," and then to set about making a list of them. I took six sheets of paper, sewed them into a book, and wrote at the top, "Rules of Life." These words were so crookedly and unevenly written that I pondered for a long while whether I should not write them over; and I worried long as I looked at the tattered list, and this deformed heading. Why does everything which was so beautiful and clean in my soul turn out so repulsive on paper, and in life generally, when I want to put in practice any of the things which I think?

"The confessor has arrived; please come down-stairs to listen to the precepts," Nikolaï came to announce.

I hid my blank-book in the table, looked in the glass, brushed my hair up, which, in my opinion, gave me a thoughtful look, and went to the boudoir, where stood a covered table with the images and the wax candles for sacramental preparation. Papa entered by another door at the same time as myself. The confessor, a gray-haired monk with a stern, aged face, gave papa his blessing. Papa kissed his small, broad, dry hand; I did the same.

"Call Waldemar," said papa; "where is he? But no, he is making his fasting preparation and confession at the university."

"He is engaged with the prince," said Katenka, and looked at Liubotchka. Liubotchka suddenly blushed, frowned for some reason, pretended that she felt ill, and quitted the room. I followed her. She paused in

the drawing-room, and wrote something more on her paper.

"What, have you committed a fresh sin?" I asked.

"No, it's nothing," she replied, turning red.

At that moment Dmitry's voice became audible in the anteroom, as he took leave of Volodya.

"Everything is a temptation to you," said Katenka, entering the room, and addressing Liubotchka.

I could not understand what had happened to my sister; she was so confused that tears rose to her eyes, and her agitation, attaining the highest point, passed into anger at herself and Katenka, who was evidently teasing her.

"It's plain that you are a *foreigner* [nothing could be more insulting to Katenka than the appellation of "foreigner," and therefore Liubotchka made use of it]: before such a sacrament," she continued, with dignity in her voice, "and you are distracting me intentionally; you ought to understand that this is not a jest at all."

"Do you know what she has written, Nikolenka?" said Katenka, offended by the word "foreigner." "She has written...."

"I did not expect that you would be so malicious," said Liubotchka, breaking down completely, and leaving us. "She leads me into sin, and on purpose, at such a moment. I do not bother you with your feelings and sufferings."

CHAPTER VI

CONFESSION

With these and other similar distracting thoughts, I returned to the boudoir, when all were assembled there, and the confessor, rising, prepared to read the prayer before confession. But as soon as the stern, expressive voice of the monk resounded amid the universal silence, and especially when he addressed us with the words, "*Disclose all your sins without shame, fear, or secrecy,*

and your soul shall be purified before God; but if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin," the feeling of devout agitation which I had felt on the preceding morning, at the thought of the coming sacrament, returned to me. I even took pleasure in the consciousness of this state, and tried to retain it, putting a stop to all thoughts which occurred to me, and trying to fear something.

The first who approached to confess was papa. He remained for a very long time in grandmamma's room, and meanwhile all of us in the boudoir remained silent, or discussed in whispers who should go first. At length the monk's voice was again audible behind the door, as he read a prayer, and then papa's footsteps. The door creaked, and he emerged, coughing, as was his wont, twitching his shoulders, and not looking at any of us.

"Come, do you go now, Liuba, and see that you tell everything. You are my great sinner," said papa, gayly, pinching her cheek.

Liubotchka reddened and turned pale, pulled her list from her apron and hid it again, and, hanging her head, and seeming to shorten her neck, as though expecting a blow from above, she passed through the door. She did not stay long, but when she came out her shoulders were heaving with sobs.

Finally, after pretty Katenka, who came out smiling, my turn came. I entered the half-lighted room with the same dull terror, and a desire deliberately to augment that terror, in myself. The confessor stood before the reading-desk, and slowly turned his face toward me.

I did not remain more than five minutes in grandmamma's room, and came out happy, and, according to my convictions at the time, a perfectly pure, morally changed, and new man. Although all the old surroundings of life struck me unpleasantly, the same rooms, the same furniture, the same face in myself (I should have liked to change my exterior, just as all my interior had been changed, as I thought)—still, notwithstanding this, I remained in this refreshing frame of mind until I went to bed.

I had already fallen into a doze, as I was going over in imagination all the sins of which I had been purified, when all at once I recalled one shameful sin which I had kept back in confession. The words of the prayer preceding confession came back to me, and resounded in my ears without intermission. All my composure vanished in a moment. "And if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin," I heard incessantly. I saw that I was such a terrible sinner that there was no punishment adequate for me. Long did I toss from side to side, as I reflected on my situation, and awaited God's punishment and even sudden death from moment to moment, — a thought which threw me into indescribable terror. But suddenly the happy thought occurred to me, to go or ride to the confessor at the monastery as soon as it was light, and confess again; and I became calm.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRIP TO THE MONASTERY

I WOKE up several times during the night, fearing to oversleep myself in the morning, and at six o'clock I was already on my feet. It was hardly light at the windows yet. I put on my clothes and my boots, which lay in a heap and unbrushed by the bed, for Nikolaï had not succeeded in carrying them off; and, without washing myself or saying my prayers, I went out into the street alone for the first time in my life.

From behind the big, green-roofed house on the other side of the street, the red flush of the dull, cold dawn appeared. A rather hard spring morning frost bound the mud and the rivulets, crackled under foot, and bit my face and hands.

There was not a single cabman in our lane as yet, though I had counted on it in order that I might go and return the more speedily. Only a few carts were dragging slowly along the Arbata, and a couple of work-

ing stone-masons passed along the sidewalk in conversation. After I had gone a thousand paces, I began to meet men and women going to market with their baskets, and with casks going for water. A pie-seller had come out at the corner; one kalatch-baker's shop[1] was open, and at the Arbatsky gate I came across an old cabman asleep on his worn, blue, patched drozhky. It must have been in his sleep that he asked me twenty kopeks to the monastery and back, but then he suddenly recollected himself; and only when I was about to take my seat did he lash his horse with the ends of the reins, and attempt to drive off. "I must feed my horse! impossible, master!" he muttered.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to stop by offering him forty kopeks. He pulled up his horse, looked me over carefully, and said, "Get in, master." I confess that I was rather afraid that he would drive me to some secluded lane, and rob me. Catching hold of his tattered coat-collar, whereupon his wrinkled neck, mounted upon a deeply bowed spine, was laid bare in a pitiful way, I climbed up to the blue, undulating, rocking seat, and we went shaking down the Vosdvizhenka. On the way, I observed that the back of the drozhky was lined with bits of the greenish material from which the driver's coat was made; and this fact calmed me, for some reason, and I was no longer afraid that the izvoshtchik would carry me off to an obscure alley and rob me.

The sun was already quite high, and had gilded the cupolas of the churches brilliantly, when we arrived at the monastery. Frost still lingered in the shade; but along the road flowed swift turbid streams, and the horse splashed along through liquid mud. On entering the inclosure of the monastery, I inquired of the first person I saw where I could find the confessor.

"Yonder is his cell," said the passing monk, pausing for a moment, and pointing at a tiny house with a tiny portico.

"I am extremely obliged," said I.

But what could the monks, who all stared at me as

[1] *Kalatch*, a famous and favorite kind of wheaten roll. — TR.

they came out of the church one by one, think of me? I was neither an adult nor a child; my face was unwashed, my hair uncombed, my clothing dusty, my shoes uncleaned and still muddy. To what class did the monks, who were surveying me, mentally assign me? And they examined me attentively. Nevertheless, I walked in the direction indicated to me by the young monk.

An old man in a black garment, with thick gray eyebrows, met me in the narrow path which led to the cell, and asked what I wanted.

For a moment, I wanted to say, "Nothing," run back to the carriage, and drive home; but the old man's face inspired confidence, in spite of his contracted brows. I said that I must see the confessor, and mentioned his name.

"Come, young sir, I will conduct you," said he, turning back, and apparently divining my situation at once. "The father is at matins; he will soon be here."

He opened the door, and led me through a clean vestibule and anteroom, over a clean linen floor-covering, into the cell.

"Wait here," said he, with a kindly, soothing glance, and went out.

The little room in which I found myself was extremely small, and arranged with the greatest neatness. A little table covered with oil-cloth, that stood between two double-leaved windows, upon which stood two pots of geraniums, a stand supporting the images, and a lamp which swung before them, one arm-chair and two common chairs, comprised the entire furniture. In the corner hung a wall-clock, its dial adorned with painted flowers, and with its brass weights on chains half unwound; two cassocks hung from nails in the partition, behind which was probably the bed, and which was joined to the ceiling by whitewashed wooden poles.

The windows opened on a white wall about four feet and a half distant. Between them and the wall was a little bush of syringa. Not a sound from without penetrated to the room, so that the regular, pleasant tick of

the pendulum seemed a loud noise in this stillness. As soon as I was alone in this quiet nook, all my former ideas and memories suddenly leaped out of my head, as if they had never been there, and I became wholly absorbed in an inexpressibly agreeable reverie. That yellow nankeen cassock, with its threadbare lining, the worn black leather bindings of the books and their brass clasps, the dull green hue of the plants, the carefully watered earth and well-washed leaves, and the monotonous, interrupted sound of the pendulum in particular, spoke to me distinctly of a new life hitherto unknown to me, — a life of solitude, of prayer, of calm quiet happiness.

"Months pass by, years pass by," I thought; "he is always alone, always calm; he always feels that his conscience is pure in the sight of God, and that his prayers are heard by Him." For about half an hour I sat on that chair, trying not to move, and not to breathe loudly, in order that I might not disturb the harmony of sounds which had been so eloquent to me. And the pendulum ticked on as before: loudly to the right, more softly to the left.

CHAPTER VIII

A SECOND CONFESSION

The confessor's footsteps aroused me from this reverie.

"Good-morning," said he, adjusting his gray hair with his hand. "What would you like?"

I asked him to bless me, and kissed his small yellowish hand with peculiar satisfaction.

When I explained my petition to him, he made no reply to me, but went to the holy pictures and began the confession.

When the confession was finished, I conquered my shame, told him all that was in my soul; he laid his hands upon my head, and in his quiet, melodious voice, he said, "My son, may the blessing of our Heavenly

Father be upon you, and may He preserve faith, peace, and gentleness within you evermore. Amen."

I was perfectly happy; tears of bliss rose in my throat; I kissed the folds of his lady's-cloth cassock, and raised my head. The monk's face was quite calm.

I felt that I was taking delight in the sensation of emotion; and, fearing that I might banish it in some way, I took leave of the confessor in haste, and without glancing aside, in order not to distract my attention, quitted the inclosure, and seated myself again in the motley and jolting drozhky. But the jolts of the equipage, the variety of objects which flashed before my eyes, speedily dissipated that sensation, and I already began to think that the confessor was probably thinking by this time, that such a fine soul of a young man as I he had never met, and never would meet in all his life, and that there were no others like me. I was convinced of it, and this conviction called forth in me a feeling of cheerfulness of such a nature that it demanded communication to some one.

I wanted dreadfully to talk to some one; but as there was no one at hand except the izvoshtchik, I turned to him.

"Well, was I gone long?" I asked.

"Not so very long; but it was time to feed the horse long ago, because I am a night-cabman," replied the old izvoshtchik, who, now that the sun was up, seemed quite lively, compared with what he had been before.

"It seemed to me that it was only a minute," said I. "And do you know why I went to the monastery?" I added, changing my seat to the hollow which was nearer the old driver.

"What business is that of mine? I take my passengers wherever they order me," he replied.

"No, but nevertheless what do you think?" I went on with my interrogations.

"Well, probably, some one is to be buried, and you went to buy a place," said he.

"No, brother; but do you know why I went?"

"I can't know, master," he repeated.

The izvoshtchik's voice seemed to me so kind, that I determined to relate to him the cause of my journey, and even the feeling which I had experienced, for his edification.

"I will tell you, if you like. You see...."

And I told him everything, and described all my beautiful sentiments. I blush even now at the memory of it.

"Yes, sir," said the izvoshtchik, incredulously.

And for a long time after that, he sat silent and motionless, only now and then adjusting the tail of his coat, that escaped from beneath his motley feet which jogged up and down in their big boots on the foot-board. I was already thinking that he was thinking about me in the same way as the confessor, — that is, as such a very fine young man, whose like did not exist in the world; but he suddenly turned to me.

"Well, master, are you a gentleman?"

"What?" I inquired.

"A gentleman, are you a gentleman?"

"No, he has not understood me," I thought, but I said nothing more to him until we reached home.

Although the feeling of agitation and devotion did not last the whole way, self-satisfaction in having experienced it did, in spite of the people who dotted the streets everywhere with color in the brilliant sunlight; but, as soon as I reached home, this feeling entirely disappeared. I did not have my two twenty-kopek pieces to pay the driver. Gavrilo the butler, to whom I was already indebted, would not lend me any more. The izvoshtchik, after seeing me run through the courtyard twice to get the money, must have guessed why I was running, climbed down from his drozhky, and, although he had seemed to me so kind, began to talk loudly, with an evident desire to wound me, about swindlers who would not pay for their rides.

Every one was still asleep in the house, so there was no one of whom I could borrow the forty kopeks except the servants. Finally Vasily, on my sacred, most sacred word of honor, in which (I could see it by his face) he

did not put the slightest faith, but because he loved me and remembered the service which I had rendered him, paid the izvoshtchik for me. When I went to dress for church, in order that I might receive the Holy Communion with the rest, and it turned out that my clothes had not been mended and I could not put them on, I sinned to an incalculable extent. Having donned another suit, I went to the Communion in a strange state of agitation of mind, and with utter disbelief in my very fine proclivities.

CHAPTER IX

HOW I PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION

On the Friday after Easter, papa, my sister Mimi, and Katenka went to the country; so that in all grandmamma's great house there remained only Volodya, myself, and St. Jérôme. The frame of mind in which I had found myself on the day of confession, and when I went to the monastery, had completely disappeared, and had left behind only a troubled though agreeable memory, which was more and more dulled by the new impressions of a free life.

The blank-book with the heading "Rules of Life" had also been hidden under roughly written note-books of my studies. Although the idea of the possibility of establishing rules for all the contingencies of life, and of guiding myself always by them, pleased me, and seemed very simple and at the same time very grand, and I intended all the same to apply it to life, I seemed again to have forgotten that it was necessary to do this at once, and I kept putting it off to some indefinite time. But one fact delighted me, and that was that every thought which occurred to me now ranged itself immediately under one or other of the classifications of my rules and duties, — either under the head of duty to my neighbor, to myself, or to God. "Now I will set it down there," I said to myself, "and many, many other thoughts which will occur to me then on this subject." I

often ask myself now: When was I better or more correct, — then, when I believed in the omnipotency of the human intellect, or now that I have lost faith in the power of development, and doubt the power and significance of the human mind? And I cannot give myself any positive answer.

The consciousness of freedom, and that spring feeling of expecting something, which I have already mentioned, agitated me to such a degree that I positively could not control myself, and I was very badly prepared for my examination. Suppose you are busy in the school-room in the morning, and know that it is necessary to work, because to-morrow there is to be an examination on a subject, two whole questions on which you have not read up at all, when, all of a sudden, a spring perfume wafts in at the window: it seems as though it were indispensably necessary to recall something; your hands drop of themselves, your feet begin to move of their own will, and to pace back and forth, and some spring seems to be pressed in your head which sets the whole machine in motion; and it is so light and natural in your mind, and divers merry, motley reveries begin to run through it, and you can only succeed in catching their gleam. Thus an hour, two hours, pass unnoticed. Or, you are sitting over your book, and concentrating your attention, after a fashion, on what you are reading; and suddenly you hear the sound of a woman's footsteps and dress in the corrider, and everything has sprung out of your head, and there is no possibility of sitting still in one place, although you know very well that nobody can be passing through that corridor except Gascha, grandmother's old maid-servant. "Well, but if it should be *she* all at once?" comes into your mind; "and what if it should be beginning now, and I let the opportunity slip?" And you spring out into the corridor, and see that it is actually Gascha; but you do not recover control of your head for a long time. The spring has been pressed, and again a frightful disorder has ensued. Or, you are sitting alone in the evening, with a tallow candle, in your room; and all at once you tear yourself from

your book for a moment in order to snuff the candle or to place a chair, and you see that it is dark everywhere, at the doors and in the corners, and you hear how quiet it is all over the house; and again it is impossible not to stop and listen to that silence, and not to stare at that obscurity of the door which is open into a dark chamber, and not to remain for a long, long time immovable in the same attitude, or not to go down-stairs, or pass through all the empty rooms. Often, too, I have sat unperceived, for a long time, in the hall, listening to the sound of the "Nightingale," which Gascha was playing with two fingers on the piano, as she sat alone with one tallow candle in the great apartment. And when there was moonlight I could not resist rising from my bed, and lying on the window toward the yard, and gazing at the illuminated roof of the Schaposchnikoff house, and the graceful bell-tower of our parish church, and at the night shadows of the hedge and bushes as they lay upon the garden paths; and I could not help sitting there so long, that I was only able to rouse myself with difficulty at ten o'clock in the morning.

So that, had it not been for the masters who continued to come to me, St. Jérôme, who now and then unwillingly tickled my vanity, and most of all the desire to show myself a capable young fellow in the eyes of my friend Nekhliudoff, that is, by passing an excellent examination, which in his opinion was a matter of great importance, — if it had not been for this, the spring and liberty would have had the effect of making me forget everything I had known before, and I should not have been able to pass the examination on any terms.

CHAPTER X

THE EXAMINATION IN HISTORY

On the sixteenth of April I went to the great hall of the university for the first time, under the protection of St. Jérôme. We drove there in our rather dandified pha-

eton. I was in a dress-coat for the first time in my life; and all my clothing, even my linen and stockings, was perfectly new, and of the very best. When the Swiss took off my overcoat, and I stood before him in all the beauty of my costume, I was rather ashamed of being so dazzling; but I no sooner stepped into the bright hall, with its polished floor, which was filled with people, and beheld hundreds of young men in gymnasium uniforms and dress-coats, several of whom glanced at me with indifference, and the dignified professors at the farther end, walking freely about among the tables, and sitting in large arm-chairs, than I was instantly disenchanted in my hope of turning the general attention upon myself; and the expression of my countenance, which at home and even in the anteroom had indicated that I possessed that noble and distinguished appearance against my will, changed into an expression of the most excessive timidity, and to some extent of depression. I even fell into the other extreme, and rejoiced greatly when I beheld at the nearest desk an excessively ugly, dirtily dressed gentleman, not yet old but almost entirely gray, who sat on the last bench, at a distance from all the rest. I immediately seated myself beside him, and began to observe the candidates for examination, and to draw my conclusions about them. Many and varied were the figures and faces there; but all, according to my opinion at the time, were easily divisible into three classes.

There were those who, like myself, presented themselves for examination, accompanied by their tutors or parents; and among their number was the youngest Ivin with Frost, already so well known to me, and Ilinka Grap with his aged father. All such had downy chins, prominent linen, and sat quietly without opening the books and blank-books which they had brought with them, and regarded the professors and examination tables with evident timidity. The second class of candidates were the young men in the gymnasium uniforms, many of whom had already shaved. Most of these knew each other, talked loudly, mentioned the professors by their

names and patronymics, were already preparing questions, passing their note-books to each other, walking over the stools in the anteroom, and bringing in patties and slices of bread-and-butter, which they immediately devoured, merely bending their heads to a level with the desks. And lastly, there was a third class of candidates, very few in number, however, who were quite old, were attired in dress-coats, though the majority wore surtouts, and were without any visible linen. The one who consoled me by being certainly dressed worse than I was belonged to this last class. He leaned his head on both hands, and between his fingers escaped dishevelled locks of half-gray hair; he was reading a book, and merely glanced at me for a moment with his brilliant eyes in anything but a good-natured way, scowled darkly, and thrust out a shiny elbow in my direction, so that I might not move any nearer to him. The gymnasium men, on the other hand, were too familiar, and I was a little afraid of them. One said, as he thrust a book into my hand, "Give this to that man yonder;" another said, as he passed me, "Let me pass, my good fellow;" a third, as he climbed over the desk, leaned on my shoulder as though it had been the bench. All this was coarse and disagreeable to me. I considered myself much better than these fellows from the gymnasium, and thought they had no business to permit themselves such liberties with me. At last they began to call the family names; the gymnasium fellows stepped out boldly, answered well for the most part, and returned cheerfully. Our set were much more timid, and answered worse, it appeared. Some of the elder men answered excellently, others very badly indeed. When Semenoff was called, my neighbor with the hair and glittering eyes stepped over my feet with a rude push, and went up to the table. On returning to his place, he took up his note-books, and quietly went away without finding out how he had been rated. I had already shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called the family names, but my turn had not yet come, according to the alphabetical list, although some whose

names began with I had already been called up. "Ikonin and Teneff," shouted some one in the professors' corner all of a sudden. A shiver ran through my back and my hair.

"Who is called? Who is Barteneff?" they began to say around me.

"Go, Ikonin, you are called; but who is Barteneff, Mordeneff? I do not know, confess," said a tall, ruddy gymnasist as he stood before me.

"It is you," said St. Jérôme.

"My name is Irteneff," said I to the red-faced gymnasist. "Did they call for Irteneff?"

"Yes; why don't you go? What a fop!" he added, not loudly, but so that I heard his words, as I left the bench. In front of me walked Ikonin, a tall young man of five and twenty, who belonged to the third class of old candidates. He wore a tight olive coat, a blue satin neckerchief, upon which behind hung his long, light hair, dressed à la muzhik.[1] I had already remarked his personal appearance on the seats. He was rather good-looking and talkative.

What especially struck me in him was the queer reddish hair which he had allowed to grow on his throat; and, still more, a strange custom which he had of incessantly unbuttoning his waistcoat, and scratching his breast under his shirt.

Three professors were seated at the table which Ikonin and I were approaching; not one of them returned our salute. The young professor was shuffling tickets like a pack of cards; the second professor, with a star on his coat, was staring at the gymnasist who was saying something very rapidly about Charlemagne, adding "at last" to every word; and the third, an old man, looked at us through his spectacles, and pointed to the tickets. I felt that his gaze was directed upon Ikonin and me jointly, and that something in our appearance displeased him (possibly Ikonin's red beard), because as he looked at us again in the same way he made an impatient sign with his head to us that we

[1] Peasant; cut square all round. — Tr.

should take our tickets as quickly as possible. I felt vexed and insulted, in the first place, because no one had returned our bow, and, in the second, because they were evidently including me and Ikonin in one classification, that of candidates for examination, and were already prejudiced against me because of Ikonin's red hair. I took my ticket without timidity, and prepared to answer, but the professor directed his gaze at Ikonin. I read my ticket through; I knew it, and, while calmly awaiting my turn, I observed what was going on before me. Ikonin was not in the least embarrassed, and was even too bold, for he moved sideways to take his ticket, shook back his hair, and read what was printed on it in a dashing way. He was on the point of opening his mouth to reply, I thought, when the professor with the star, having dismissed the gymnasist with praise, glanced at him. Ikonin seemed to recollect something, and paused. The general silence lasted for a couple of minutes.

"Well," said the professor in spectacles.

Ikonin opened his mouth, and again remained silent.

"Come, you are not the only one; will you answer or not?" said the young professor, but Ikonin did not even look at him. He stared intently at the ticket, and did not utter a single word. The professor in spectacles looked at him through his glasses, and over his glasses, and without his glasses, because by this time he had managed to remove them, wipe them carefully, and put them on again. Ikonin never uttered a word. Suddenly a smile dawned upon his face, he shook back his hair, again turned full broadside to the table, looked at all the professors in turn, then at me, turned, and flourishing his hands walked jauntily back to his bench. The professors exchanged glances.

"A fine bird!" [1] said the young professor; "he studies at his own expense."

I stepped nearer to the table, but the professors continued to talk almost in a whisper among themselves, as though none of them even suspected my existence.

[1] *Golubtchik*, little dove.

Then I was firmly convinced that all three professors were very much occupied with the question as to whether I would stand the examination, and whether I would come out of it well, but that they were only pretending, for the sake of their dignity, that it was a matter of utter indifference to them, and that they did not perceive me.

When the professor in spectacles turned indifferently to me, inviting me to answer the questions, I looked him full in the eye, and was rather ashamed for him that he should so dissemble before me, and I hesitated somewhat in beginning my answer; but afterward it became easier and easier, and, as the question was from Russian history, which I knew very well, I finished in brilliant style, and even gained confidence to such an extent that, desiring to make the professors feel that I was not Ikonin, and that it was impossible to confound me with him, I proposed to take another ticket; but the professor shook his head and said, "Very good, sir," and noted down something in his journal. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the gymnasists, who had found out everything, God knows how, that I had received five.

CHAPTER XI

THE EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS

In the succeeding examinations I had many new acquaintances besides Grap, — whom I deemed unworthy of my acquaintance, — and Ivin, who shunned me for some reason. Several already exchanged greetings with me. Ikonin was even rejoiced when he saw me, and confided to me that he should be reëxamined in history, that the history professor had had a spite against him since the last examination, at which, also, he asserted the latter had thrown him into confusion. Semenoff, who was going to enter the same course as I, mathematics, was shy of every one until the very

end of the examinations, sat silent and alone, leaning on his elbows, with his hands thrust into his gray hair, and passed his examinations in excellent style. He was second; a student from the first gymnasium was first. The latter was a tall, thin, extremely pale, dark-complexioned man, with a cheek bound up in a black neck-cloth, and a forehead covered with pimples. His hands were thin and red, with remarkably long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be wound with thread. All this seemed very beautiful to me, and just as it should be in the case of *the leading gymnasist.* He spoke to everybody exactly like anybody else, and I even made his acquaintance; but it seemed to me that there was something unusually *magnetic* in his walk, the movements of his lips, and his black eyes.

In the mathematical examination I was called up earlier than usual. I knew the subject pretty well; but there were two questions in algebra which I had contrived in some way to hide from my teacher, and which I knew absolutely nothing about. They were, as I now recall them, the theory of combinations, and Newton's binomial theorem. I seated myself at the desk in the rear, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions; but the fact that I was not accustomed to work in a noisy room, and the lack of time, which I foresaw, prevented my understanding what I read.

"Here he is; come here, Nekhliudoff," said Volodya's familiar voice behind me.

I turned, and saw my brother and Dmitry, who were making their way toward me between the benches, with coats unbuttoned and hands flourishing. It was immediately apparent that they were students in their second year, who were as much at home in the university as in their own houses. The sight of their unbuttoned coats alone expressed disdain for us who were entering, and inspired us with envy and respect. It flattered me very much to think that all about me could see that I was acquainted with two students in their second year, and I rose hastily to meet them.

Volodya could not even refrain from expressing his superiority.

"Oh, you poor wretch!" said he; "how goes it? Have you been examined yet?"

"No."

"What are you reading? Are n't you prepared?"

"Yes; but not quite on two questions. I don't understand them."

"What! this one here?" said Volodya, and began to explain to me Newton's binomial theorem, but so rapidly and in such a confused manner, that, reading disbelief in his knowledge in my eyes, he glanced at Dmitry, and probably reading the same in his, he turned red, but went on, nevertheless, to say something which I did not understand.

"No, Volodya, stop; let me go through it with him, if we have time," said Dmitry, glancing at the professors' corner; and he seated himself beside me.

I immediately perceived that my friend was in that gentle, complacent mood which always came upon him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I specially liked in him. As he understood mathematics well, and spoke clearly, he went over the subject so splendidly with me, that I remember it to this day. But scarcely had he finished, when St. Jérôme said in a loud whisper, "It 's your turn, Nikolas," and I followed Ikonin from behind the desk, without having succeeded in looking over the other unfamiliar question. I approached the table where the two professors sat, and a gymnasist was standing before the blackboard. The gymnasist had cleverly deduced some formula, breaking his chalk with a tap on the board, and still went on writing, although the professor had already said, "Enough!" and ordered us to take our tickets. "Now, what if I get that theory of the combination of numbers?" thought I, picking out my ticket with trembling fingers from the soft pile of cut paper. Ikonin took the topmost ticket, without making any choice, with the same bold gesture and sideways lunge of his whole body as in the preceding examination.

"I always have such devilish luck!" he muttered.

I looked at mine.

Oh, horror! It was the theory of combinations.

"What have you got?" asked Ikonin.

I showed him.

"I know that," said he.

"Will you change?"

"No, it's no matter; I feel that I'm not in condition," Ikonin barely contrived to whisper, when the professor summoned us to the board.

"Well, all's lost!" I thought. "Instead of the brilliant examination which I dreamed of passing, I shall cover myself with eternal disgrace, even worse than Ikonin." But all at once Ikonin turned to me, right before the professor's eyes, snatched the card from my hand, and gave me his. I glanced at his card. It was Newton's binomial theorem.

The professor was not an old man; and he had a pleasant, sensible expression, to which the extremely prominent lower part of his forehead particularly contributed.

"What is this, gentlemen? you have exchanged cards?"

"No, he only gave me his to look at, professor," said Ikonin, inventing, — and again the word *professor* was the last one he uttered in that place; and again, as he retired past me, he glanced at the professors, at me, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, with an expression as much as to say, "No matter, brother!" (I afterward learned that this was the third year that Ikonin had presented himself for the entrance examination.)

I answered the question which I had just gone over, excellently, — even better, as the professor told me, than would have been required, — and received five.

CHAPTER XII

THE LATIN EXAMINATION

ALL went on finely until the Latin examination. The gymnasist with his cheek bound up was first, Semenoff second, I was the third. I even began to feel proud, and seriously to think that, in spite of my youth, I was not to be taken in jest.

From the very first examination, everybody had been talking with terror of the Latin professor, who was represented as a kind of wild beast who took delight in the destruction of young men, especially of such as lived at their own homes, and as speaking only in the Latin or Greek tongue. St. Jérôme, who was my instructor in the Latin language, encouraged me; and it really seemed to me that, since I could translate from Cicero and several odes of Horace without a lexicon, and since I knew Zumpt very well indeed, I was no worse prepared than the rest. But it turned out otherwise. All the morning there was nothing to be heard but tales of the failures of those who preceded me; this man had been marked zero; another, one; and still another had been scolded terribly, and had been on the point of getting turned out, and so forth, and so forth. Semenoff and the first gymnasist alone went up and returned with as much composure as usual, having each received five. I already had a presentiment of disaster, when I was called up with Ikonin to the little table, facing which the terrible professor sat quite alone. The terrible professor was a small, thin, yellow man, with long oily hair and a very thoughtful countenance.

He gave Ikonin a volume of Cicero's Orations, and made him translate.

To my great amazement, Ikonin not only read, but even translated several lines, with the aid of the professor, who prompted him. Conscious of my superiority over such a feeble rival, I could not refrain from smiling, and from doing so in a rather scornful way too.

when the question of analysis came up, and Ikonin, as before, sank into stubborn silence. I meant to conciliate the professor by that intelligent, slightly ironical smile; but it turned out the other way.

"You evidently know better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "Let me see. Come, do you say it."

I learned afterward that the Latin professor was Ikonin's protector and that Ikonin even lived with him. I immediately replied to the question in syntax which had been propounded to Ikonin; but the professor put on a sad expression, and turned away from me.

"Very good, sir; your turn will come; we shall see how much you know," said he, not looking at me, and began to explain to Ikonin what he had questioned him on.

"Go," said he; and I saw him set down four for Ikonin in the register. "Well," thought I, "he is not nearly as stern as they said." After Ikonin's departure, — for at least five minutes, which seemed to me five hours, — he arranged his books and cards, blew his nose, adjusted his arm-chair, threw himself back in it, and looked round the room, and on all sides except in my direction. But all this dissimulation seemed to him insufficient. He opened a book, and pretended to read it, as though I were not there. I stepped up nearer, and coughed.

"Ah, yes! Are you still there? Well, translate something," said he, handing me a book. "But no; better take this one." He turned over the leaves of a copy of Horace, and opened it at a passage which it seemed to me nobody ever could translate.

"I have not prepared this," said I.

"And you want to recite what you have learned by heart? Very good! No; translate this."

I managed to get the sense of it after a fashion; but the professor only shook his head at each of my inquiring glances, and merely answered "No," with a sigh. At last he closed his book with such nervous quickness that he pinched his own finger between the leaves. He jerked it out angrily, gave me a card in grammar, and, flinging

himself back in his chair, he continued to preserve the most malicious silence. I was on the point of answering; but the expression of his countenance fettered my tongue, and everything which I said appeared to me to be wrong.

"That 's not it! that 's not it! that 's not it at all!" he suddenly broke out with his horrible pronunciation, as he briskly changed his attitude, leaned his elbows on the table, and played with the gold ring which clung weakly to a thin finger of his left hand. "It 's impossible, gentlemen, to prepare for the higher educational institutions in this manner. All you want is to wear the uniform, with its blue collar, and brag of being first, and think that you can be students. No, gentlemen; you must be thoroughly grounded in your subject;" and so forth, and so forth.

During the whole of this speech, which was uttered in distorted language, I gazed with dull attention at his eyes, which were fixed on the floor. At first, the disenchantment of not being third tortured me; then the fear of not getting through my examination at all; and, finally, a sense of injustice was added, of wounded vanity and unmerited humiliation. Besides this, contempt for the professor because he was not, in my opinion, a man *comme il faut*, — which I discerned by looking at his short, strong, round nails, — influenced me still more, and rendered all these feelings venomous. He glanced at me; and, perceiving my quivering lips and my eyes filled with tears, he must have construed my emotion into a prayer to increase my mark, and he said, as though compassionating me (and before another professor, too, who came up at that moment): —

"Very good, sir. I will give you a very fine mark" (that meant two), "although you do not deserve it, out of respect to your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so light-minded in the university."

This last phrase, uttered in the presence of the strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, "There, you see, young man!" completed my confusion. For one moment a mist veiled my eyes; the

terrible professor, with his table, seemed to me to be sitting somewhere in the far distance, and the wild thought came into my mind, with a terrible one-sided distinctness: "And what if — what will come of this?" But I did not do it, for some reason; on the contrary, I saluted both professors mechanically, with special courtesy, and left the table, smiling slightly, with the same smile, apparently, that Ikonin had exhibited.

This injustice affected me so powerfully at the time, that, had I been master of my own actions, I should not have gone to any more examinations. I lost all my vanity (it was impossible to think any longer of being number three), and I let the remaining examinations pass without any exertion, and even without emotion. My average, however, was somewhat over four, but this did not interest me in the least; I made up my mind, and proved it to myself very clearly, that it was bad form to try to be first, and that one ought to be neither too good nor too bad, like Volodya. I meant to keep to this in the university, although I, for the first time, differed from my friend on this point.

I was already thinking of my uniform, my three-cornered hat, my own drozhky, my own room, and, most of all, of my freedom.

CHAPTER XIII

I AM GROWN UP

Moreover, even these thoughts had their charm.

On my return from the last examination in the Law of God, on the eighth of May, I found at the house a tailor's apprentice, whom I knew, from Rosanoff, who had already brought my hastily finished uniform and a coat of glossy black cloth, open at the throat, and had marked the *revers* with chalk, and had now brought the finished garment with brilliant gilt buttons, enveloped in papers.

I put on this garment, and thought it very fine (al-

though St. Jérôme declared that it wrinkled in the back), and went down-stairs with a self-satisfied smile, which spread over my face quite involuntarily, to Volodya's rooms, conscious of the glances of the domestics which were eagerly fixed on me from the anteroom and corridor, but pretending that I was not. Gavrilo, the butler, overtook me in the hall, congratulated me on my entrance, handed over to me, by papa's orders, four white bank-bills, and also, by papa's direction, Kuzma the coachman, a prolyotka,[1] and the brown horse Beauty, to be at my exclusive disposal from that day forth. I was so rejoiced at this almost unlooked-for happiness, that I could not manage to appear indifferent before Gavrilo, and in some confusion I said, with a sigh, the first thing which came into my head, which was that "Beauty was a very fine trotter!" Glancing at the heads which were thrust out of the doors leading from the anteroom and corridor, I could no longer control myself; and I rushed through the hall at a trot, in my new coat and shining gilt buttons. As I entered Volodya's room, I heard the voices of Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, who had come to congratulate me, and to propose that we should go somewhere to dine and drink champagne, in honor of my entrance. Dmitry told me that, although he did not care to drink champagne, he would go with us that day in order to drink with me on our beginning to call each other *thou*. Dubkoff, for some reason, declared that I resembled a colonel. Volodya did not congratulate me, and only said, very dryly, that now we should be able to set out for the country on the next day but one. It seemed as though, while glad of my entrance, it was rather disagreeable to him that I should now be as much grown up as he. St. Jérôme, who had also come to the house, said in a very haughty way that his duties were now at an end, and he did not know whether they had been fulfilled well or ill, but that he had done all he could, and he should go to his Count on the next day. In answer to all that was said to me, I felt a sweet, blissful, rather foolishly self-satisfied smile dawn

[1] A kind of drozhky.

upon my countenance against my will; and I perceived that this smile even communicated itself to all who talked with me.

And here I am, without a tutor; I have a drozhky of my own; my name is inscribed on the register of students; I have a sword in my belt; the sentries might sometimes salute me. "I am grown up," and I think I am happy.

We decided to dine at Jahr's at five o'clock; but as Volodya went off with Dubkoff, and Dmitry also disappeared somewhere according to custom, saying that he had an affair to attend to before dinner, I could dispose of two hours as I pleased. I walked about through all the rooms for quite a while, inspecting myself in all the mirrors, now with my coat buttoned, again with it quite unbuttoned, then with only the upper button fastened; and every way seemed excellent to me. Then, ashamed as I was to exhibit too much joy, I could not refrain from going to the stable and coach-house, to inspect Beauty, Kuzma, and the drozhky; then I went back and began to wander through the rooms, looking in the mirrors, counting the money in my pocket, and smiling in the same blissful manner all the while. But an hour had not elapsed when I felt rather bored, or sorry that there was no one to see me in that dazzling state; and I craved movement and activity. As a consequence of this, I ordered the drozhky to be brought round, and decided that it would be better to go to the Kuznetzky Most,[1] and make some purchases.

I recollected that when Volodya entered the university he had bought himself a lithograph of Victor Adam's horses, some tobacco, and a pipe; and it seemed to me that it was indispensable that I should do the same.

I drove to the Kuznetzky Most with glances turned on me from all sides, with the bright sunlight on my buttons, on the cockade in my hat, and on my sword,

[1] The Smith's Bridge; the principal street for fashionable shopping in Moscow. — Tr.

and drew up near Daziaro's picture-shop. I glanced about me on all sides, and entered. I did not want to buy Victor Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volodya; but, hurrying to make my choice as quickly as possible, out of shame at the trouble to which I was putting the polite shopman, I took a female head painted in water-colors, which stood in the window, and paid twenty rubles for it. But after expending twenty rubles I felt rather conscience-stricken at having troubled the two handsomely dressed shopmen with such trifles, and yet it seemed as though they looked at me in altogether too negligent a way. Desirous of letting them understand who I was, I turned my attention to a small silver piece which lay beneath the glass, and, learning that it was a pencil-holder worth eighteen rubles, I ordered it done up in paper, paid my money, and, learning also that good pipes and tobacco were to be had in the adjoining tobacco-shop, I bowed politely to the two shopmen, and stepped into the street with my picture under my arm. In the neighboring shop, on whose sign was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought (also out of a desire not to imitate any one) not Zhukoff, but Sultan tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two chibouks, one of linden, the other of rosewood. On emerging from the shop, on my way to my drozhky, I perceived Semenoff, who was walking along the sidewalk at a rapid pace, dressed in civil costume, and with his head bent down. I was vexed that he did not recognize me. I said in quite a loud tone, "Drive up!" and, seating myself in the drozhky, I overtook Semenoff.

"How do you do?" I said to him.

"My respects," he answered, pursuing his way.

"Why are you not in uniform?" I inquired.

Semenoff halted, screwed up his eyes, and showed his white teeth, as though it pained him to look at the sun, but in reality to express his indifference toward my drozhky and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From the Kuznetzky Most I drove to a confectioner's shop on the Tverskoy; and though I tried to pre-

tend that the newspapers in the shop interested me principally, I could not restrain myself, and I began to devour one sweet tart after another. Although I was ashamed before the gentlemen who gazed at me with curiosity from behind their papers, I ate eight cakes, of all the sorts which were in the shop, with great rapidity.

On arriving at home, I felt a little heartburn, but, paying no attention to it, I busied myself with examining my purchases. The picture so displeased me, that I not only did not have it framed, and hang it in my room, as Volodya had done, but I even hid it behind the chest of drawers, where no one could see it. The porte-crayon did not please me either, now that I had got it home. I laid it on the table, comforting myself with the thought that the thing was made of silver, first-class, and extremely useful to a student.

But I resolved to put my smoking utensils into immediate use, and try them.

Having unsealed a quarter-pound package, and carefully filled my Turkish pipe with the reddish-yellow, fine-cut Sultan tobacco, I laid a burning coal upon it, and taking one of my pipe-stems between my middle and third fingers (the position of the hand pleased me extremely), I began to draw in the smoke.

The odor of the tobacco was very agreeable, but my mouth tasted bitter, and my breathing was interrupted. But I took courage, and drew the smoke into myself for quite a long time, tried to puff it out in rings, and draw the smoke in. The whole room was soon filled with clouds of bluish smoke; the pipe began to bubble, the hot tobacco to leap; I felt a bitterness in my mouth, and a slight swimming in my head; I tried to rise, and look at myself in the glass with my pipe; when, to my amazement, I began to stagger, the room whirled round, and as I glanced in the mirror, which I had reached with difficulty, I saw that my face was as pale as a sheet. I barely succeeded in dropping upon a divan, when I was sensible of such illness and feebleness, that, fancying the pipe had been fatal to me, I thought that I was

dying. I was seriously alarmed, and wanted to summon assistance, and send for the doctor.

But this terror did not last long. I quickly understood where the trouble was; and I lay for a long time on the lounge, weak, with a frightful pain in my head, gazing with dull attention at Bostandzhoglo's coat of arms delineated upon the quarter-pound package, on the pipe and cigar ends, and the remains of the confectioner's cakes rolling on the floor, and thought sadly in my disenchantment, "I surely am not grown up yet, if I cannot smoke like other people; and it is plain that it is not my fate to hold my pipe, like others, between my middle and my third fingers, to swallow my smoke, and puff it out through my blond mustache."

When Dmitry came for me at five o'clock, he found me in this unpleasant condition. But after I had drunk a glass of water I was nearly well again, and ready to go with him.

"What made you want to smoke?" he said, as he gazed upon the traces of my smoking; "it's all nonsense, and a useless waste of money. I have promised myself that I will never smoke. However, let's set out as quickly as possible, for we must go after Dubkoff."

CHAPTER XIV

HOW VOLODYA AND DUBKOFF OCCUPIED THEMSELVES

As soon as Dmitry entered the room, I knew by his face, his walk, and by a gesture which was peculiar to him when in a bad humor, — a winking of the eyes and a grotesque way of drawing his head down on one side, as though for the purpose of adjusting his cravat, — that he was in the coldly rigid frame of mind which came over him when he was displeased with himself, and which always produced a chilling effect upon my feeling for him. I had lately begun to notice and judge my friend's character, but our friendship had suffered no change in consequence; it was still so youthful and so

strong, that, from whatever point of view I looked at Dmitry, I could not but perceive his perfection. There were two separate men in him, both of whom were very fine in my eyes. One, whom I warmly loved, was courteous, good, gentle, merry, and with a consciousness of these amiable qualities; when he was in this mood, his whole appearance, the sound of his voice, his every movement, seemed to say, "I am gentle and virtuous; I enjoy being gentle and virtuous, as you can all of you perceive." The other — I have only now begun to comprehend him and to bow before his grandeur — was cold, stern toward himself and others, proud, religious to fanaticism, and pedantically moral. At the present moment, he was that second man.

With the frankness which constituted the indispensable condition of our relations, I told him, when we were seated in the drozhky, that it pained me and made me sad to see him in such a heavy, disagreeable frame of mind toward me on the day which was such a happy one to me.

"Surely something has disturbed you; why will you not tell me?" I asked.

"Nikolenka!" he replied deliberately, turning his head nervously to one side, and blinking, "since I have given my word not to hide anything from you, you have no cause to suspect me of secrecy. It is impossible to be always in the same mood; and if anything has disturbed me, I cannot even give an account of it to myself."

"What a wonderfully frank, honorable character!" I thought, and I said no more to him.

We drove to Dubkoff's in silence. Dubkoff's quarters were remarkably handsome, or seemed so to me. There were rugs, pictures, curtains, highly colored wall-paper, portraits, curving arm-chairs, and sofa-chairs everywhere; on the walls hung guns, pistols, tobacco-pouches, and some heads of wild animals in cardboard. At the sight of this study, I saw whom Volodya had been imitating in the adornment of his own chamber. We found Volodya and Dubkoff playing cards. A gentleman who was

a stranger to me (and who must have been of little importance, judging from his humble attitude) was sitting at the table, and watching the game with great attention. Dubkoff had on a silk dressing-gown and soft shoes. Volodya in his shirt-sleeves was sitting opposite him on the divan; and, judging from his flushed face, and the dissatisfied, fleeting glance which he tore away from the cards for a moment to cast at us, he was very much absorbed in the game. On catching sight of me, he turned still redder.

"Come, it's your turn to deal," he said to Dubkoff. I comprehended that it displeased him to have me know that he played cards. But there was no confusion discernible in his glance, which seemed to say to me, "Yes, I'm playing, and you are only surprised at it because you are young yet. It is not only not bad, but even necessary at our age."

I immediately felt and understood this.

Dubkoff did not deal the cards, however, but rose, shook hands with us, gave us seats, and offered us pipes, which we declined.

"So this is our diplomat, the hero of the festival!" said Dubkoff. "By heavens, he's awfully like a colonel."

"Hm!" I growled, as I felt that foolishly self-satisfied smile spreading over my face.

I respected Dubkoff as only a boy of sixteen can respect an adjutant of twenty-seven whom all the grown-up people declare to be a very fine young man, who dances beautifully, and talks French, and who, while he in his soul despises my youth, evidently strives to conceal the fact.

But in spite of all my respect for him, I had always, Heaven knows why, during the whole period of our acquaintance, found it difficult and awkward to look him in the eye. And I have since observed that there are three classes of people whom it is difficult for me to look in the eye, — those who are much worse than myself; those who are much better than myself; and those with whom I cannot make up my mind to mention things

that we both know, and who will not mention them to me. Possibly Dubkoff was better than I, perhaps he was worse; but one thing was certain, that he often lied, but without confessing it; that I detected this weakness in him, of course, but could not bring myself to speak of it.

"Let 's play one more game," said Volodya, twisting his shoulders like papa, and shuffling the cards.

"How persistent he is!" said Dubkoff. "We 'll play it out later. Well, all right, then, one."

While they played, I watched their hands. Volodya had a large, handsome hand. He separated his thumb and bent the other fingers out when he held his cards, and it was so much like papa's hand that at one time it really seemed to me that Volodya held his hands so on purpose, in order to resemble a grown-up person; but, when I glanced at his face, it immediately became evident that he was thinking of nothing except his game. Dubkoff's hands, on the contrary, were small, plump, bent inwards, and had extremely soft and skilful fingers; just the kind of hands, in fact, which wear rings, and which belong to people who are inclined to manual labor, and are fond of having fine things.

Volodya must have lost; for the gentleman who looked over his cards remarked that Vladimir Petrovitch had frightfully bad luck; and Dubkoff got his pocket-book, and noted something down in it, and said, as he showed what he had written to Volodya, "Is that right?"

"Yes," said Volodya, glancing at the note-book with feigned abstraction. "Now let 's go."

Volodya drove Dubkoff, and Dmitry took me in his phaeton.

"What were they playing?" I inquired of Dmitry.

"Piquet. It 's a stupid game, and gambling is a stupid thing, anyway."

"Do they play for large sums?"

"Not very; but it 's not right, all the same."

"And do you not play?"

"No, I have given my word not to; but Dubkoff can't give his not to win all somebody's money away."

"But that surely is not right on his part," said I. "Volodya must play worse than he."

"Of course it's not right; but there's nothing particularly wicked about it. Dubkoff loves to play, but still he's an excellent fellow."

"But I had no idea...." said I.

"You must not think any ill of him, because he really is a very fine man; and I am very fond of him, and shall always love him in spite of his weaknesses."

It seemed to me, for some reason, that, just because Dmitry stood up for Dubkoff with too much warmth, he no longer loved or respected him, but that he would not confess it, out of obstinacy, and in order that no one might reproach him with fickleness. He was one of those people who love their friends for life, not so much because the friends always remain amiable toward them, as because, having once taken a liking to a man, even by mistake, they consider it dishonorable to cease to like him.

CHAPTER XV

I RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS

Dubkoff and Volodya knew all the people at Jahr's by name; and every one, from porter to proprietor, showed them the greatest respect. We were immediately assigned to a private room, and served with a wonderful dinner, selected by Dubkoff from the French bill of fare. A bottle of iced champagne, which I endeavored to survey with as much indifference as possible, was already prepared. The dinner passed off very agreeably and merrily, although Dubkoff, as was his custom, related the strangest occurrences as though they were true, — among others, how his grandmother had shot three robbers, who had attacked her, with a blunderbuss (whereupon I blushed, dropped my eyes, and turned away from him), — and although Volodya was visibly frightened every time that I undertook to

say anything (which was quite superfluous, for I did not say anything particularly disgraceful, so far as I can remember). When the champagne was served, all congratulated me, and I drank through my hand "to thou" with Dubkoff and Dmitry, and exchanged kisses with them. As I did not know to whom the bottle of champagne belonged (it was in common, as they afterward explained to me), and I wanted to entertain my friends on my own money, which I felt of incessantly in my pocket, I quietly got hold of a ten-ruble note; and, summoning the waiter, I gave him the money, and told him in a whisper, but in such a manner as they all heard it, to *please to bring another small half bottle of champagne.* Volodya turned red, writhed, and looked at me and the rest in such affright that I felt I had committed a blunder; but the bottle was brought, and we drank it with the greatest satisfaction. Things continued to go merrily. Dubkoff lied without intermission; and Volodya, too, told such funny stories, and told them better than I had ever expected of him; and we laughed a great deal. The character of their wit — that is, Dubkoff's and Volodya's — consisted in mimicry, and exaggeration of the well-known anecdote: "Well, have you been abroad?" says one. "No, I have not," replies the other, "but my brother plays on the violin." They had attained such perfection in this sort of comic nonsense, that they even related that anecdote thus: "My brother never played on the violin either." They replied to every one of each other's questions in this style; and sometimes they tried, without questions, to join two utterly incongruous things, — talked this nonsense with sober faces, — and it proved extremely laughable. I began to understand the point and I also tried to tell something funny; but they all looked frightened, or tried not to look at me while I was speaking, and the anecdote was not a success. Dubkoff said, "The diplomat has begun to lie, brother;" but I felt so well with the champagne I had drunk, and in the company of these grown-up people, that this remark hardly wounded me at all. Dmitry alone, though he had drunk evenly

with us, continued in the stern, serious mood, which put some restraint upon the general merriment.

"Now listen, gentlemen!" said Dubkoff. "After dinner, the diplomat must be taken in hand. Shall we not go to our *aunt's?* We 'll soon settle him there."

"Nekhliudoff won't go," said Volodya.

"The intolerable goody! You're an intolerable goody," said Dubkoff, turning to him. "Come with us, and you 'll see what a charming lady auntie is."

"I not only will not go, but I won't let him," answered Dmitry, turning red.

"Who? the diplomat? — Do you want to go, diplomat? Look, he beamed all over as soon as we mentioned auntie."

"I don't mean that I won't let him," continued Dmitry, rising from his seat, and beginning to pace the room, without looking at me, "but I do not advise him nor wish him to go. He is no longer a child, and if he wishes he can go alone without you. But you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dubkoff; what you are doing is not right, and you want others to do so too."

"What 's the harm," said Dubkoff, winking at Volodya, "if I invite you all to my aunt's for a cup of tea? Well, if it 's not agreeable to you to go with us, then Volodya and I will go. — Are you coming, Volodya?"

"Hm!" said Volodya, affirmatively. "We 'll go there, and then we 'll come to my rooms, and go on with our piquet."

"Well, do you want to go with them, or not?" said Dmitry, coming up to me.

"No," I answered, moving along on the divan to make room for him beside me; "if you do not advise it, I will not go, on any account.

"No," I added afterward, "I do not speak the truth when I say that I do not want to go with them; but I am glad that I am not going."

"Excellent," said he; "live according to your own ideas, and don't dance to any one's pipe; that 's the best way of all."

This little dispute not only did not disturb our pleas-

ure, but even heightened it. Dmitry all at once came into the gentle mood which I loved so well. Such an influence, as I afterward more than once observed, did the consciousness of a good deed have upon him. He was pleased with himself now for having deterred me from going. He grew very merry, ordered another bottle of champagne (which was against his rules), called a strange gentleman into the room and began to give him wine, sang *Gaudeamus igitur*, requested all should join in, and proposed to ride to Sokolniki,[1] whereupon Dubkoff remarked that it was too sentimental.

"Let's be jolly to-day," said Dmitry, with a smile; "in honor of his entrance to the university, I will get drunk for the first time; so be it." This gayety sat rather strangely on Dmitry. He resembled a tutor or a kind father who is satisfied with his children, and wishes to please them, and at the same time to show that he can be gay in an honorable and respectable fashion; nevertheless, this unexpected mirth seemed to act infectiously upon us, the more so as each of us had drunk about half a bottle of champagne.

It was in this agreeable frame of mind that I stepped out into the public apartment to smoke a cigarette which Dubkoff had given me.

When I rose from my seat, I perceived that my head was a little unsteady, and that my feet walked and my hands were in a natural condition only when I fixed my attention firmly upon them. Otherwise my feet crept off to one side, and my hands executed various gestures. I fixed my whole attention upon these limbs, ordered my hands to rise, and button my coat, and smooth my hair (in the course of which, my elbows jerked themselves up fearfully high), and my legs to carry me to the door; which command they complied with, but set themselves down either too hard or too gently, and the left foot in particular stood constantly on its toe. Some voice or other shouted to me, "Where are you

[1] "Sokolniki Forest," now a suburban park, pine wood, and pleasure ground near Moscow; formerly the primeval forest, the hunting-ground of the Tzars of Moscow. — Tr.

going? They are bringing lights." I guessed that the voice belonged to Volodya, and the thought that I had guessed it afforded me satisfaction; but I only smiled in answer, and went my way.

CHAPTER XVI

THE QUARREL

In the public room, behind a little table, sat a short, stout gentleman, in plain clothes, with a red mustache, engaged in eating. Beside him sat a tall, dark-complexioned man, without a mustache. They were conversing in French. Their glances confused me, but I made up my mind to light my cigarette at the candle which stood before them. Glancing aside, in order that I might not encounter their gaze, I marched up to the table, and began to light my cigarette. When the cigarette had caught the flame, I could not resist, and glanced at the gentleman who was dining. His gray eyes were fixed intently and disapprovingly upon me. As I was about to turn away, his red mustache moved, and he said in French, "I don't like to have people smoke while I am dining, my dear sir."

I muttered some unintelligible reply.

"Yes, sir, I don't like it," went on the gentleman with the mustache, sternly, with a quick glance at the gentleman who had no mustache, as if inviting him to admire the manner in which he was about to settle me, — "I don't like people who are impolite, my dear sir, who come and smoke under one's nose; I don't like them." I immediately saw that the gentleman was scolding me, and it seemed to me at first that I had behaved very badly to him.

"I did not think that it would disturb you," said I.

"Ah, you did not think you were ill-bred, but I did!" shouted the gentleman.

"What right have you to yell?" said I, feeling that he was insulting me, and beginning to get angry myself.

"This right, that I never permit any one to be insolent to me; and I shall always give such impertinent young fellows as you a lesson. What's your surname, sir? and where do you live?"

I was extremely angry, my lips quivered, and my breath came in gasps. But I felt that I was in the wrong, nevertheless, and it must have been because I had drunk so much champagne; and I did not say anything insulting to the gentleman, but on the contrary my lips uttered my name and our address in the most submissive manner possible.

"My name is Kolpikoff, my dear sir, and see that you are more courteous in future. You shall hear from me," he concluded, the whole conversation having taken place in French.

I only said, "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," endeavoring to render my voice as firm as possible, turned away, and went back to our room with my cigarette, which had contrived to go out.

I did not mention what had occurred to my brother, nor to my friend, particularly as they were engaged in a hot dispute, but seated myself alone in a corner to reflect upon this strange circumstance. The words, "You are ill-bred, sir," — (*un mal élevé, monsieur*) — as they rang in my ears, troubled me more and more. My intoxication had completely passed away. When I reflected on my behavior in the matter, the strange thought all at once occurred to me that I had behaved like a coward. "What right had he to attack me? Why didn't he say simply that it disturbed him? He must have been in the wrong. Why, when he told me that I was ill-bred, did I not say to him, 'He is ill-bred, sir, who permits himself impertinences;' or why did I not simply shout at him, '*Silence!*' That would have been capital. Why did I not challenge him to a duel? No, I did none of these things, but swallowed the insult like a vile coward." "You are ill-bred, sir," rang in my ears incessantly in an exasperating way. "No, things cannot be left in this state," I thought, and I rose with the fixed intention of going back to the gentleman, and say

ing something dreadful to him, and, possibly, of striking him over the head with the candlestick if it should seem suitable. I reflected upon this last intention with the greatest delight, but it was not without great terror that I entered the public room again. Fortunately, Gospodin (Mr.) Kolpikoff was no longer there; there was but one waiter in the room, and he was clearing the table. I wanted to tell the waiter what had happened, and to explain to him that I was not all to blame; but I changed my mind for some reason or other, and returned again to our own room in the most gloomy frame of mind.

"What 's the matter with our diplomat?" said Dubkoff; "he 's probably deciding the fate of Europe now."

"Oh, let me alone," I said crossly, as I turned away. Then, as I wandered about the room, I began to think, for some reason, that Dubkoff was not a nice man at all. And as for his eternal jests, and that nickname of "diplomat," there was nothing amiable about them. All he was good for was to win money from Volodya, and to go to some aunt or other. And there was nothing pleasing about him. Everything he said was a lie, or an absurdity, and he wanted to laugh eternally. It seemed to me that he was only stupid, and a bad man to boot. In such reflections as these I spent five minutes, feeling more and more inimical toward Dubkoff. But Dubkoff paid no attention to me, and this enraged me still more. I even got angry with Volodya and Dmitry because they talked to him.

"Do you know what, gentlemen? we must pour some water over the diplomat," said Dubkoff, suddenly, glancing at me with what seemed to me to be a mocking and even treacherous smile; "he 's in a bad way. By heavens, but he 's in a state!"

"You need to be ducked, you 're in a bad way yourself," I retorted, with an angry smile, even forgetting that I had addressed him as *you*.

This answer must have amazed Dubkoff; but he turned away from me indifferently, and continued his conversation with Volodya and Dmitry.

I would have tried to join the conversation, but I felt that I certainly should not be able to dissemble, and I again retreated to my corner, where I remained until our departure.

When we had paid the bill, and were putting on our overcoats, Dubkoff said to Dmitry, "Well, where are Orestes and Pylades going? Home, probably, to converse of *love*. All right, we'll call on our dear auntie: it's better than your sour friendship."

"How dare you talk so, and ridicule us?" I said, suddenly marching up to him and gesticulating. "How dare you laugh at feelings that you don't understand? I won't permit it. Silence!" I shouted, and became silent myself, not knowing what to say, and panting with agitation. Dubkoff was amazed at first; then he tried to smile, and took it as a joke; but finally, to my extreme surprise, he got frightened and dropped his eyes.

"I am not ridiculing you and your feelings in the least; it's only my way of talking," he said evasively.

"So that's it," I shouted; but at the same time I was ashamed of myself, and sorry for Dubkoff, whose handsome, troubled face betrayed genuine suffering.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Volodya and Dmitry together. "Nobody meant to insult you."

"Yes, he did mean to insult me."

"That brother of yours is a desperate gentleman," said Dubkoff, just as he went out of the door, so that he could not hear what I might say.

Possibly, I might have rushed after him, and uttered some more impertinent speeches; but, just at that moment, the same waiter who had been present at my affair with Kolpikoff handed me my coat, and I immediately calmed down, feigning only so much anger in Dmitry's presence as was indispensable, in order that my instantaneous tranquillity might not seem queer. The next day, Dubkoff and I met in Volodya's room. We did not allude to this affair, and continued to address each other as *you;* and it was more difficult than ever for us to look each other in the eye.

The memory of my quarrel with Kolpikoff, who neither

on that day nor ever afterward let me "hear from him," was frightfully oppressive and vivid for many years. I writhed and screamed, full five years later, every time I recalled that unatoned insult, and comforted myself by remembering, with self-satisfaction, how manly I had afterward been in my affair with Dubkoff. It was only very much later that I began to regard the matter in quite a different light, and to recall my quarrel with Kolpikoff with comical satisfaction, and to repent of the undeserved wound which I had dealt to that *good little fellow*, Dubkoff.

When I related to Dmitry that same day my encounter with Kolpikoff, whose appearance I described to him minutely, he was very much surprised.

"Yes, it's the very same fellow," said he. "Just imagine! that Kolpikoff is a well-known scamp, a card-sharper, but, most of all, a coward, who was driven out of the regiment by his comrades because he had received a box on the ear, and would not fight. Where did he get his valor?" he added, with a kindly smile, as he glanced at me. "So he did n't say anything more than 'ill-bred'?"

"Yes," I replied, reddening.

"It's bad; but there's no harm done yet," Dmitry said, to console me.

It was only when I thought this affair over quietly, long afterward, that I arrived at the tolerably probable inference that Kolpikoff, feeling, after the lapse of many years, that he could attack me, had taken his revenge on me, in the presence of the beardless, dark-complexioned man, for the box on the ear which he had received, just as I immediately revenged myself for his "ill-bred" on the innocent Dubkoff.

CHAPTER XVII

I MAKE PREPARATIONS TO PAY SOME CALLS

My first thought, on waking the next day, was my adventure with Kolpikoff. Again I roared and ran about the room, but there was nothing to be done; besides, this was the last day I was to spend in Moscow; and, by papa's orders, I was to make some calls which he had himself written down for me. Papa's solicitude for us was not so much on the point of morals and learning as on that of worldly connections. On the paper was written in his rapid, pointed hand: "(1) To Prince Ivan Ivanitch *without fail;* (2) to the Ivins *without fail;* (3) to Prince Mikhaïlo; (4) to Princess Nekhliudoff and Madame Valakhin if possible;" and, of course, to the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmitry dissuaded me from paying these last calls, saying that it not only was not necessary, but would even be improper; but all the rest must be made today. Of these, the two first calls, beside which *without fail* was written, frightened me particularly. Prince Ivan Ivanitch was general-in-chief, an old man, wealthy and alone; so I, a student of sixteen, must have direct intercourse with him, which I had a presentiment could not prove at all flattering to me. The Ivins also were wealthy, and their father was an important civil general, who had only been to our home once, in grandmamma's day. After grandmamma's death, I observed that the youngest Ivin avoided us, and seemed to put on airs. The eldest, as I knew by report, had already completed his course in law, and was serving in Petersburg; the second (Sergieï), whom I had once adored, was also in Petersburg, — a big, fat cadet in the Pages' Corps.

In my youth, I not only did not like to associate with people who considered themselves above me, but such intercourse was intolerably painful, in consequence of a constant fear of insult, and the straining of all my mental faculties to the end of exhibiting my independence.

But, as I was not going to obey papa's last orders, I must smooth matters over by complying with the first. I paced my chamber, glancing at my clothes, which were spread out upon the chairs, at my sword and hat, and was already preparing to go, when old Grap came with his congratulations, bringing Ilinka with him. Father Grap was a Russianized German, intolerably mawkish and flattering, and very often intoxicated. He generally came to us simply for the purpose of asking for something; and papa sometimes let him sit down in his study, but he never had him dine with us. His humility and persistent begging were so intermingled with a certain superficial good nature and familiarity with our house, that everybody reckoned it as a sort of merit in him that he should be so attached to all of us; but, for some reason, I never liked him, and, when he spoke, I always felt ashamed for him.

I was very much displeased at the arrival of these guests, and I made no effort to conceal my displeasure. I had become so accustomed to look down upon Ilinka, and he had become so used to consider that we were in the right in so doing, that it was rather disagreeable for me to have him a student as well as myself. It struck me, too, that he was rather abashed, in my presence, by this equality. I greeted them coldly, and did not ask them to sit down, because I was ashamed to do so, thinking that they might do it without my invitation; and I ordered my carriage to be got ready. Ilinka was a kind, very honorable, and very far from stupid young man, but he was still what is called a man of caprice. Some extreme mood was always coming over him, and, as it appeared, without any reason whatever; now it was a weeping mood, then an inclination to laugh, then to take offense at every trifle. And now, it seemed, he was in this last frame of mind. He said nothing, glanced angrily at me and his father; and only when he was addressed did he smile, with the submissive, constrained smile under which he was already accustomed to hide his feelings, and especially the feeling of shame for his father, which he could not help feeling in our presence.

"So, sir, Nikolaï Petrovitch," said the old man, following me about the room while I dressed, and turning the silver snuff-box which grandmamma had given him slowly and respectfully between his fat fingers, "as soon as I learned from my son that you had deigned to pass an excellent examination, — for your cleverness is known to all, — I immediately hastened hither to congratulate you, batiushka; why, I have carried you on my shoulder, and God sees that I love you all like relatives; and my Ilinka, too, kept begging to be allowed to come to you. He, too, has already become accustomed to you."

Meantime, Ilinka sat in silence, by the window, apparently gazing at my three-cornered hat, and muttering something angrily and almost inaudibly.

"Now, I wanted to ask you, Nikolaï Petrovitch," continued the old man, "did my Ilinka pass a good examination? He said he should be with you, so do not abandon him; look after him and advise him."

"Why, he passed a very fine one," I replied, glancing at Ilinka, who, feeling my glance, blushed and stopped moving his lips.

"And can he spend the day with you?" said the old man, with a timid smile, as though he were very much afraid of me, and always standing so close to me, whenever I halted, that the odor of wine and tobacco, in which he was steeped, did not cease for a single second to be perceptible to me. I was provoked at him for having placed me in such a false position toward his son, and because he had diverted my attention from my very important occupation at that moment — dressing; but most of all, that ever present odor of strong brandy so distracted me, that I said very coldly that I could not remain with Ilinka, because I should not be at home all day.

"You wanted to go to your sister, batiushka," said Ilinka, smiling, but not looking at me; "and I have something to do besides." I was still more vexed and mortified, and, in order to smooth over my refusal, I hastened to impart the information that I should not be

at home because I must go to *Prince* Ivan Ivanitch, and *Princess* Kornakoff and to Ivin, the one who held such an important post, and that I should probably dine with *Princess* Nekhliudoff. It seemed to me that when they learned to what distinguished houses I was going, they could make no more claims upon me. When they prepared to depart, I invited Ilinka to come again ; but Ilinka only muttered something, and smiled with a constrained expression. It was evident that his feet would never cross my threshold again.

After their departure, I set out on my visits. Volodya, whom I had that morning invited to accompany me, in order that it might not be as awkward as if I were alone, had refused, under the pretext that it would be too sentimental for two *brothers* to ride together in one *carriage*.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE VALAKHINS

So I set out alone. My first visit, in point of locality, was to the Valakhins, in the Sivtzevoi Vrazhok. I had not seen Sonitchka for three years, and of course my love for her had vanished long ago ; but a lively and touching memory of that past childish love still lingered in my soul. It had happened to me, in the course of those three years, to recall her with such force and clearness, that I shed tears, and felt myself in love again ; but this only lasted a few minutes, and did not speedily return.

I knew that Sonitchka had been abroad with her mother, where they had remained for two years, and where, it was said, they had been upset in a diligence, and Sonitchka's face had been badly cut with the glass, so that she had lost her good looks to a great extent. On my way thither, I vividly recalled the former Sonitchka, and thought of how I should meet her now. In consequence of her two years' stay abroad I fancied her

extremely tall, with a very fine figure, serious and dignified, but remarkably attractive. My imagination refused to present her with a face disfigured with scars; on the contrary, having heard somewhere of the passionate lover who remained faithful to the beloved object, in spite of disfigurement by small-pox, I tried to think that I was in love with Sonitchka, in order that I might have the merit of remaining true to her in spite of the scars. On the whole, when I drove up to the Valakhins' house, I was not in love, but having set in motion old memories of love I was well prepared to fall in love, and was very desirous to do so; the more so as I had long felt ashamed when I looked at all my enamoured friends, because I had left the ranks.

The Valakhins lived in a neat little wooden house, the entrance to which was from the courtyard. The door was opened to me at the sound of the bell, which was then a great rarity in Moscow, by a very small and neatly dressed boy. He either did not understand me, or did not want to tell me if the family were at home; and, leaving me in the dark vestibule, he ran into the still darker corridor.

I remained alone for quite a while in that dark room, in which there was one closed door, besides the one leading to the corridor; and I wondered partly at the gloomy character of the house, and in part assumed that it must be so with people who had been abroad. After the lapse of five minutes the door to the hall was opened from the inside by the same boy, and he led me to the neatly but not richly furnished drawing-room, into which Sonitchka followed me.

She was seventeen. She was very short in stature, very thin, and with a yellowish, unhealthy color in her face. There were no scars visible on her face; but her charming, prominent eyes, and her bright, good-natured, merry smile, were the same which I had known and loved in my childhood. I had not expected to find her like this at all, and therefore I could not at once pour out upon her the feeling which I had prepared on the way. She gave me her hand in the English fashion,

which was then as much of a rarity as the bell, shook my hand frankly, and seated me beside her on the sofa.

"Ah, how glad I am to see you, my dear Nikolas!" she said, gazing into my face with the same genuine expression of pleasure which her words implied. The "my dear Nikolas," I observed, was uttered in a friendly, not in a patronizing, tone. To my amazement, she was more simple, sweet, and like a relative in her manner, after her trip abroad than before. I observed two little scars near her nose, and on her forehead; but her wonderful eyes and smile were perfectly true to my recollections, and shone in the old way.

"How you have changed!" said she, "you have quite grown up. Well, and I .... what do you think of me?"

"Ah, I should not have known you," I answered, although at that very time I was thinking that I should have known her anywhere. I again felt myself in that care-free, merry mood in which, five years before, I had danced the "grandfather" with her at grandmamma's ball.

"What, have I grown very ugly?" she asked, shaking her head.

"No, not at all; you have grown some, you are older," I made haste to reply: "but on the contrary .... and even ...."

"Well, no matter; I remember our dances, our games, St. Jérôme, Madame Dorat." (I did not recollect any Madame Dorat; she was evidently carried away by the enjoyment of her childish memories, and was confounding them.) "Ah, that was a famous time!" she continued; and the same smile, even more beautiful than the one I bore in my memory, and the very same eyes, gleamed before me. While she was speaking I had succeeded in realizing the situation in which I found myself at the present moment, and I decided that at the present moment I was in love. As soon as I had made up my mind to this, that instant my happy, careless mood vanished, a dark cloud enveloped everything before me,

— even her eyes and smile, — I became ashamed of something, I turned red, and lost all power to speak.

"Times are different now," she went on, with a sigh, elevating her brows slightly; "everything is much worse, and we are worse; are we not, Nikolas?"

I could not answer, and gazed at her in silence.

"Where are all the Ivins and Kornakoffs of those days? Do you remember?" she continued, looking at my red and frightened face with some curiosity; "that was a famous time!"

And still I could not reply.

The entrance of the elder Valakhina relieved me of this uncomfortable situation for a time. I rose, bowed, and recovered my power of speech; but, in turn, a strange change came over Sonitchka with her mother's entrance. All her gayety and naturalness suddenly disappeared, her very smile was different; and all at once, with the exception of her tall stature, she became exactly the young lady returned from abroad which I had imagined her to be. It seemed as though this change could have no cause, since her mother smiled just as pleasantly, and all her movements expressed as much gentleness, as of old. The Valakhina[1] seated herself in a large arm-chair, and indicated to me a place near her. She said something to her daughter in English, and Sonitchka immediately left the room, which afforded me some relief. The Valakhina inquired after my relatives, my brother, and my father, and then spoke to me of her own sorrow, — the loss of her husband, — and finally, feeling that there was nothing to say to me, she looked at me in silence, as if to say, "If you will rise now, and make your bow, and go away, you will be doing very well, my dear fellow." But a strange thing happened to me. Sonitchka had returned with her work, and seated herself in the corner of the room, so that I felt her glance fixed upon me. While the Valakhina was relating the loss of her husband, I once more

[1] A lady's surname, in the feminine form, is not infrequently used thus, without prefix. It is a familiar, but not necessarily a disrespectful, form of allusion. — Tr.

remembered that I was in love, and thought that perhaps the mother guessed it; and I had another fit of shyness of such intensity that I did not find myself in a condition to move even a single limb in a natural manner. I knew that in order to rise and take my departure, I should be obliged to think where to set my foot, what to do with my head, what with my hand; in short, I felt almost exactly as I had felt the evening before after drinking half a bottle of champagne. I had a presentiment that I could not get through with all this, and therefore *could not* rise; and I actually *could not.* The Valakhina was probably surprised when she beheld my face, as red as cloth, and my utter immovability; but I decided that it was better to sit still in that stupid attitude than to risk rising in an awkward manner, and taking my departure. I sat thus for quite a long time, expecting that some unforeseen circumstance would rescue me from that position. This circumstance presented itself in the person of an insignificant young man, who entered the room with the air of a member of the family, and bowed courteously to me. The Valakhina rose, excusing herself on the ground that it was necessary for her to speak with her business manager, and looked at me with an expression of surprise which said, "If you want to sit there forever, I will not drive you out." I made a tremendous effort, and rose, but was no longer in a condition to make a bow; and as I went out, accompanied by the compassionate glances of mother and daughter, I knocked against a chair which did not stand in my way at all; I only ran against it because my whole attention was directed upon not stumbling over the carpet which was under my feet. But once in the open air, — where I writhed and growled so loudly that even Kuzma inquired several times, "What is your wish?" — this feeling disappeared; and I began to meditate quite calmly upon my love for Sonitchka, and her relations with her mother, which struck me as singular. When I afterward communicated my observations to my father, — that Madame Valakhin and her daughter were not on good terms, — he said: —

"Yes, she torments her, poor thing, with her strange miserliness; and it's odd enough," he added, with a stronger feeling than he could have for a mere relative. "How charming she was, the dear, queer woman! I cannot understand why she is so changed. You did not see any secretary there, did you? What sort of a fashion is it for Russian ladies to have secretaries?" he said angrily, walking away from me.

"I did see him," said I.

"Well, he is good-looking at least?"

"No, he is not at all good-looking."

"It's incomprehensible," said papa, and he twitched his shoulders angrily and coughed.

"Here I am in love too," I thought as I rode on in my drozhky.

CHAPTER XIX

THE KORNAKOFFS

The second call on my way was on the Kornakoffs. They lived on the first floor of a great house on the Arbata. The staircase was very showy and clean, but not luxurious. Everywhere there was striped crash fastened directly on the stairs by rails of polished copper; but there were neither flowers nor mirrors. The hall, over whose brightly polished floor I passed to reach the drawing-room, was also forbidding, cold, and neatly arranged; everything shone, and seemed durable, although not at all new; but neither pictures, curtains, nor any other species of adornment were anywhere visible. Several princesses were in the drawing-room. They were sitting in such a precise and leisurely attitude that it was immediately perceptible that they did not sit so when guests were not present.

"Mamma will be here immediately," said the eldest of them to me, as she seated herself nearer me. For a quarter of an hour, this princess engaged me in a very easy conversation, and she did it so skilfully that the

conversation never languished for a moment. But it was too evident that she was entertaining me, and therefore she did not please me. Among other things, she told me that her brother Stepan, whom they called *Étienne*, and who had been sent to the Yunkers' School, had already been promoted to be an officer. When she spoke of her brother, and especially when she mentioned that he had entered the hussars against his mother's wish, she put on a frightened look; and all the princesses, who sat there in silence, put on the same frightened faces. When she spoke of grandmamma's death, she put on a sorrowful look, and all the younger princesses did the same. When she recalled how I had struck St. Jérôme, and how I had been led off, she laughed, and showed her bad teeth; and all the princesses laughed, and showed their bad teeth.

The princess entered. She was the same little dried-up woman, with restless eyes, and a habit of looking at other people while talking with one. She took me by the hand, and raised her hand to my lips, in order that I might kiss it; which I should not otherwise have done, not supposing that it was indispensable.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said, with her usual eloquence, glancing at her daughters. "Ah, how like his mamma he is! Is he not, Lise?"

Lise said that it was so; though I know, for a fact, that I possess not the slightest resemblance to mamma.

"And how large you have grown! And my Étienne, you remember, he is your second cousin — no, not your second; but how is it, Lise? My mother was Varvara Dmitrievna, daughter of Dmitry Nikolaevitch, and your grandmother was Natalya Nikolaevna."

"Then he is our third cousin, mamma," said the eldest princess.

"Oh, you are mixing things all up," cried the princess, angrily. "It 's not third cousin at all, but *issus de germains*, — children of cousins; that 's what you and my dear little Étienne are. He 's an officer already; did you know it? But it 's not well in one respect: he has too much liberty. You young people must be kept

in hand; that's the truth! You will not be angry with me, your old aunt, if I tell you the truth? I brought up Étienne strictly, and I think that's the proper way to do.

"Yes, that's the relationship between us," she went on. "Prince Ivan Ivanitch is my own uncle, and your mother's uncle. So we were cousins to your mamma, and not second cousins. Yes, that's it. Now, tell me. Have you been to Prince Ivan's?"

I said that I had not been there yet, but should go that day.

"Ah! how is that possible?" she exclaimed. "That should have been your very first call. Why, you know that Prince Ivan is just the same as a father to you. He has no children, so his only heirs are you and my children. You must revere him on account of his age, and his position in the world, and everything. I know that you young people of the present generation think nothing of relationship, and do not like old people; but you must obey me, your old aunt; for I love you, and I loved your mamma, and your grandmother, too, I loved and respected very, very much. Yes, you must go without fail. You certainly must go."

I said that I certainly would go, and as the call had already lasted long enough, in my opinion, I rose, and made a motion to go; but she detained me.

"No, wait a minute. — Where is your father, Lise? Call him here. — He will be so glad to see you," she continued, turning to me.

In a couple of minutes Prince Mikhaïlo actually entered. He was a short, stout man, very negligently dressed, unshaven, and with such an expression of indifference on his countenance that it approached stupidity. He was not at all glad to see me; at all events, he did not express anything of the sort. But the princess, of whom he was evidently very much afraid, said to him: —

"Waldemar [she had plainly forgotten my name] is very like his mother, is he not?" and she made such a signal with her eyes that the prince must have divined her wish, for he came up to me, and, with the most

apathetic and even dissatisfied expression of countenance, presented his unshaven cheek to me, which I was forced to kiss.

"But you are not dressed, and you must go instantly," the princess began at once to say to him, in an angry tone, which was evidently her usual one with members of her household. "You want to prejudice people against you again, to make people angry with you again!"

"At once, at once, matushka," said Prince Mikhaïlo, and departed. I bowed, and departed also.

I had heard for the first time that we were heirs of Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and this news struck me unpleasantly.

CHAPTER XX

THE IVINS

It distressed me still more to think of that impending, indispensable visit. But, before I went to the prince, I had to stop at the Ivins' on the way. They lived on the Tverskoy Boulevard, in a large and handsome house. It was not without timidity that I drove up to the state entrance, at which stood a hall porter with a staff.

I asked him if the family was at home.

"Whom do you wish to see? The general's son is at home," said the porter.

"And the general himself?"

"I will inquire. Whom shall I announce?" said the porter, and rang.

A footman's feet, clad in gaiters, appeared upon the stairs. I was so much alarmed, I do not know myself why, that I told the footman that he was not to announce me to the general, and that I would go first to the general's son. When I went up-stairs, along that great staircase, it seemed to me that I became frightfully small (and not in the figurative, but in the actual, sense of the word). I had experienced the same sensation

when my drozhky drove up to the grand entrance; it had seemed to me that the drozhky and the horse and the coachman became small. The general's son was lying, fast asleep, upon a divan, with an open book before him, when I entered the room. His tutor, Herr Frost, who still remained in the house, followed me into the room, with his active step, and woke up his pupil. Ivin did not exhibit any special delight at the sight of me, and I observed that he looked at my eyebrows while he was talking. Although he was very polite, it seemed to me that he was entertaining me exactly as the princess had done, and that he felt no particular attraction toward me, and did not need my acquaintance, since he probably had his own different circle of acquaintances. All this I imagined, principally because he gazed at my eyebrows. In a word, his relations to me, however disagreeable it might be to me to confess it, were almost exactly the same as mine to Ilinka. I began to get irritated; I caught every look of Ivin's on the fly, and when his eyes and Frost's met, I translated his question, "And why has he come to us?"

After talking with me for a short time, Ivin said that his father and mother were at home, and would I not like to have him go with me to them?

"I will dress myself at once," he added, going into another room, although he was very well dressed in this room, — in a new coat and white waistcoat. In a few minutes he came back in his uniform, completely buttoned up, and we went down-stairs together. The state apartments which we passed through were extremely lofty, and apparently very richly furnished; there was marble and gilding, and something wrapped up in muslin, and mirrors. The Ivina entered the small room beyond the drawing-room through another door, at the same time that we did. She received me in a very friendly manner, like a relative, gave me a seat beside her, and inquired with interest about all our family.

Madame Ivin, of whom I had only caught a couple of fleeting glimpses previous to this, pleased me very much now that I looked at her attentively. She was tall,

thin, very white, and seemed always melancholy and exhausted. Her smile was sad, but extremely kind; her eyes were large, weary, and not quite straight, which gave her a still more melancholy and attractive expression. She did not sit exactly bent over, but with her whole body limp, and all her movements were languishing. She spoke languidly, but the sound of her voice, and her indistinct utterance of *r* and *l*, were very pleasing. She did not entertain me. My answers about my relatives evidently afforded her a melancholy interest, as though, while listening to me, she sadly recalled better days. Her son went off somewhere; she gazed at me in silence for a couple of minutes, and all at once she began to cry. I sat there before her, and could not think of anything whatever to say or do. She went on crying, and never looked at me. At first I was sorry for her; then I thought, "Ought I not to comfort her, and how must it be done?" and finally I became vexed at her, for placing me in such an awkward position. "Have I such a pitiful appearance?" I thought, "or is she doing this on purpose to find out how I shall behave under the circumstances?"

"It is awkward to take leave now, it will seem as though I am running away from her tears," I continued my reflections. I moved about on my chair to remind her of my presence.

"Oh, how stupid I am!" she said, glancing at me, and trying to smile; "there are days when one weeps without any cause whatever."

She began to search for her handkerchief, beside her on the sofa, and all at once she broke out crying harder than ever.

"Ah, my heavens! how ridiculous it is for me to cry so! I loved your mother so, we were such .... friends .... and .... "

She found her handkerchief, covered her face with it, and went on crying. My awkward position was renewed, and lasted quite a long while. Her tears seemed genuine, and I kept thinking that she was not weeping so much because of my mother, as because things did

not suit her now, and had been much better at some time in former days. I do not know how it would have ended, had not young Ivin entered and said that old Ivin was asking for her. She rose, and was on the point of going, when Ivin himself entered the room. He was a small, stout, gray-haired gentleman, with thick black brows, perfectly gray close-cut hair, and an extremely stern and firm expression of countenance.

I rose and saluted him; but Ivin, who had three stars on his green coat, not only did not respond to my greeting, but hardly so much as glanced at me, so that I all at once felt that I was not a man, but some sort of thing which was not worthy of notice, — an arm-chair or a window, or if a man, then such a one as is not distinguished in any way from an arm-chair or a window.

"You have n't written to the countess yet, my dear," he said to his wife in French, with an apathetic but firm expression of countenance.

"Farewell, Mr. Irteneff," said Madame Ivin to me, inclining her head rather haughtily all at once, and gazing at my eyebrows as her son had done. I bowed once more to her and her husband, and again my salute acted upon the elder Ivin exactly as the opening or shutting of a window would have done. But Ivin the student accompanied me to the door, and told me on the way that he was going to be transferred to the Petersburg university, because his father had received an appointment there (and he mentioned a very important position).

"Well, as papa likes," I muttered to myself as I seated myself in my drozhky; "but my feet will never enter here again. That bawler cries when she looks at me, just as though I were some miserable creature; and Ivin is a pig, and does n't bow to me. I 'll give him ...." what I wanted to give him, I really do not know, but that was the word which occurred to me.

I was often obliged afterward to endure my father's exhortations, and he said that it was indispensable to "*cultivate*" this acquaintance, and that I could not re-

quire a man in such a position as Ivin's to pay attention to such a boy as I; but I preserved my resolution for a long time.

CHAPTER XXI

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH

"Now for the last call on the Nikitskaya," I said to Kuzma, and we rolled away to Prince Ivan Ivanitch's house.

After having gone through several calling experiences, I generally acquired self-reliance by practice; and now I was about to drive up to the prince's in a tolerably composed frame of mind, when I suddenly recalled the words of Princess Kornakoff, to the effect that I was his heir; moreover, I beheld two equipages at the entrance, and I felt my former timidity again.

It seemed to me that the old hall porter who opened the door for me, and the footman who took off my coat, and the three ladies and the two gentlemen whom I found in the drawing-room, and Prince Ivan Ivanitch himself in particular, who was sitting on the divan in a plain coat, — it seemed to me that they all looked upon me as the heir, and therefore with ill-will. The prince was very friendly with me: he kissed me, that is to say, he laid his soft, dry, cold lips against my cheek for a moment, inquired about my occupations and plans, jested with me, asked if I still wrote verses like those which I had written for my grandmother's name-day, and said that I must come and dine with him that day. But the more courteous he was, the more it seemed to me as though he wanted to pet me only to prevent my perceiving how disagreeable to him was the thought that I was his heir. He had a habit — arising from the false teeth with which his mouth was filled — of raising his upper lip toward his nose after he had said anything, and uttering a slight snort, as though he were drawing his lip into his nostrils; and when he did this on the present

occasion, it seemed to me as though he were saying to himself, "Little boy, little boy, I know it without your reminding me of it; you are the heir, the heir," and so on.

When we were children, we had called Prince Ivan Ivanitch "grandfather"; but now, in my capacity of heir, my tongue could not bring itself to say "grandfather" to him, and it seemed to me humiliating to call him "your excellency," as one of the gentlemen present did, so that, during the entire conversation, I tried not to call him anything at all. But what abashed me most of all was the old spinster princess, who was also one of the prince's heirs, and lived in his house. During the whole course of dinner, at which I was seated beside the princess, I fancied that the princess did not address me because she hated me for being also an heir of the prince as well as herself; and that the prince paid no attention to our side of the table because we — the princess and I — were heirs, and equally repulsive to him.

"Yes; you can't believe how disagreeable it was for me," I said that same evening to Dmitry, desiring to brag to him of the feeling of repugnance to the thought that I was an heir (this sentiment seemed very fine to me), — "how disagreeable it was for me to pass two whole hours at the prince's to-day. He is a very fine man, and was very polite to me," said I, wishing, among other things, to impress my friend with the fact that what I said was not in consequence of having felt humiliated before the prince; "but," I continued, "the thought that they might look upon me as they do upon the princess who lives in his house, and behaves in such a servile way before him, is frightful. He is a wonderful old man, and extremely kind and delicate withal, but it is painful to see how he *maltreats* that princess. This disgusting money ruins all intercourse!

"Do you know, I think it would be much better to explain myself clearly to the prince," said I, — "to tell him that I revere him as a man, but that I am not thinking of his inheritance, and that I beg him not to leave me anything, and that under that condition only will I go to his house."

Dmitry did not laugh when I told him this; on the contrary, he became thoughtful, and, after a silence of several minutes, he said to me: —

"Do you know what? You are not in the right. Either you should not suppose at all that people can think of you as of your princess; or else, if you do already suppose it, then you should carry your suppositions farther; that is, to the effect that you know what people may think of you, but that such thoughts are so far from your intentions that you scorn them, and will do nothing which is founded on them. Now, suppose that they suppose that you suppose this .... But, in short," he added, conscious that he was involving himself in his reflections, "it's much better not to suppose it at all."

My friend was quite right. It was only later, much later, that I was convinced from my experience of life how injurious it is to think, and how much more injurious to utter, much which seems very noble, but which should remain forever hidden from all in the heart of each individual man; and how rarely noble words accompany noble deeds. I am convinced that the very fact that a good intention has been announced renders the execution of this good intention more difficult, and generally impossible. But how restrain the utterance of the nobly self-satisfied impulses of youth? One only recollects them afterward, and mourns over them as over a flower which did not last, — which one has plucked ere it had opened, and then has beheld upon the ground, withered and trampled on.

I, who had but just told my friend Dmitry that money ruined intercourse, borrowed twenty-five rubles of him, which he offered me the next morning, before our departure to the country, when I found that I had wasted all my own money on divers pictures and pipe-stems; and then I remained in his debt a very long time indeed.

CHAPTER XXII

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION WITH MY FRIEND

Our present conversation arose in the phaeton on the road to Kuntzovo. Dmitry had dissuaded me from calling on his mother in the morning; but he came to me, after dinner, to carry me off for the whole evening, and even to pass the night at the country villa where his family lived. It was only when we had emerged from the city and the dirty, motley streets, and the intolerably deafening sound of the pavements had been exchanged for the broad view of the fields and the soft rattle of the wheels along the dusty road, and the fragrant spring air and the sense of space had seized hold upon me from all sides, — it was only then that I recovered my senses in some degree from the various new impressions and consciousness of freedom which had quite confused me for the last two days. Dmitry was sociable and sympathetic, did not adjust his neckerchief with his head, and did not screw his eyes up. I was satisfied with the lofty sentiments which I had communicated to him, supposing that, in consideration of them, he had quite forgiven my shameful affair with Kolpikoff, and did not despise me for it; and we conversed, in a friendly way, of many intimate things which friends do not talk to each other about under all conditions. Dmitry told me about his family, whom I did not know as yet, — about his mother, his aunt, his sister, and about the person whom Volodya and Dubkoff considered my friend's passion, and called the *little redhead*. He spoke of his mother with a certain cool, triumphant praise, as though to forestall any objection on that subject; he expressed enthusiasm with regard to his aunt, but with some condescension; of his sister, he said very little, and seemed ashamed to talk to me about her; but as for the *little redhead*, whose name was really Liubov[1] Sergieevna, and who was an elderly maiden lady, who

[1] Love or Charity; not an uncommon feminine Christian name. — Tr.

lived in the Nekhliudoffs' house in some family relation or other, he spoke to me of her with animation.

"Yes, she is a wonderful girl," said he, blushing modestly, but, at the same time, looking me boldly in the eye. "She is no longer a young girl; she is even rather old, and not at all pretty; but how stupid, how senseless it is to love beauty! I cannot understand it, it is so stupid [he spoke as if he had but just discovered a perfectly new and remarkable truth], but she has such a soul, such a heart, such principles, I am convinced that you will not find another such girl in this present world." (I do not know why Dmitry had acquired the habit of saying that everything good was rare in this present world; he was fond of repeating this expression, and it seemed to become him.)

"I am only afraid," he continued calmly, after having already annihilated with his condemnation people who had the stupidity to love beauty, "I am afraid that you will not soon comprehend her, and learn to know her. She is modest, even reserved; she is not fond of displaying her fine, her wonderful qualities. There is mamma, who, as you will see, is a very handsome and intelligent woman; she has known Liubov Sergieevna for several years, and cannot and will not understand her. Even last night I.... I will tell you why I was out of spirits when you asked me. Day before yesterday, Liubov Sergieevna wanted me to go with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch .... you have certainly heard of Ivan Yakovlevitch, who is said to be crazy, but, in reality, is a remarkable man. Liubov Sergieevna is very religious, I must tell you, and understands Ivan Yakovlevitch perfectly. She frequently goes to see him, talks with him, and gives him money for his poor people, which she has earned herself. She is a wonderful woman, as you will see. Well, so I went with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch, and was very grateful to her for having seen that remarkable man. But mamma never will understand this, and regards it as superstition. Last night I had a quarrel with my mother, for the first time in my life, and a rather hot one," he concluded, with a convulsive

movement of the neck, as though in memory of the feeling which he had experienced during this quarrel.

"Well, and what do you think? That is, how do you fancy it will turn out? or do you talk with her of how it is to be, and how your love and friendship will end?" I inquired, wishing to divert him from unpleasant memories.

"You mean to ask, whether I think of marrying her?" he inquired, reddening again, but turning and looking me boldly in the face.

"Well, in fact," I thought, tranquilizing myself, "it's nothing: we are grown up; we two friends are riding in this phaeton, and discussing our future life. Any one would enjoy listening and looking at us now, unseen."

"Why not?" he went on, after my answer in the affirmative. "It is my aim, as it is the aim of every right-minded man, to be happy and good, so far as that is possible; and with her, if she will only have it so, I shall be happier and better than with the greatest beauty in the world, as soon as I am entirely independent."

Engaged in such discourse, we did not observe that we had arrived at Kuntzovo, that the sky had clouded over, and that it was preparing to rain. The sun stood not very high on the right, above the ancient trees of the Kuntzovo park, and half of its brilliant red disk was covered with gray, slightly luminous clouds; broken, fiery rays escaped in bursts from the other half, and lighted up the old trees of the park with striking brilliancy, as their dense green motionless crowns shone in the illuminated spot of azure sky. The gleam and light of this side of the heavens was strongly contrasted with the heavy purplish cloud which lay before us above the young birches that were visible on the horizon.

A little farther to the right, behind the bushes and trees, we could already see the multicolored roofs of the buildings of the villas, some of which reflected the brilliant rays of the sun, while some assumed the melancholy character of the other half of the heavens. Below, on the left, the motionless pond gleamed blue, surrounded

by pale green willows which stood out darkly against its dull and seemingly swollen surface. Beyond the pond, half-way up the hill, stretched a black steaming field; and the straight boundary strip of green which divided it in the middle ran off into the distance, and rested on the threatening, lead-colored horizon. On both sides of the soft road, along which the phaeton rolled with regular motion, luxuriant tangled rye stood out sharply in its verdure, and was already beginning to develop stalks here and there. The air was perfectly quiet, and exhaled freshness; the verdure of trees, leaves, and rye was motionless and unusually pure and clear. It seemed as though every leaf, every blade of grass, were living its own free, happy, individual life. Beside the road, I espied a blackish foot-path, which wound amid the dark green rye, that was now more than quarter grown; and this path, for some reason, recalled the country to me with special vividness; and, in consequence of my thoughts of the country, by some strange combination of ideas, it reminded me with special vividness of Sonitchka, and that I was in love with her.

In spite of all my friendship for Dmitry, and the pleasure which his frankness afforded me, I did not want to know any more about his feelings and intentions with regard to Liubov Sergieevna; but I wanted, without fail, to inform him of my love for Sonitchka, which seemed to me love of a much higher type. But, for some reason, I could not make up my mind to tell him directly my ideas of how fine it would be, when, having married Sonitchka, I should live in the country; and how I should have little children who would creep about the floor and call me papa; and how delighted I should be when he and his wife, Liubov Sergieevna, came to see me in their traveling dress: but, in place of all this, I pointed at the setting sun. "See, Dmitry, how charming it is!"

Dmitry said nothing, being apparently displeased that I had replied to his confession, which had probably cost him some pain, by directing his attention to nature, to which he was, in general, coolly indifferent. Nature

affected him very differently from what it did me: it affected him not so much by its beauty as by its interest; he loved it with his mind, rather than with his feelings.

"I am very happy," I said to him after this, paying no heed to the fact that he was evidently occupied with his own thoughts, and was quite indifferent to whatever I might say to him; "I believe I told you about a young lady with whom I was in love when a child; I have seen her again to-day," I continued, with enthusiasm, "and now I am decidedly in love with her."

And I told him about my love, and all my plans for connubial bliss in the future, in spite of the expression of indifference which still lingered on his face. And, strange to say, no sooner had I minutely described all the strength of my feeling, than it began to decrease.

The shower overtook us just after we had entered the birch avenue leading to the villa. I only knew that it was raining because a few drops fell upon my nose and hand, and something pattered on the young, sticky leaves of the birches, which, drooping their curling motionless branches, seemed to receive these pure, transparent drops on themselves with delight, that was expressed by the strong perfume with which they filled the avenue. We descended from the calash, in order to reach the house more quickly by running through the garden. But just at the entrance to the house we encountered four ladies, two of whom had some work, the third a book, and the other was approaching from another direction with a little dog, at a rapid pace. Dmitry immediately presented me to his mother, sister, aunt, and Liubov Sergieevna. They stopped for a moment, but the rain began to descend faster and faster.

"Let us go to the veranda, and you shall introduce him to us again there," said the one whom I took to be Dmitry's mother; and we ascended the steps with the ladies.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

At the first moment, out of all this company the one who struck me most was Liubov Sergieevna, who mounted the steps last of all, in thick knitted shoes, holding in her arms a spaniel, and, halting twice, gazed attentively at me and immediately afterward kissed her dog. She was very ugly, red-haired, thin, short, and rather one-sided. What rendered her homely face even plainer was her queer manner of dressing her hair, all to one side (one of those coiffures which bald women invent for themselves). Try as I would, out of a desire to please my friend, I could not discover a single good feature in her. Even her brown eyes, although they expressed good nature, were too small and dull, and decidedly ugly; even her hands, that characteristic feature, though not large, and not bad in shape, were red and hairy.

When I followed them on to the terrace, each one of the ladies, except Varenka, Dmitry's sister, who only surveyed me attentively with her great, dark gray eyes, said a few words to me before they resumed their several occupations; but Varenka began to read aloud from the book which she held on her knee, using her finger as a marker.

Princess Marya Ivanovna was a tall, stately woman of forty. She might have been taken for more, judging by the curls of half-gray hair which were frankly displayed beneath her cap. But she seemed much younger, on account of her fresh and delicate face, which was scarcely wrinkled at all, and particularly from the lively, merry gleam of her large eyes. Her eyes were brown, and very well opened; her lips were too thin, and somewhat stern; her nose was sufficiently regular, and a little to the left side; there were no rings on her large, almost masculine hands, with their long fingers. She wore a close, dark-blue dress, which fitted tightly to her elegant and still youthful figure, of which she was evi-

dently proud. She sat remarkably upright, and sewed on some garment. When I entered the veranda she took my hand, drew me toward her as though desirous of viewing me more closely, and said, as she looked at me with the same cold, open gaze which her son also possessed, that she had long known me from Dmitry's accounts of me, and that she had invited me to spend a whole day with them, in order that she might become better acquainted with me. "Do whatever you like, without minding us in the least, just as we shall put no constraint on ourselves because of you. Walk, read, listen, or sleep, if that amuses you more," she added.

Sophia Ivanovna was an elderly spinster and the princess's youngest sister, but from her looks she seemed older. She had that peculiar build, full of character, which is only met with in very plump, short old maids who wear corsets. It was as if all her health had risen upward with such force that it threatened every moment to suffocate her. Her little fat hands could not meet beneath the projecting point of her bodice, and the tightly stretched point itself she could not see. There was a strong family resemblance between the sisters, in spite of the fact that Marya Ivanovna had black hair and black eyes, and Sophia Ivanovna was a blond with large, lively, and at the same time calm, blue eyes (which is a great rarity). They had the same expression, the same nose, and the same lips, only Sophia Ivanovna's nose and lips were a little thicker, and on the right side when she smiled, while the princess's were on the left. Sophia Ivanovna evidently tried to appear young still, judging from her dress and coiffure, and would not have displayed her gray curls if she had had them. Her looks and her treatment of me seemed to me extremely haughty from the very first moment, and they embarrassed me; while with the princess, on the other hand, I felt perfectly at my ease. Possibly it was her stoutness, and a certain likeness in her figure to the portrait of Catherine the Great which struck me in her, that gave her that haughty aspect in my eyes; but I was thoroughly abashed when she said to me, gazing at me

intently the while, "The friends of our friends are our friends." I regained my composure, and changed my opinion of her entirely only when, after uttering these words, she paused awhile, and then opened her mouth, and sighed heavily. It must have been on account of her stoutness that she had a habit of sighing deeply after saying a few words, opening her mouth a little, and rolling her large blue eyes. So much amiable good nature was expressed by this habit, for some reason or other, that after that sigh I lost all fear of her, and she pleased me extremely. Her eyes were charming, her voice melodious and pleasing; even the excessively rounded lines of her form seemed to me at that period of my youth not devoid of beauty.

Liubov Sergieevna, as the friend of my friend, would (I supposed) immediately say something extremely friendly and confidential to me, and she even gazed at me quite a long while in silence as if in indecision as to whether what she meant to say to me were not too friendly; but she only broke the silence in order to inquire in what university course I was. Then she gazed at me again intently for quite a while, evidently hesitating whether to utter or not to utter that confidential, friendly word; and I, perceiving this doubt, besought her by the expression of my countenance to tell me all; but she said, "They say that very little attention is paid to science in the universities nowadays," and called her little dog Suzette.

Liubov Sergieevna talked the whole evening in the same sort of phrases, which, for the most part, fitted neither the matter in hand nor each other; but I believed so firmly in Dmitry, and he looked so anxiously first at me and then at her the whole evening with an expression that asked, "Well, what do you think?" — that, as it frequently happens, although I was already convinced in my own soul that there was nothing so very special about Liubov Sergieevna, I was very far from expressing my thought even to myself.

Finally, the last member of this family, Varenka, was a very plump girl of sixteen.

The only pretty things about her were her great dark gray eyes, with an expression which united mirth and calm observation, and were very much like her aunt's eyes; her very large blond braid of hair; and an extremely soft and pretty hand.

"I think it bores you, Mr. Nikolas, to listen to the middle of this," said Sophia Ivanovna, with her good-natured sigh, turning over the pieces of a garment which she was engaged in sewing. The reading had come to an end by this time, because Dmitry had gone off somewhere.

"Or perhaps you have already read 'Rob Roy'?"

At that time I considered it my duty, simply because I wore a student's uniform, to reply with great *intelligence and originality* without fail to every question, however simple, from people whom I did not know very well; and I regarded it as the greatest disgrace to make brief, clear replies like "yes" and "no," "it is tiresome," "it is pleasant," and the like. Glancing at my fashionable new trousers, and at the brilliant buttons on my coat, I replied that I had not read "Rob Roy," but that it was very interesting to me to listen to it, because I preferred to read books from the middle instead of from the beginning.

"It is twice as interesting; you can guess at what has happened, and what will happen," I added, with a self-satisfied smile.

The princess began to laugh a kind of unnatural laugh (I afterwards observed that she had no other laugh).

"But this must be correct," said she. "And shall you remain here long, Nikolas? You will not take offense that I address you without the *mousieur?* When are you going away?"

"I do not know; to-morrow perhaps, and possibly we may stay quite a long time," I replied for some reason or other, although we must certainly go on the morrow.

"I should have liked you to remain, both for our sakes and for Dmitry's," remarked the princess, looking off in the distance; "friendship is a glorious thing at your age."

I felt that they were all looking at me, and waiting to see what I would say, although Varenka pretended that she was inspecting her aunt's work. I felt that I was undergoing examination after a fashion, and that I must show off as favorably as possible.

"Yes, for me," said I, "Dmitry's friendship is beneficial; but I cannot be beneficial to him, he is a thousand times better than I." (Dmitry could not hear what I was saying, otherwise I should have been afraid that he would detect the insincerity of my words.)

The princess laughed again with the unnatural laugh which was natural to her.

"Well, but to hear him talk," said she, "*it is you who are a little monster of perfection.*"[1]

"'*A monster of perfection*,' that's capital, I must remember that," I thought.

"However, leaving you out of the case, he is a master-hand at that," she went on, lowering her voice, (which was particularly agreeable to me), and indicating Liubov Sergieevna with her eyes. "He has discovered in his *poor little aunt*" (that was what they called Liubov Sergieevna), "whom I have known, with her Suzette, for twenty years, such perfections as I never even suspected. — Varya, order them to bring me a glass of water," she added, glancing into the distance again, having probably discovered that it was rather early, or not at all necessary, to initiate me into family affairs; "or, better still, let *him* go. *He* has nothing to do, and do you go on reading. — Go straight into that door, my friend, and after you have traversed fifteen paces, halt, and say in a loud voice, 'Piotr, take Marya Ivanovna a glass of ice-water!'" she said to me, and again she laughed lightly with her unnatural laugh.

"She certainly wants to discuss me," I thought, as I left the room; "probably she wants to say that she has observed that I am a very, very intelligent young man." But I had not gone fifty paces when fat and panting Sophia Ivanovna overtook me with light, swift steps.

"*Merci, mon cher*," said she; "I am going there myself, and I will tell him."

[1] The italicized words are in French.

CHAPTER XXIV

LOVE

Sophia Ivanovna, as I afterward learned, was one of those rare elderly women who, though born for family life, have been denied this happiness by fate, and who, in consequence of this denial, decide all at once to pour out all the treasure of love which has been stored up so long, which has grown and strengthened in their hearts, upon certain chosen favorites. And the store is so inexhaustible among old maids of this sort, that, although the chosen ones are many, much love still remains, which they pour out upon all about them, on all the good and bad people with whom they come in contact in life.

There are three kinds of love: —

(1) Beautiful love;

(2) Self-sacrificing love; and

(3) Active love.

I do not speak of the love of a young man for a young girl, and hers for him; I fear these tendernesses, and I have been so unfortunate in life as never to have seen a single spark of truth in this species of love, but only a lie, in which sentiment, connubial relations, money, a desire to bind or to unbind one's hands, have to such an extent confused the feeling itself, that it has been impossible to disentangle it. I am speaking of the love for man which, according to the greater or lesser power of soul, concentrates itself upon one, upon several, or pours itself out upon many; of the love for mother, father, brother, children, for a comrade, friends, fellow-countrymen, — of love for man.

Beautiful love consists in love for the beauty of the sentiment itself, and its expression. For people who love thus, the beloved object is beloved only inasmuch as it arouses that agreeable sentiment, in the consciousness and expression of which they delight. People who love with beautiful love care very little about reciprocity,

as for an item which has no influence upon the beauty and pleasure of the sentiment. They frequently change the objects of their love, as their chief aim consists simply in having the agreeable feeling of love constantly excited. In order to preserve this pleasing sentiment in themselves, they talk incessantly of their affection in the most elegant terms, both to the object of it, and to every one else, even to those who have no concern whatever with this love. In our country, people of a certain class, who love *beautifully*, not only talk about their love to every one, but infallibly discuss it in French. It is a queer and a strange thing to say; but I am convinced that there have been and still are many people of distinguished society, especially women, whose love for their friends, their husbands, and their children would be instantly annihilated if they were but forbidden to speak of it in French.

The second species of love — self-sacrificing love — consists in love of the process of immolating one's self for the beloved object, without any regard to whether the beloved object is the better or the worse for these sacrifices. "There is nothing so disagreeable that I would not do it in order to prove my devotion to the whole world, and to *him* or to *her*." That is the formula of this species of love. People who love thus never believe in reciprocity (because it is more meritorious to sacrifice one's self for a person who does not understand me), and are always sickly, which also heightens the merit of the sacrifice; they are constant, for the most part, because it would be hard for them to lose the merit of those sacrifices which they have made for the beloved object; they are always ready to die to prove to *him* or to *her* the extent of their devotion, but they despise the little everyday demonstrations of love which do not require special outbursts of self-sacrifice. It makes no difference to them whether you have eaten or slept well, whether you are cheery, or whether you are in health, and they do nothing to procure you those comforts if they are within their power; but to stand in front of a bullet, to fling themselves into the water or

into the fire, to go into a decline for love, — they are always ready to do that if the opportunity only presents itself. Moreover, people who are inclined to self-sacrificing love are always proud of their love, exacting, jealous, distrustful; and, strange to say, they desire danger for its object, that they may rescue him from his misfortune, that they may comfort him, — and even vices, that they may reform him.

You are living alone in the country with your wife, who loves you with self-sacrificing love. You are well, calm, you have occupations which you like; your loving wife is so weak that she cannot busy herself with the management of the household, which is confided to the hands of domestics, nor with the children, who are in the hands of nurses, nor with anything which she might love, because she loves nothing but you. She is *visibly* ill, but, not wishing to pain you, she will not mention this to you; she is *plainly* bored, but for your sake she is ready to be bored all her life. The fact that you are so intently occupied with your affairs (whatever they may be, hunting, books, farming, service) is *visibly* killing her; she sees that these occupations are ruining you, but she holds her peace and suffers. But now you fall ill. Your loving wife forgets her illness for you, and in spite of your prayer that she will not torment herself for nothing, she sits by your bedside, and will not leave it; and you feel her sympathetic glance upon you every second, saying, "I told you so, but it makes no difference to me, I will not leave you." In the morning you are a little better, and you go to another room. The room is not warmed, nor put in order; the soup, which is the only thing you can eat, has not been ordered from the cook; the medicine has not been sent for; but your poor, loving wife, exhausted by her vigil, gazes at you with the same expression of sympathy, walks on tiptoe, and gives the servants confused and unaccustomed orders in a whisper. You want to read; your loving wife tells you with a sigh that she knows you will not listen to her, that you will be angry with her, but she is used to that, — it is better for you not to read. You

want to walk across the room; you had better not do it. You want to speak to a friend who has arrived; it is better for you not to talk. You have fever again in the night, and you want to forget yourself; but your loving wife, pale, haggard, sighing from time to time, sits opposite you in an arm-chair, under the half-light of the night-lamp, and arouses in you a feeling of irritation and impatience by the slightest sound or movement. You have a servant who has lived with you for twenty years, to whom you are accustomed, who serves you admirably and satisfactorily because he has slept sufficiently during the day, and receives wages for his services; but she will not permit him to wait upon you. She will do everything with her own weak, unskilled fingers, which you cannot avoid watching with repressed vexation, when those white fingers strive in vain to uncork a vial, to extinguish a candle, to pour out your medicine, or when they touch you squeamishly. If you are an impatient, hot-tempered man, and beg her to go away, you hear her with your irritated, sickly sense of hearing, sighing and crying outside the door, and whispering something to your man. Finally, if you do not die, your loving wife, who has not slept all the twenty nights during which your sickness has lasted (as she repeats to you incessantly), falls ill, goes into a decline, suffers, and becomes still less capable of any occupation, and, by the time you are in a normal condition, expresses her love of self-sacrifice only by a gentle *ennui* which involuntarily communicates itself to you, and to all about you.

The third sort — active love — consists in the endeavor to satisfy all needs, desires, whims, all vices even, of the beloved object. People who love thus always love for life; for, the more they love, the more they know the beloved object, and the easier it is for them to love; that is, to satisfy his desires. Their love is rarely expressed in words; and, if expressed, it is not with self-satisfaction, eloquently, but shamefacedly, awkwardly, for they are always afraid that they do not love sufficiently. They seek reciprocity, even willingly deceiv-

ing themselves, believe in it, and are happy if they have it; but they love all the same, even under the opposite conditions, and not only desire happiness for the beloved object, but constantly strive to procure it for him by all the moral and material, the great and petty, means which are in their power.

And it was this active love for her nephew, for her sister, for Liubov Sergieevna, for me, even, because Dmitry loved me, which shone in the eyes, in every word and movement, of Sophia Ivanovna.

It was only much later that I estimated Sophia Ivanovna at her full worth; but even then the question occurred to me, Why did Dmitry, who was trying to understand love in a totally different fashion from what was usual with young men, and who had always before his eyes this sweet, affectionate Sophia Ivanovna, suddenly fall in love with that incomprehensible Liubov Sergieevna, and only admit that his aunt also possessed good qualities? Evidently, the saying is just: "A prophet has no honor in his own country." One of two things must be: either there actually is more evil than good in every man, or else man is more accessible to evil than to good. He had not known Liubov Sergieevna long, but his aunt's love he had experienced ever since his birth.

CHAPTER XXV

I BECOME ACQUAINTED

When I returned to the veranda, they were not speaking of me at all, as I had supposed; and Varenka was not reading, but, having laid aside her book, she was engaged in a hot dispute with Dmitry, who was pacing back and forth, settling his neck in his neckerchief, and screwing up his eyes. The subject of their quarrel seemed to be Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition; but the quarrel was so fiery, that the real but unmentioned cause could not fail to be a different one, and one which

touched the whole family more nearly. The princess and Liubov Sergieevna sat silent, listening to every word, evidently desirous at times to take part in the discussion, but restraining themselves, and allowing themselves to be represented, the one by Varenka, the other by Dmitry. When I entered, Varenka glanced at me with such an expression of indifference that it was plain that the dispute interested her deeply, and that it made no difference to her whether I heard what she said or not. The princess, who evidently was on Varenka's side, wore the same expression. But Dmitry began to dispute with even greater heat in my presence; and Liubov Sergieevna seemed excessively frightened at my appearance, and said, without addressing any one in particular, "Old people say truly: If youth knew, if old age had the power" (*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*).

But this adage did not put an end to the dispute, and only prompted the thought in me that Liubov Sergieevna and my friend were in the wrong. Although I felt rather awkward at being present at a petty family quarrel, it was nevertheless pleasant to observe the real relations of this family, which were exhibited in consequence of the debate; and I felt that my presence did not prevent their exhibiting themselves.

It often happens that you see a family for years under the same deceitful veil of propriety, and the true relations of the members remain a secret to you. (I have even observed that, the more impenetrable and ornamental the curtain, the coarser are the genuine relations which are concealed from you.) Then it comes to pass on a day, quite unexpectedly, that there arises in this family circle some question, often apparently trivial, concerning some blonde woman, or a visit with the husband's horses: and, without any visible cause, the quarrel grows more and more violent, the space beneath the curtain becomes too contracted for a settlement, and all at once, to the terror of the wranglers themselves, and to the amazement of those present, all the real, coarse relations creep out; the curtain, which no longer covers

anything, flutters useless between the warring sides, and only serves to remind you how long you have been deceived by it. Often it is not so painful to dash one's head against the ceiling in full swing as it is to touch a sore and sensitive spot, though ever so lightly. And such a sore and sensitive spot exists in nearly every family. In the Nekhliudoff family, this sensitive spot consisted of Dmitry's strange love for Liubov Sergieevna, which aroused in his mother and sister, if not a sense of envy, at least a sentiment of wounded family feeling. Therefore it was that the dispute about Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition held such a serious significance for all of them.

"You are always trying to see into what other people ridicule and despise," said Varenka, in her melodious voice, pronouncing every letter distinctly. "It is just in all those kinds of things that you try to discover something remarkably fine."

"In the first place, only the most *frivolous* of *men* can speak of despising such a remarkable man as Ivan Yakovlevitch," retorted Dmitry, jerking his head spasmodically away from his sister; "and in the second place, *you* are trying purposely not to see the good which stands before your very eyes."

On her return to us, Sophia Ivanovna glanced several times, in a frightened way, now at her nephew, then at her niece, then at me; and twice she opened her mouth as though to speak, and sighed heavily.

"Please, Varya, read as quickly as possible," she said, handing her the book, and tapping her caressingly on the hand; "I am very anxious to know whether they found her again. [It seems that there is no question whatever, in the book, of any one finding any one else.] And as for you, Mitya, my dear, you had better wrap up your cheek, for the air is fresh, and your teeth will ache again," said she to her nephew, notwithstanding the look of displeasure which he cast upon her, probably because she had broken the thread of his argument. The reading was resumed.

This little quarrel did not in the least disturb the fam

ily peace, and the perceptible concord which breathed from that feminine circle.

This circle, to which Princess Marya Ivanovna evidently gave the character and direction, had for me a perfectly novel and attractive tone, of a certain sort of logic, and at the same time of simplicity and elegance. This tone was expressed for me by the beauty, purity, and simplicity of things, — the bell, the binding of the book, the arm-chair, the table; and in the straight, snug bodice, in the *pose* of the princess, in her gray curls displayed and in her manner of calling me simply Nikolas, and *he*, at our first meeting; in their occupations, the reading aloud, the sewing; and in the remarkable whiteness of the ladies' hands. (They all had a common family mark on the hand, which consisted in the soft portion of the palm being of a deep red hue, and separated by a sharp, straight line from the unusual whiteness of the upper part of the hand.) But this character was expressed, most of all, in the excellent manner in which all three spoke French and Russian, pronouncing every letter distinctly, and finishing every word and phrase with pedantic accuracy. All this, and in particular the fact that they treated me simply and seriously in this society, as a grown-up person, uttered their own thoughts to me, listened to my opinions, — to this I was so little accustomed that, in spite of my brilliant buttons and blue facings, I was still afraid they would say to me, all at once, "Do you think people are going to talk seriously with you? go study!" — all this resulted in my not feeling the slightest embarrassment in their society. I rose and changed my seat from place to place, and talked with all except Varenka, to whom it still seemed to me improper, for some reason, to speak first.

During the reading, as I listened to her pleasant voice, I glanced now at her, now at the sandy path of the flower-garden, upon which dark round spots of rain were forming, upon the lindens, on whose leaves occasional drops of rain still continued to patter from the pale, bluish edge of the thinning thunder-cloud which

enveloped us, then at her again, then at the last crimson rays of the setting sun, which illuminated the dense and ancient birches all dripping with rain, and then at Varenka again; and I decided that she was not at all ugly, as she had seemed to me at first.

"It's a pity that I am already in love," I thought, "and that Varenka is not Sonitchka. How nice it would be suddenly to become a member of this family! I should gain a mother and an aunt and a wife all at once." And, as meditating thus I glanced at Varenka as she read, and thought that I would magnetize her, and make her look at me, Varenka raised her head from her book, glanced at me, and, meeting my eyes, turned away.

"It has not stopped raining yet," she said.

And all at once I experienced a strange sensation. I suddenly recollected that what was now happening to me was an exact repetition of what had happened once before; that then, also, a light rain was falling, and the sun was setting behind the birches, and I was looking at *her*, and she was reading, and I had magnetized her, and she had glanced up, and I had even recollected that this had happened before.

"Is it she? *she?*" I thought. "*Is it beginning?*" But I speedily decided that she was not the *she*, and that it was not beginning yet. "In the first place, she is ugly," I thought; "and in the next place, she is simply a young lady, and I have made her acquaintance in the most commonplace manner. But *she* will be remarkable, and I shall meet her somewhere, in some uncommon place; and, besides, this family only pleases me so much because I have not seen anything yet," I decided. "But of course there are always such, and I shall meet with many during my life."

CHAPTER XXVI

I SHOW MYSELF FROM THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS POINT OF VIEW

At tea-time the reading came to an end; and the ladies engaged in a conversation between themselves, about persons and circumstances with which I was unfamiliar, expressly, so it seemed to me, for the purpose of making me feel, in spite of my cordial reception, the difference which existed, both in years and in worldly position, between them and me. But in the general conversation, in which I could take part, I made up for my former silence, and endeavored to exhibit my remarkable intelligence and originality, which I considered that my uniform specially bound me to do. When the conversation turned on country-houses, I suddenly related how Prince Ivan Ivanitch had such a villa near Moscow that people came from London and Paris to see it; that there was a grating there which was worth three hundred and eighty thousand rubles; and that Prince Ivan Ivanitch was a very near relative of mine, and that I had dined with him that day, and he had told me that I must be sure to come and spend the whole summer with him at that villa, but that I had refused, because I knew the house very well, since I had been there a number of times, and that all those fences and bridges were not at all interesting to me because I could not bear luxury, especially in the country, and that I liked everything in the country to be like the country. Having uttered this strangely complicated lie, I became confused, and turned so red that every one must have certainly perceived that I was lying. Varenka, who handed me a cup of tea at that moment, and Sophia Ivanovna, who had been gazing at me while I was speaking, both turned away from me, and began to talk of something else, with an expression of countenance which I have often met with in good people since then, when a very young man begins plainly to lie in their very

faces, and which signifies, "Of course we know that he is lying, and why he does it, poor fellow!"

The reason why I said that Prince Ivan Ivanitch had a villa was that I saw no better pretext for mentioning my relationship to Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and that I had dined with him that day; but why did I tell about that grating worth three hundred and eighty thousand rubles, and that I had been to his house so often, when I had never been even once, and could not go, since Prince Ivan Ivanitch lived only in Moscow or Naples, which the Nekhliudoffs knew very well? I really cannot account to myself for it. Neither in childhood, nor boyhood, nor afterward in a riper stage of growth, have I ever detected the vice of lying in myself; on the contrary, I have been rather too frank and upright: but, during this first period of adolescence, a strange desire to lie in the most desperate manner, and without any apparent cause, frequently took possession of me. I say "desperate manner" expressly, because I lied about things where it was extremely easy to find me out. It seems to me that a vainglorious desire to show myself off as an entirely different man from what I am, united to the impracticable hope in life of lying so as not to be detected in the lie, was the chief cause of this strange tendency.

After tea, as the rain had ceased, and the weather was clear and calm, the princess proposed that we should go for a walk in the lower park, and admire her favorite spot. In accordance with my rule of always being original, and considering that such clever people as the princess and myself must stand above trivial politeness, I replied that I could not bear to walk without an object, and if I cared to walk at all, it was quite alone. I had no idea that this was downright rude; but it seemed to me then that there was nothing more disgraceful than state compliments, that nothing was more amiable and original than a little discourteous frankness. Nevertheless, quite content with my answer, I went to walk with the rest of the company.

The princess's favorite spot was at the very bottom

of the park in its depths, on a little bridge which was thrown over a small swamp. The view was extremely restricted, but very melancholy and pleasing. We are so accustomed to confounding art with nature, that very frequently those manifestations of nature which we have never encountered in pictures seem to us unnatural, — as though nature could be unnatural, — and those phenomena which have been too frequently repeated in art seem to us threadbare. But some views, too thoroughly penetrated with thought and sentiment alone, seem fantastic when we come upon them in nature. The view from the princess's favorite place was of this nature. It consisted of a small pond with overgrown banks; directly behind it was a steep hill covered with vast, ancient trees and bushes, with frequent changes in its many-hued verdure; and at the foot of the hill, drooping over the pond, an ancient birch, which, partly clinging to the damp bank of the pool with its thick roots, rested its crown upon a tall and stately ash tree, and swung its curling branches over the smooth surface of the pond, which gave back the reflection of these drooping boughs and the surrounding greenery.

"How charming!" said the princess, shaking her head, and not addressing any one in particular.

"Yes, it is wonderful, only it seems to me that it is frightfully like theatrical scenery," said I, desirous of showing that I had an opinion of my own on everything.

The princess continued to admire the view as though she had not heard my remark, and, turning to her sister and Liubov Sergieevna, she pointed out separate details, — the crooked overhanging stump, and the reflection, which particularly pleased her. Sophia Ivanovna said that it was all very beautiful, and that her sister was in the habit of passing several hours at a time here; but it was evident that she only said so to please the princess. I have observed that people who are endowed with the faculty of love are rarely sensitive to the beauties of nature. Liubov Sergieevna also went in raptures, asking, "What does that birch hold to?

will it stand long?" and she glanced constantly at her Suzette, who ran back and forth across the bridge on her crooked legs, wagging her tail with an anxious expression, as though for the first time in her life it had chanced to her not to be in a room. Dmitry began a logical argument with his mother, on the point that no view could be very beautiful where the horizon was limited. Varenka said nothing. When I glanced round at her, she was standing leaning on the railing of the bridge, with her profile toward me, and looking straight in front of her. Something probably interested her deeply, and even touched her; for she had evidently forgotten herself, and had no thought for herself or that she was being looked at. Her large eyes were so full of intent observation, of calm, clear thought, her *pose* was so unaffected, and in spite of her short stature there was so much majesty about her, that I was again struck by what seemed a memory of her, and again I asked myself, "Is it not beginning?" and again I answered myself that I was already in love with Sonitchka, and that Varenka was simply a young lady, the sister of my friend. But she pleased me at that moment, and I felt in consequence an unbounded desire to do or say to her some little unpleasant thing.

"Do you know, Dmitry," I said to my friend, approaching nearer to Varenka, in order that she might hear what I was about to say, "I think that, even if there were not any mosquitoes, there would be nothing beautiful about this place; and now," I added, slapping my forehead, and really crushing a mosquito, "it's perfectly dreadful."

"You do not seem to love nature," said Varenka to me, without turning her head.

"I think it is an idle, useless occupation," I replied, very well satisfied with having uttered my little unpleasantness, and having been original. Varenka raised her eyebrows in an almost imperceptible manner for a moment, with an expression of pity, and continued to look straight before her as composedly as ever.

I was vexed with her; but, in spite of this, the grayish

railing of the bridge with its faded paint, upon which she leaned, the reflection in the dark pond of the drooping stump of the overturned birch, which seemed desirous of joining its drooping branches, the odor of the swamp, the feeling of the crushed mosquito upon my forehead, and her attentive gaze and majestic attitude, often presented themselves afterward quite unexpectedly to my imagination.

CHAPTER XXVII

DMITRY

When we returned home after our walk, Varenka did not wish to sing as she usually did in the evening; and I had the self-assurance to set it down to my own account, fancying that the cause was what I had said to her on the bridge. The Nekhliudoffs did not have supper, and dispersed early; and that day, since Dmitry's teeth began to ache, as Sophia Ivanovna had predicted, we went off to his room even earlier than usual. Supposing that I had done all that my blue collar and my buttons required of me, and that I had pleased everybody, I was in an extremely amiable, self-satisfied frame of mind. Dmitry, on the contrary, in consequence of the quarrel and his toothache, was silent and morose. He seated himself at the table, got out his note-books, his diary, and the book in which he was accustomed to write down every evening his past and future occupations, and wrote in them for quite a long time, frowning incessantly, and touching his cheek with his hand.

"Oh, leave me in peace!" he shouted at the maid who had been sent by Sophia Ivanovna to inquire how his teeth were, and if he did not want to make himself a fomentation. After that, telling me that my bed would be ready directly, and that he would retire immediately, he went to Liubov Sergieevna.

"What a pity that Varenka is not pretty, and particularly that she is not Sonitchka!" I meditated,

when I was left alone in the room. "How pleasant it would be to come to them, and offer her my hand, when I leave the university! I should say, 'Princess, I am no longer young; I cannot love passionately; but I shall always love you like a dear sister.' 'I already respect you,' I should say to her mother; 'and as for you, Sophia Ivanovna, pray believe that I esteem you highly. Then say simply and plainly, will you be my wife?' — 'Yes;' and she will give me her hand, and I shall press it, and say, 'My love is not in words, but in deeds.' Well, and what if Dmitry should all at once fall in love with Liubotchka?" came into my mind, — "for Liubotchka is in love with him, — and should wish to marry her? Then one of us would not be able to marry.[1] And that would be capital. Then this is what I should do: I should immediately perceive it, say nothing, but go to Dmitry and say, 'It is in vain, my friend, that we have tried to keep secrets from each other. You know that my love for your sister will end only with my life; but I know all, you have deprived me of my best hope, you have rendered me unhappy; but do you know how Nikolaï Irteneff revenges himself for the unhappiness of his whole life? Here is my sister for you,' and I should give him Liubotchka's hand. He would say, 'No, not on any terms!' and I should say, 'Prince Nekhliudoff, in vain do you endeavor to be more magnanimous than Nikolaï Irteneff. There is not a more magnanimous man in the world than he.' Then I should bow and retire. Dmitry and Liubotchka would run after me in tears, and beseech me to accept their sacrifice, — and I might consent and be very happy if I were only in love with Varenka." These dreams were so agreeable that I wanted very much to communicate them to my friend; but, in spite of our mutual vow of frankness, I felt that, for some reason, it was physically impossible to say it.

Dmitry returned from Liubov Sergieevna, with some drops on his tooth which she had given him, in still greater suffering, and consequently still more gloomy.

[1] According to the ecclesiastical law. — Tr.

My bed was not ready yet; and a little boy, Dmitry's servant, came to ask where I was to sleep.

"Go to the devil!" shouted Dmitry, stamping his foot. "Vaska, Vaska, Vaska!" he cried, as soon as the boy was gone, raising his voice at each repetition, — "Vaska, make me up a bed on the floor."

"No, it will be better for me to lie on the floor," said I.

"Well, it's no matter; make it up somewhere," went on Dmitry, in the same angry tone. "Vaska! why don't you spread it down?"

But Vaska evidently did not understand what was wanted of him, and stood motionless.

"Well, what's the matter with you? Make it! make it! Vaska, Vaska!" shouted Dmitry, suddenly flying into a kind of fury.

But Vaska, still not comprehending, and becoming frightened, did not move.

"So you have sworn to mur.... to drive me mad?" and, springing from his chair, Dmitry flew at the boy, and struck several blows with his fist upon the head of Vaska, who ran headlong from the room. Halting at the door, Dmitry glanced at me; and the expression of rage and cruelty which his face had borne for a moment changed into such a gentle, shamefaced, and affectionately childish expression, that I was sorry for him. But, much as I wanted to turn away, I could not make up my mind to do it. He said nothing to me, but paced the room for a long time, glancing at me from time to time with the same look which besought forgiveness, then took a note-book from the table, wrote something in it, pulled off his coat, folded it carefully, went to the corner where the images hung, crossed his large white hands upon his breast, and began to pray. He prayed so long that Vaska had time to fetch a mattress, and spread it on the floor as I directed him in a whisper to do. I undressed, and lay down upon the bed thus prepared on the floor; but Dmitry still continued to pray. As I glanced at Dmitry's somewhat bent back, and at the soles of his feet, which were presented to me in a

rather submissive way when he prostrated himself on the earth, I loved Dmitry still more strongly than before, and I kept thinking, "Shall I or shall I not tell him what I have been dreaming about our sisters?" Having finished his prayer, Dmitry lay down beside me on the bed; and, supporting himself on his elbow, he looked at me long and silently with a steady, affectionate gaze. It was evidently painful for him, but he seemed to be punishing himself. I smiled as I looked at him. He smiled also.

"Why don't you tell me," said he, "that I have acted abominably? Of course you thought it at once."

"Yes," I answered, — although I had been thinking of something else, but it seemed to me that I had really thought it, — "yes, it was not nice at all; I did not expect it of thee," said I, experiencing a special satisfaction at the moment in addressing him as *thou*. "Well, how are thy teeth?" I added.

"The pain has passed off. Ah, Nikolenka, my friend," broke out Dmitry so affectionately that stars seemed to stand in his sparkling eyes, "I know and feel that I am wicked; and God sees how I desire to be better, and how I beseech Him to make me better. But what am I to do if I have such a wretched, repulsive character? what am I to do? I try to restrain myself, to reform myself; but all at once this becomes impossible, and impossible to me alone. I need some one to support, to help me. There is Liubov Sergieevna, she understands me, and has helped me a great deal in this. I know by my journal that I have improved a great deal during the last year. Ah, Nikolenka, my soul!" he continued, with peculiar, unaccustomed tenderness, and a tone that was already quieter after this confession, "how much the influence of a woman like her means! My God! how good it will be when I am independent with such a friend as she! I am a totally different man with her."

And then Dmitry began to unfold to me his plans for marriage, country life, and constant labor upon himself.

"I shall live in the country. You will come to me, perhaps; and you will be married to Sonitchka," said

he. "Our children will play together. Of course this all sounds ridiculous and stupid, but it may come to pass nevertheless."

"The idea! it is extremely possible," said I, smiling, and thinking at the same time that it would be much better still if I were married to his sister.

"I am going to tell you something, do you know," said he, after a short silence; "you are only imagining that you are in love with Sonitchka, but it 's nonsense, I can see it; and you do not yet know what the genuine feeling is like."

I made no reply, because I almost agreed with him. We remained silent for a while.

"You surely must have observed that I have been in an abominable temper again to-day, and quarreled in an ugly way with Varya. It was frightfully disagreeable for me afterward, especially because it was before you. Although she thinks of many things in a way she should not, she 's a splendid girl, and very good when you come to know her more intimately."

His change of the conversation, from the statement that I was not in love, to praises of his sister, rejoiced me greatly, and made me blush; nevertheless, I said nothing to him about his sister, and we went on talking of something else.

Thus we chatted away until the second cockcrow, and until the pale dawn had already peeped in at the window, and Dmitry went to his own bed, and extinguished the light.

"Well, now for sleep," said he.

"Yes," I answered, "but one word more."

"Well?"

"Is it good to live in this world?"

"It is good to live in this world," he responded, in such a voice, that it seemed to me that even in the dark I could see the expression of his merry, affectionate eyes and childlike smile.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE COUNTRY

The next day Volodya and I set off for the country, with post-horses. As I went over all my Moscow memories in my mind on the way, I remembered Sonitchka Valakhin, but only in the evening, when we had traveled five stages. "But it is strange," thought I, "that I am in love, and quite forgot it; I must think of her." And I did begin to think of her, as one thinks while traveling, incoherently but vividly; and I meditated to such a degree, that I considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to appear sad and thoughtful for two days after our arrival in the country, before all the household, and especially in the presence of Katenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this sort, and to whom I gave a hint of the condition in which I found my heart. But, in spite of all my attempts at dissimulation before others and before myself, in spite of my deliberate assumption of all the signs which I had observed in others in an enamoured condition, in the course of those two days I did not constantly bear it in mind that I was in love, but remembered it chiefly in the evening; and finally I fell into the new round of country life and occupations so quickly that I quite forgot about my love for Sonitchka.

We arrived at Petrovskoe at night; and I was sleeping so soundly that I saw neither the house nor the birch avenue, nor any of the household, who had already retired and had long been asleep. Old bent Foka, barefooted, and wrapped in a kind of woman's wadded dressing-gown, with a candle in his hand, shoved back the door-fastenings for us. He quivered with joy on beholding us, kissed us on the shoulder, hastily gathered up his felt rug, and began to dress himself. I traversed the vestibule and staircase without being thoroughly awake; but in the anteroom the lock on the door, the bolt, the crooked boards, the clothes-

press, the ancient candlestick spotted with tallow as of old, the shadow of the cold, bent, recently lighted wick of the tallow candle, the always dusty double window which was never removed, behind which, as I remembered, there grew a mountain-ash tree, — all this was so familiar, so full of memories, so harmonious with itself, as though united in one thought, that I suddenly felt upon me the caress of this dear old house. The question involuntarily presented itself to me, "How could we, the house and I, go on without each other so long?" and I ran in haste to see whether these were in the same rooms. Everything was the same, only everything had grown smaller, lower. But the house received me joyously into its embrace just as I was; and every floor, every window, every step of the stairs, every sound, awakened in me a world of forms, feelings, occurrences of the happy past, which would never return. We went to the bedroom of our childhood; all my childish terrors were hiding again in the darkness of the corners and doors. We went into the drawing-room; the same gentle motherly love was diffused over every object which was in the room. We went to the hall; it seemed as though boisterous, careless childish mirth had lingered in this apartment, and was only waiting to be revivified. In the boudoir, whither Foka led us and where he made up beds for us, it seemed as if everything, — the mirror, the screen, the ancient wooden image, every inequality of the walls covered with white paper, — all spoke of suffering, of death, of that which would never exist again.

We went to bed, and Foka left us after wishing us good-night.

"Mamma died in this room, surely," said Volodya.

I did not answer him, and pretended to be asleep. If I had said a word I should have burst out crying. When I awoke the next morning, papa, not yet dressed, was sitting on Volodya's bed, in fanciful slippers from Torzhok and dressing-gown, chatting and laughing with him. He sprang up from Volodya with a merry bound, came up to me, and, slapping me on the back with his

large hand, he presented his cheek to me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Well, capital, thanks, diplomat," said he, with his own peculiar jesting caress, gazing at me with his small, twinkling eyes. "Volodya says that you got through well, young fellow; that's glorious. You're my fine little fellow when you take a notion not to be stupid. Thanks, my friend. We shall live very pleasantly here now, but we shall go to Petersburg for the winter; only it's a pity that the hunting is over, for I might have amused you. You can hunt with a gun, Waldemar; there's any quantity of game, and I will go with you myself some day. So if it be God's will, we shall go to Petersburg for the winter; you shall see people, make connections. You are grown up now, my children, and I was just telling Waldemar that you now stand on the road, and my task is over; you can walk alone. But if you want to confer with me, to ask advice, I am no longer your daddy, but your friend and comrade and counselor, wherever I can be of use, and nothing more. How does that suit your philosophy, Koko? Heh? is it good or bad? heh?"

Of course I answered that it was capital, and I really thought it so. Papa had a perfectly fascinating, merry, happy expression that day; and these novel relations with me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him more than ever.

"Now tell me, did you call on all our relatives, and on the Ivins? Did you see the old man? What did he say to you?" he continued to interrogate me. "Did you go to see Prince Ivan Ivanitch?"

And we chatted so long before dressing, that the sun had already begun to desert the windows of the divan-room; and Yakoff, who was just exactly as old as ever, and twisted his fingers behind his back and spoke just the same as ever, came to our room, and announced to papa that the calash was ready.

"Where are you going?" I asked papa.

"Ah, I had nearly forgotten," said papa, with a twitch and cough of vexation. "I promised to go to the

Epifanoffs' to-day Do you remember the Epifanova, *la belle Flamande?* She used to visit your mamma. They are very nice people," and papa left the room, twitching his shoulders in embarrassment, as it seemed to me.

Liubotchka had come to the door several times during our chat, and inquired, "Can I come in?" but each time papa shouted to her through the door that it "was utterly impossible, because we were not dressed."

"What 's the harm? I 've seen you in your dressing-gown."

"It 's impossible for you to see your brothers without their *inexpressibles*," he shouted to her; "and if each one of them knocks on the door to you, will you be satisfied? Knock, and it is even improper for them to speak to you in such *negligé*."

"Ah, how unbearable you are! At all events, do come to the drawing-room as quickly as possible. Mimi wants so much to see you!" called Liubotchka outside the door.

As soon as papa went away I dressed myself as quickly as possible in my student's coat, and went to the drawing-room Volodya, on the contrary, did not hurry himself, and sat up-stairs for a long time, talking with Yakoff about the places to find snipe and woodcock. As I have already said, there was nothing in the world which he dreaded so much as sentiment with his brother, his sister, or papa, as he expressed it; and, in avoiding every expression of feeling, he fell into the other extreme, — coldness, — which often hurt the feelings of people who did not understand its cause. In the anteroom I met papa, who was on his way to the carriage with short, brisk steps. He had on his fashionable new Moscow coat, and he was redolent of perfume. When he caught sight of me, he nodded gayly, as much as to say, "You see, is n't it fine?" and again I was struck by the happy expression of his eyes, which I had already observed that morning.

The drawing-room was the same bright, lofty apartment, with the yellowish English grand piano, and its

great open windows, through which the green trees and the yellowish red paths of the garden peeped gayly. Having kissed Mimi and Liubotchka, it suddenly occurred to me, as I approached Katenka, that it was not proper to kiss her; and I came to a standstill, silent and blushing. Katenka, who was not at all embarrassed, offered me her white hand, and congratulated me on my entrance to the university. When Volodya entered the room, the same thing happened to him at the sight of Katenka. In fact, it was hard to decide, after having grown up together, and having been in the habit of seeing each other every day during all that time, how we ought to meet now, after our first separation. Katenka blushed far more deeply than all the rest of us. Volodya suffered no embarrassment, but, bowing slightly to her, he walked off to Liubotchka, with whom he talked a little, but not seriously; then he went off somewhere for a solitary walk.

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR RELATIONS TO THE GIRLS

Volodya had such queer views about the girls, that he could interest himself in the questions: were they fat? had they slept enough? were they properly dressed? did they make mistakes in French which he should be ashamed of before strangers? But he never admitted the idea that they could think or feel anything human, and still less did he admit the idea that it was possible to discuss anything with them. When they chanced to have occasion to appeal to him with any serious question (which, however, they already endeavored to avoid), if they asked his opinion about a novel or his occupations in the university, he made a face at them, and walked off in silence, or answered with some mutilated French phrase, such as *comme ci tri joli*[1] and the like; or, putting on a serious and

[1] Comme c'est très joli.

thoughtfully stupid face, he uttered some word which had no sense or connection at all with the question, made his eyes dull all at once, and said, *a roll*, or *they have gone away*, or *cabbage*, or something of that sort. When I chanced to repeat to him these words which Liubotchka or Katenka had reported to me, he always said:

"Hm! so you still discuss matters with them? Yes, I see you are still in a bad way."

And the profound, invariable contempt which was expressed in this phrase required to be heard in order to be appreciated. Volodya had been grown up for two years now; he was constantly falling in love with every pretty woman that he met: but, although he saw Katenka every day (she had worn long dresses for two years, and grew prettier every day), the idea of the possibility of falling in love with her never entered his head. Whether this arose from the prosaic recollections of childhood, — the ruler, her simplicity, her caprices, were still too fresh in his memory; or from the repugnance which very young people have for everything that belongs to their own house; or from the general human weakness which, on meeting a good or a very beautiful thing at the beginning of the road, passes by, saying to itself, "Eh! I shall meet many such in the course of my life," — at all events, up to this time Volodya had not looked upon Katenka as a woman.

Volodya was evidently very much bored all that summer. His *ennui* proceeded from his scorn for us, which, as I have said, he did not attempt to hide. The expression of his face said constantly, "Fu! how tiresome! and there's nobody to talk to." Perhaps he would set out on a hunt in the morning with his gun, or would read a book in his room, without dressing himself, until dinner. If papa was not at home, he even brought his book to the dinner-table, and went on reading, without exchanging a syllable with any of us, which made us feel guilty of something or other toward him. In the evening, too, he lay with his feet on the sofa in the drawing-room, and slept with his head resting on his hand, or, with a serious face, chattered the strangest

nonsense, that was at times even improper, which made Mimi grow angry, and turn red in spots, while we were dying with laughter; but he never condescended to talk seriously with any member of our family except papa, and, once in a while, with me. I quite involuntarily aped my brother in his views about the girls, although I was not so much afraid of sentiment as he was, and my contempt for the girls was far from being so deep and firmly rooted. I even made several attempts that summer, out of *ennui*, to enter into closer relations with Liubotchka and Katenka, and converse with them; but on every occasion I found such an absence of the capacity for logical thought, and such ignorance of the simplest, most ordinary things, such as, for example, what money was, what was taught in the university, what war is, and so on, and such indifference to the explanations of all these things, that these attempts only served to confirm me in my unfavorable opinion of them.

I remember how, one evening, Liubotchka was repeating some intolerably tiresome passage for the hundredth time on the piano. Volodya was lying dozing on the sofa in the drawing-room, and muttering at intervals with a certain malicious irony, but without addressing himself to any one in particular, "Ai! there she pounds away; she's a musician, a *Beethoven* [this name he uttered with special irony], that's clever, now once more, that's it," and so on. Katenka and I were still at the tea-table, and I do not remember how Katenka led the conversation to her favorite topic, — love. I was in a mood to philosophize, and I began in a lofty way to define love as the desire to acquire in another that which you had not yourself, and so forth. But Katenka retorted that, on the contrary, it was not love, if a girl contemplated marrying a rich man, and that, in her opinion, property was the most worthless of all things, but that the only true love was that which can endure separation (I understood by this that she was hinting at her love for Dubkoff). Volodya, who must have overheard our conversation, raised himself on his elbow, and cried interrogatively, "*Kamenka, Russkikh?*"

"Oh, your eternal nonsense!" said Katenka.

"*V pereschnitzu?*"[1] went on Volodya, emphasizing each vowel. And I could not but think that Volodya was quite right.

Entirely separate from the general qualities of intelligence, sensibility, and artistic feeling, there is a private quality which is more or less developed in various circles of society, and especially in families, which I call *understanding*. The essential point of this quality consists in a certain feeling of proportion which has been agreed upon, and in an accepted, one-sided view of subjects. Two men of the same circle, or of the same family, who possess this quality, can always allow their expression of feeling to reach a certain point, beyond which both of them foresee the phrase. At one and the same moment they perceive where praise ends and irony begins, where enthusiasm ends and dissimulation begins; while, with people of another understanding, it may appear quite otherwise. For people with one understanding every object which they have in common presents itself equally and chiefly through its ridiculous, its beautiful, or its foul side. In order to render more easy this identity of comprehension, there arises, among people of a certain circle or family, a tongue of its own, certain terms of speech, certain words even, which denote those shades of meaning that do not exist for other people. In our family, this understanding was developed to the highest degree between papa and us two brothers. Dubkoff also had fitted our little circle pretty well, and *understood;* but Dmitry, although much cleverer than he, was stupid on this point. But in no case was this faculty developed to such a pitch of refinement as between Volodya and myself, who had grown up under identical conditions. Papa was already far behind us, and much that was as clear to us as two times two was incomprehensible to him. For instance, Volodya and I had agreed, God knows why, upon the fol-

[1] As will be seen from what follows, these words are nonsense, and make as much sense untranslated as they would if an arbitrary meaning were assigned to them. — TR.

lowing words with corresponding meanings: *Raisins* signified a vainglorious desire to show that I had money; *a bump* (the fingers must be joined, and the special emphasis placed on two of the consonants at the same time) signified something fresh, healthy, elegant, but not foppish; a noun employed in the plural signified unreasonable passion for the object; and so forth, and so forth. Moreover, the meaning depended on the expression of countenance, on the conversation as a whole: so that, whatever new expression one of us invented for a new shade of meaning, the other understood it exactly in that sense at the first hint. The girls did not have our understanding, and this was the chief cause of our moral solitude, and of the scorn which we felt for them.

Perhaps they had an *understanding* of their own; but it was so unlike ours, that, where we beheld a phrase, they saw a sentiment; our irony was truth to them, and so forth. But I did not understand at the time that they were not to blame in this respect, and that this lack of comprehension did not prevent them from being very good and clever girls; but I despised them. Having, moreover, hit upon the idea of frankness, and carrying the application of it to extremes in my own case, I accused Liubotchka, with her peaceful, trusting nature, of secrecy, because she saw no necessity for digging up and examining all her thoughts and spiritual instincts. For example, it seemed to me all excessive hypocrisy when Liubotchka made the sign of the cross over popa every night, and when she and Katenka wept in the chapel when they went to have the requiem service[1] for mamma's soul, and when Katenka sighed and rolled her eyes when she played on the piano; and I asked myself, When did they learn to dissimulate thus like grown-up people, and why were they not ashamed of themselves?

[1] Not the liturgy (or mass), but a service of prayer only. — TR.

CHAPTER XXX

MY OCCUPATIONS

In spite of this, I came into nearer relations with our young ladies that summer than in other years, by reason of a passion for music which had made its appearance in me. That spring, a young man, a neighbor, came to call upon us in the country, who had no sooner entered the drawing-room than he began to gaze at the piano, and to move his chair imperceptibly toward it as he conversed, among others, with Mimi and Katenka. Having discussed the weather, and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led the conversation to a tuner, to music, to the piano, and finally he announced that he played; and very soon he had executed three waltzes, while Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka stood around the piano and looked at him. This young man never came again; but his playing pleased me extremely, and his attitude at the piano, and the way he shook his hair, and, in particular, the manner in which he took octaves with his left hand, swiftly extending his thumb and little finger over the space of the octave, then slowly drawing them away, and again briskly extending them. This graceful gesture, his careless *pose*, the way he tossed his hair, and the attention which our ladies paid to his talent, inspired me with the idea of playing on the piano. Having convinced myself, in consequence of this idea, that I had talent and a passion for music, I undertook to learn. In this respect, I behaved like millions of the male and especially of the female sex, who study without a good teacher, without a real vocation, and without the slightest comprehension of what art can give, and of how necessary it is to apply to it in order that it may furnish something. Music, or rather playing on the piano, was for me a means of captivating girls through their feelings. With the help of Katenka, who taught me my notes and broke my thick fingers in a little, in which process, by the way, I consumed two

months of such zeal that I even exercised my disobedient fourth finger on my knee at dinner and on my pillow in bed, I at once began to play *pieces*, and played them, of course, soulfully (*avec âme*), as even Katenka confessed, but utterly out of time.

The choice of pieces was familiar, — waltzes, galops romances, arrangements, and so forth, — all by those pleasing composers of which any man possessed of a little healthy taste will select a little pile for you from the heaps of very beautiful things in the music shops, and say, "These are what you must not play, because nothing worse, more tasteless, and more senseless was ever written on music paper;" and which you find upon the pianoforte of every young Russian lady, probably for that very reason. We had, it is true, the unhappy "Sonate Pathétique," and Beethoven's sonatas in C-minor, which are forever being murdered by young ladies, and which Liubotchka played in memory of mamma, and other fine things, which her Moscow teacher had given her; but there were also compositions by this teacher, absurd marches and galops, which Liubotchka played as well. Katenka and I did not like serious things, and preferred, to everything else, "Le Fou" and the "Nightingale," which Katenka played in such a manner that her fingers were not visible, and I already began to play quite loudly and connectedly. I acquired the young man's gestures, and often mourned because there were no strangers to look on when I was playing. But Liszt and Kalkbrenner soon proved beyond my powers, and I perceived the impossibility of overtaking Katenka. Fancying, in consequence of this, that classical music was easier, and partly for the sake of originality, I all at once came to the conclusion that I liked learned German music, began to go into raptures when Liubotchka played the "Sonate Pathétique," although, to tell the truth, this sonata had long ago excited my extreme disgust. I began to play Beethoven myself, and to pronounce it *Beethoven*. But through all this muddle and hypocrisy, as I now recall, there was something in the nature of talent in me, for music often pro-

duced on me an effect sufficiently powerful to call forth tears, and the things which pleased me I could manage to pick out upon the piano without notes; so that, if any one had then taught me to look upon music as an end, as an independent enjoyment, and not as a means of fascinating girls by the swiftness and sentiment of my execution, I might, perhaps, have actually become a very respectable musician.

The perusal of French romances, of which Volodya had brought down a great many, was another of my occupations during this summer. At that time "Monte Cristo" and various "Mysteries" had just begun to make their appearance; and I buried myself in the romances of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural personages and occurrences were as living for me as reality; and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not even exist for me, but living, acting people and adventures appeared before me out of the printed book. If I had never anywhere met people like those I read about, still I did not for a second doubt their *existence*.

I discovered in myself all the passions which were described, and a likeness to all the characters, and to the heroes and the villains of every romance, as a sensitive man finds in himself all the symptoms of all possible diseases when he reads a medical book. What pleased me in these romances was the artful thoughts and fiery sentiments, the genuine characters: the good man was thoroughly good, the bad man was as thoroughly bad, exactly as I fancied people were in my early youth. It pleased me very, very much that this was all in French, and that I could remember and quote, on the occasion of a noble deed, the magnanimous words uttered by the noble heroes. How many different French phrases I concocted, with the aid of those romances, for Kolpikoff if I should ever encounter him again, and for *her*, when I should at length meet her and declare my love to her! I prepared *such* things to say to them, that they would have died on hearing me. On the foundation of these novels I even

constructed new ideals of the moral worth to which I wished to attain. Most of all, I desired to be "noble" in all my deeds and behavior (I say noble, and not *blagorodnuii,* because the French word has another meaning, which the Germans understood when they adopted the word *nobel,*[1] and did not confound it with *ehrlich*); next to be *passionate;* and lastly to be what I already had an inclination to be, as *comme il faut* as possible. I even endeavored to resemble, in my personal appearance and habits, the heroes who possessed any of these qualities. I remember that in one, out of the hundreds of novels which I read that summer, there was an excessively passionate hero, with thick eyebrows; and I so much desired to be like him externally (I felt myself to be exactly like him morally), that, as I examined my eyebrows in the mirror, it occurred to me to cut them a little, in order that they might grow thicker; but when I began to cut them I chanced to shear away more in one place. I had to trim it down evenly; and when that was accomplished I looked in the glass, and beheld myself, to my horror, without any eyebrows, and consequently very ugly indeed. However, I took comfort in the hope that my brows would soon grow out thick, like the passionate man's, and was only disturbed as to what our family would say when they should see me without my eyebrows. I got some powder from Volodya, rubbed it on my eyebrows, and set fire to it. Although the powder did not flash up, I was sufficiently like a person who had been burned. No one suspected my trick, and my brows really did grow out much thicker after I had already forgotten the passionate man.

[1] *Nobel* means noble, generous. *Ehrlich* signifies honest, honorable, faithful, and so forth. — Tr.

CHAPTER XXXI

COMME IL FAUT

Several times already, in the course of this narrative, I have referred to the idea corresponding to this French heading; and now I feel the necessity of devoting a whole chapter to this idea, which was one of the most false and pernicious with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be separated into many classes, — into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and civilians, into clever people and stupid, and so on. But every man, without exception, has his own favorite principal subdivisions under which he mechanically classes each new individual. My chief and favorite subdivision of people, at the time of which I write, was into people who were *comme il faut*, and people who were *comme il ne faut pas*. The second class was again subdivided into people who were simply not *comme il faut*, and the common people. People who were *comme il faut* I considered worthy of holding equal intercourse with me; as for the second class, I pretended to despise them, but in reality I hated them, and cherished toward them a certain sense of personal injury; the third did not exist for me — I scorned them utterly. My *comme il faut* consisted first and chiefly in an excellent knowledge of the French tongue, and a good pronunciation in particular. A man who did not pronounce French well instantly awakened a feeling of hatred in me. "Why do you want to talk like us, when you don't know how?" I asked him mentally, with biting irony. The second condition of *comme il faut* was long, clean, polished finger-nails; a third was a knowledge of how to bow, dance, and converse; a fourth, and very important one, was indifference to everything, and the constant expression of a certain elegant, scornful *ennui*. Besides these, I had general indications, by means of which I decided, without having spoken to a man, to which class

he belonged. The chief of these, besides the arrangement of his room, his seal, his handwriting, and his equipage, was his feet. The relations of his boots to his trousers immediately settled the status of the man in my eyes. Boots without heels, with pointed toes, and trousers with narrow bottoms, and without straps, — this was *common;* boots with round, narrow toes and heels, and trousers narrow below with straps surrounding the feet, or wide with straps and arched over the toes like canopies, — this was a man of *mauvais genre;* and so on.

It is strange that this idea should have so deeply inoculated me, who was decidedly disqualified to be *comme il faut.* But perhaps the very reason that it took such deep root in me was because it cost me vast labor to acquire this *comme il faut.* It is fearful to recall how much of my priceless time at the best period of life, sixteen, I wasted in the acquirement of this quality. It all seemed to come easily to all those whom I imitated, — Volodya, Dubkoff, and the greater part of my acquaintances. I gazed at them with envy, and labored secretly at the French tongue, at the art of bowing, without regard to the person I bowed to, at conversation, at dancing, at cultivating indifference and *ennui,* at my finger-nails, — where I cut my flesh with the scissors, — and all the while I felt that much labor yet remained before I should attain my object. But as for my room, my writing-table, my equipage — all these I did not in the least know how to arrange in such a manner that they should be *comme il faut,* although I strove to attend to it, in spite of my repugnance to practical matters. But it seemed as though these troubles all settled themselves excellently with every one else, and as though they could not be otherwise. I remember, once, after arduous and fruitless labor over my nails, asking Dubkoff, whose nails were wonderfully fine, whether they had been so long and how he managed it. Dubkoff replied, "I have never done anything, as far back as I can remember, to make them so, and I don't understand how any nice man can have any other kind

of nails." This answer wounded me deeply. I did not then know that one of the chief conditions of being *comme il faut* is secrecy with regard to the labors with which that *comme il faut* is obtained. *Comme il faut* was not only a great merit, in my opinion, a very fine quality, a perfection which I desired to attain, but it was the indispensable condition in life, without which there could be neither happiness, nor glory, nor anything good in the world. I should not have respected a renowned artist, nor a *savant*, nor a benefactor of the human race, if he had not been *comme il faut*. The man who was *comme il faut* stood incomparably higher than they; he allowed them the liberty of painting pictures, writing music and books, of doing good; he even praised them for so doing, for why should not good be praised, in whatever it consisted? but he could not stand on one level with them: he was *comme il faut*, and they were not, and that was enough. It even seems to me that if we had had a brother, a mother, or a father who was not *comme il faut*, I should have said it was a misfortune, but that there could be nothing in common between them and me. But neither the loss of golden time, employed in constant worry over the observation of all the conditions of *comme il faut* which were so difficult for me, which excluded every serious interest, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the lack of attention to all the fine deeds which took place outside the circle of the *comme il faut*, — this was not the chief harm which this idea did me. The chief harm consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* is a fixed position in society; that a man need not exert himself to become either an official or a cartwright, a soldier or a *savant*, if he is *comme il faut;* that, having once attained this state, he has fulfilled his vocation, and has even placed himself above the level of the majority of mankind.

At a certain period of youth, after many blunders and distractions, every man, as a rule, feels the necessity of taking an active part in social life, selects some branch of industry, and devotes himself to it; but this rarely

happens with a man *comme il faut*. I have known, and I still know, many, very many old people who are proud, self-confident, sharp in their judgments, who, if the question were put to them in the other world, "Who are you? What have you done there below?" would not be able to return any other answer than, "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut*" (I was a thoroughly genteel man).

This fate awaited me.

CHAPTER XXXII

YOUTH

NOTWITHSTANDING the jumble of ideas which passed through my brain, I was young that summer, innocent, free, and therefore almost happy.

Sometimes, and tolerably often too, I rose early. (I slept in the open air on the terrace, and the brilliant, oblique rays of the morning sun awakened me.) I dressed myself rapidly, took a towel and a volume of French romance under my arm, and went for a bath in the river, under the shadow of a birch grove which was half a verst distant from the house. Then I stretched myself out upon the grass in the shade and read, raising my eyes now and then from my book to glance at the surface of the river, which purpled in the shadows as it began to undulate beneath the morning breeze; at the field of yellowing grain; at the opposite shore; at the bright red morning rays of light, that tinged lower and ever lower the trunks of the beeches, which, hiding one behind the other, retreated from me toward the fresh depths of the wood: and I enjoyed the consciousness of the same fresh young force of life within myself which breathed forth from nature all about me. When tiny gray morning clouds filled the heavens, and I shivered after my bath, I often set out on a pathless tramp across forest and meadow, wetting my boots through and through with delight in the fresh dew. At that

time, I indulged in vivid dreams of heroes from the last romance I had read, and fancied myself now a colonel, now a Minister, then a wonderfully strong man, then a man of passions ; and I kept glancing round incessantly, in some trepidation, in the hope of suddenly meeting *her* somewhere in some meadow, or behind some tree. When, in the course of such wanderings, I came across peasants or peasant women at work, although the *common people* did not exist for me, I always experienced a powerful, involuntary emotion, and tried not to let them see me. When it had begun to be hot, but our ladies had not yet made their appearance for tea, I often went into the orchard or the garden, to eat whatever vegetables and fruits were ripe. And this occupation furnished me with one of my chief pleasures. In the apple orchard, perhaps you have crept into the very midst of a tall, thick, overgrown, raspberry bush. Overhead is the hot, clear sky ; all around is the pale green, thorny verdure of the raspberry bush, mingled with weeds. The dark green nettle, with its thin, flowery crest, stretches gracefully upward ; the claw-like burdock, with its unnaturally purple, prickly flowers, grows rankly above the raspberry bush and higher than your head, and here and there, in company with the nettle, reaches even to the luxuriantly drooping, pale green boughs of the old apple tree. High up upon which, staring at the hot sun, apples, round, shining as though made of bone, but still immature, are ripening. Below, a young raspberry bush, leafless and almost dry, twists and turns as it reaches out toward the sun, green, needle-like spears of grass thrusting themselves between the last year's leaves, and all besprinkled with dew, grow green and rich in the eternal shade, as though they did not know how brightly the sun is playing upon the apples.

In this thicket it is always damp ; it is redolent of dense and constant shade, of spiders' webs and windfalls of apples, which already lie blackening upon the rotting earth ; of raspberries, and sometimes of the wood-lice, which you swallow unwittingly with your berry, — after which, you eat another as speedily as

possible. As you advance, you frighten the sparrows who always dwell in this thicket; you hear their anxious twittering, and the beating of their swift, tiny wings against the branches; you hear in one spot the hum of the wasp, and, somewhere on the paths, the footstep of the gardener, of Akim the little fool, and his perpetual purring to himself; you say to yourself, "No! neither he nor any one in the world can find me here." With both hands, you pick the juicy berries right and left from their white, conical stalks, and swallow them with delight one after the other. Your legs are wet through, far above the knee; your head is full of some frightful nonsense or other (you repeat mentally, a thousand times in succession, "A-a-n-d to-oo-o twen-ty-y-y, a-a-n-d to-oo-o se-e-v-ee-en"); your arms and legs are dripping; your trousers are stinging hot with nettles; the perpendicular rays of the sun, which have penetrated the thicket, begin to burn your head; your desire to eat has long since vanished, and you sit on in the wilderness, and listen and look and meditate, and mechanically pull off and swallow still more berries.

I generally went to the drawing-room at eleven, usually after tea, when the ladies were already seated at their work. Around the first window, curtained with a blind of unbleached linen, through a crevice of which the brilliant sun casts such dazzling, fiery circles on everything which comes in its way that it pains the eyes to look at them, stands the embroidery-frame, over whose white linen the flies promenade peacefully. At the frame sits Mimi, shaking her head incessantly in an angry manner, and moving from place to place to escape the sun, which, suddenly breaking through somewhere or other, casts a burning streak of light now on her hand, now on her face. Through the other three windows it falls, with the shadows of the frames, in full, brilliant, square patches. Upon one of these, on the unpainted floor of the drawing-room, lies Milka, from ancient habit, and pricks up her ears and watches the flies as they walk about over the square of light. Katenka knits or reads, as she sits on the sofa, and

impatiently flourishes her white hands which seem transparent in the bright light, or shakes her head, with a frown, in order to drive off the flies which have crawled into her thick golden locks and are fluttering there. Liubotchka either paces back and forth in the room, with her hands behind her, waiting until they shall go into the garden, or plays upon the piano some piece with every note of which I have long been familiar. I seat myself somewhere, and listen to the music or the reading, and wait until I can sit down to the piano myself. After dinner I occasionally condescended to ride on horseback with the girls (I considered walking exercise unsuitable to my age and position in the world); and our excursions, during which I led them through extraordinary places and ravines, were very pleasant. Sometimes we had adventures, in which I exhibited great bravery, and the ladies praised my riding and my daring, and regarded me as their protector. In the evening, if there are no visitors, after tea, which we drink in the shady veranda, and after a stroll with papa on the business of the estate, I lie down in my old place on the veranda on the long sofa-chair, and read and dream, as of old, as I listen to Katenka's and Liubotchka's music. Sometimes when I am left alone in the drawing-room, and Liubotchka is playing some ancient music, I drop my book, and, gazing through the open door of the balcony at the curling, drooping boughs of the lofty beeches, upon which the shadows of evening are already falling, and at the pure heavens, in which, if you gaze fixedly, a dusty, yellowish spot seems to appear all at once, and vanish again, and lending an ear to the sounds of music from the hall, to the creaking of the gate, the voices of women and the herd returning to the village, I suddenly recall with great vividness Natalya Savischna and mamma, and Karl Ivanitch, and for a moment I feel sad. But my soul is so full of life and hope at this period, that these memories only brush me with their wings, and soar away.

After supper, and sometimes after a walk by night in the garden with some one, — I was afraid to traverse

the dark alleys alone, — I went off alone to sleep on the floor of the veranda, which afforded me great pleasure in spite of the millions of mosquitoes which devoured me. When the moon was at the full, I often spent whole nights seated on my mattress, gazing at the lights and shadows, listening to the stillness and the noises, dreaming of various subjects, especially of poetic and voluptuous bliss, which then seemed to me to be the highest happiness in life, and grieving because, up to this time, it had been granted to me to imagine it only. Sometimes when all have but just dispersed, and the lights in the drawing-room have been transferred to the upper chambers, where feminine voices, and the sound of windows opening and shutting, have become audible, I betake myself to the gallery, and pace it, listening eagerly to all the sounds of the house as it lapses into sleep. So long as there is the smallest, unfounded hope of a bliss, even though incomplete, such as that I dream of, I cannot calmly construct an imaginary bliss for myself.

At every sound of naked feet, at every cough, sigh, touch given to a window, or rustle of a dress, I spring from my bed, I hearken like a robber, I peer about, and become agitated without any visible cause. But now the lights disappear in the upper windows; the sounds of footsteps and conversation are replaced by snores; the night-watchman begins to tap upon his board; the garden grows more gloomy, and yet brighter, as the streaks of red light from the windows disappear from it; the last candle flits from the butler's pantry to the anteroom, throwing a strip of light upon the dewy garden; and through the window I can see the bent figure of Foka, on his way to bed, clad in a wrapper, and with a candle in his hands. I often took a great and agitating delight in creeping over the damp grass, in the black shadow of the house, approaching the window of the anteroom, and listening, as I held my breath, to the snores of the boy, the groans of Foka, who supposed that no one could hear him, and the sound of his aged voice as he recited prayers for a

long, long time. At length his last candle was extinguished, the window was slammed to, and I remained quite alone; and, glancing about on all sides, to see whether there was a white woman anywhere, beside the clumps of shrubbery or beside my bed, I hastened to the veranda at a trot. And sometimes I lay on my bed with my face to the garden, and, covering myself as much as possible from the mosquitoes and bats, I gazed into the garden, listened to the sounds of the night, and dreamed of love and bliss.

Then everything acquired another meaning for me; and the sight of the ancient beeches, as their curving branches on one side shone in the light of the moonlit heavens, on the other side casting black shadows over the bushes and the road; and the calm, splendid gleam of the pond increasing like a sound; and the moonlit gleam of dewdrops upon the flowers in front of the veranda, which threw their graceful shadows across the gray beds; and the sound of the snipe beyond the pond; and the voice of a man on the highway; and the quiet, almost inaudible scraping of two old beeches against each other; and the hum of a mosquito over my ear and beneath the coverlet; and the fall of an apple which had been caught on the dry bough, upon the dry leaves; and the hops of the frogs which sometimes even got so far as the veranda steps, and shone rather mysteriously in the moonlight with their green backs, — all this assumed a strange significance for me, the significance of a beauty too great, and of an endless happiness. And then *she* appeared, with a long black braid of hair, a swelling bosom, always sad and very beautiful, with bare arms and voluptuous embraces. She loved me, and for one moment of her love I sacrificed my whole life. But the moon rose higher and higher, brighter and brighter, in the sky; the gorgeous gleam of the pond, swelling like a sound, became clearer and clearer; the shadows grew blacker and blacker, the light more and more transparent; and as I looked upon and listened to it all, something told me that *she* with her bare arms and fiery embrace was far, very far

from being the whole of happiness, that love for her was far, very far from being all of bliss; and the more I gazed upon the high, full moon, the more and more lofty, the purer and purer, the nearer and nearer to Him, to the source of all beauty and bliss, did true beauty and bliss seem to me; and tears of an unsatisfied but agitated joy rushed to my eyes.

And still I was alone, and still it seemed to me that this mysteriously magnificent nature, the bright sphere of the moon which draws one to her, and hangs in a lofty but uncertain spot in the pale blue heavens, and yet seems to stand everywhere as though filling with itself all immeasurable space, and I, an insignificant worm, already stained with all poor, petty earthly passions, but endowed also with a boundlessly compelling power of imagination and of love, — it seemed to me at such moments as though nature and the moon and I were all one and the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NEIGHBORS

I HAD been very much surprised, the first day we were in the country, that papa should call the Epifanoffs fine people, and still more surprised that he should go to their house. There was a lawsuit of long standing between us and the Epifanoffs. I had heard papa rage over this lawsuit many a time when I was a child, storm at the Epifanoffs, and summon various people to defend him against them, as I understood it; I had heard Yakoff call them our enemies, and *serfs;*[1] and I remember how mamma requested that no mention of these people might be made in her house or in her presence.

On these data I had constructed for myself, in my childhood, such a fine and clear idea that the Epifanoffs

[1] *Tchernuie liudi*, black people, common people. — TR.

were our *enemies*, who were ready not only to cut papa's throat or to strangle him, but that of his son also if they could catch him, and that they were *black people* in the literal sense of the word, that when I beheld Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff, *la belle Flamande*, waiting upon mamma the year she died, it was with difficulty that I could believe that she was one of that family of black people; and I still retained the basest opinion of this family. Although we often met them in the course of this summer, I continued to be strongly prejudiced against the whole family. In reality, this was what the Epifanoffs were. The family consisted of the mother, a widow of fifteen years' standing, who was still a fresh and merry old lady, the beautiful daughter Avdotya Vasilievna, and a stuttering son, Piotr Vasilievitch, who was a retired lieutenant, and a bachelor of a very serious character.

Anna Dmitrievna Epifanoff had lived apart from her husband for twenty years before his death, sometimes in Petersburg, where she had relatives, but for the most part in her village of Muitishcha, which was situated at a distance of three versts from us. Such horrors were related in the neighborhood about her manner of life, that Messalina was an innocent child in comparison with her. In consequence of this, mamma requested that even the name of the Epifanova might not be mentioned in her house; but, speaking entirely without irony, it was impossible to believe even a tenth part of the most malicious of all possible scandals, — the scandals of neighbors in the country. But when I knew Anna Dmitrievna, although she had in the house a peasant business manager named Mitiuscha, who was always pomaded and curled, and dressed in a coat after the Circassian fashion, who stood behind Anna Dmitrievna's chair at dinner, while she frequently invited her guests in French in his presence to admire his handsome eyes and mouth, there was nothing of the sort which rumor continued to talk about. In fact, it appears that for the last ten years, from the time, indeed, when Anna Dmitrievna had recalled her dutiful son

Petruscha from the service, she had entirely changed her manner of life.

Anna Dmitrievna's estate was small, a hundred souls in all, and her expenses during her gay life were large, so that ten years before this, of course, the mortgages and double mortgages on her estate had fallen due, and its sale by auction was unavoidable. Fancying in these extremities that the trusteeship, the inventory of the estate, the arrival of the judge, and such like unpleasantnesses arose not so much from her failure to pay the interest, as from the fact that she was a woman, Anna Dmitrievna wrote to her son, who was with his regiment, to come to the rescue of his mother in this strait.

Although Piotr Vasilievitch was doing so well in the service that he hoped soon to be earning his own bit of bread, he gave up everything, went on the retired list, and like a respectful son, who considered it his first duty to comfort his mother's old age (as he wrote with perfect sincerity in his letters), came to the village.

Piotr Vasilievitch, in spite of his homely face, his awkwardness, and his stutter, was a man of very firm principles and remarkable practical sense. He kept possession of the property by means of small loans, temporizing, prayers, and promises. Having turned property-owner, Piotr Vasilievitch donned his father's fur-lined coat which had been laid up in the store-room, got rid of his horses and carriages, taught visitors not to come to Muitishcha, dug drains, increased the arable land, cut down the peasants' allotments, felled his woods and sold them in a businesslike way, and got his affairs into order. Piotr Vasilievitch took a vow, and kept it, that, until all the debts were paid, he would wear no other clothes than his father's *bekescha* (coat), and a canvas paletot which he made for himself, and that he would not ride in any other way than in a peasant cart with the peasants' work-horses. He endeavored to impose this stoical manner of life upon all the family, in so far as his servile respect for his mother, which he considered his duty, permitted. In the drawing-room he stammered, and conducted himself in the most sla

vish manner toward his mother, fulfilled all her wishes, scolded people if they did not do what Anna Dmitrievna commanded; but in his own study, and in the office, he called every one to strict account because a duck had been sent to the table without his orders, or because a peasant man had been sent by Anna Dmitrievna to inquire after some neighbor's health, or because the peasant girls had been sent to the woods for raspberries instead of being at work weeding the garden.

In the course of four years, all the debts had been paid, and Piotr Vasilievitch returned from a trip to Moscow in new clothes and a tarantass. But in spite of this flourishing state of affairs, he still retained the same stoical proclivities, in which he seemed to take a gloomy pride before his own family and strangers; and he often said, with a stutter, "Any one who really wants to see me will be glad to see me in my *tulup*,[1] and he will also eat my cabbage-soup and boiled buckwheat — I eat them," he added. Every word and movement expressed pride founded upon the consciousness that he had sacrificed himself for his mother, and had redeemed the property; and scorn for others because they had done nothing of the sort.

The characters of the mother and daughter were totally unlike this, and they differed from each other in many respects. The mother was one of the most agreeable and cheerful women in society, and always equably good-natured. She really rejoiced in everything that was gay and pleasing. She even possessed, in the highest degree, the capacity of enjoying the sight of young people making merry, which is a trait encountered only in the most good-natured old people. Her daughter, Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, was of a serious character; or, rather, she possessed that peculiarly indifferent, dreamy disposition, united to haughtiness which was utterly without grounds, and which unmarried beauties generally possess. When she wished to be gay, her mirth proved rather strange, as though she were laughing at herself, at those with

[1] Sheepskin coat.

whom she spoke, or at all the world, which she assuredly did not mean to do. I often wondered and questioned myself as to what she meant by such phrases as these: "Yes, I am awfully handsome! of course everybody is in love with me," and so on. Anna Dmitrievna was always active. She had a passion for arranging the little house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty things. Her chambers and garden were not large or luxurious; but everything was so clean, so neatly arranged, and everything bore such a general imprint of that daintily light mirth which a pretty waltz or polka expresses, that the word *toy*, which was often used in commendation by her guests, was particularly suited to Anna Dmitrievna's tiny garden and apartments. And Anna Dmitrievna herself was a toy — small, thin, with a bright complexion and pretty little hands, always merry, and always becomingly dressed. Only the rather excessively swollen, dark-lilac veins which were traced upon her little hands disturbed this general character.

Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, hardly ever did anything, and not only was not fond of busying herself over flowers and dainty trifles, but she occupied herself too little with herself, and always ran off to dress when visitors arrived. But when she returned, dressed, to the room, she was remarkably pretty, with the exception of the cold monotonous expression of her eyes and smile which is characteristic of all very handsome faces. Her strictly regular and very beautiful face and her stately figure seemed to be constantly saying to you, "You may look at me if you please."

But, notwithstanding the vivacious character of the mother, and the indifferent, dreamy exterior of the daughter, something told you that the former had never loved anything, either now or in times past, except what was pretty and gay; and that Avdotya Vasilievna was one of those natures which, if they once love, will sacrifice their whole life to the one they love.

CHAPTER XXXIV

FATHER'S MARRIAGE

FATHER was forty-eight years old when he took Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff for his second wife.

I fancy that when papa came alone, in the spring, to the country, with the girls, he was in that nervously happy and sociable state of mind in which gamblers usually are when they have ceased playing after large winnings. He felt that much unexhausted luck yet remained for him, which, if he did not care to employ it any longer on cards, he might expend upon general success in life. Moreover, it was spring; he was unexpectedly in possession of a good deal of money; he was entirely alone, and bored. In discussing matters with Yakoff, and recalling the interminable lawsuit with the Epifanoffs, and the beautiful Avdotya Vasilievna, whom he had not seen for a long time, I can fancy how he said to Yakoff, "Do you know, Yakoff Kharlamitch, I think it would be better to yield that cursed piece of ground to them than to go on with this suit; hey? What do you think?"

I can imagine how Yakoff's fingers twisted a negative behind his back at such a question, and how he proved that "we have the rights of that business, *after all*, Piotr Alexandrovitch."

But papa ordered the calash to be got ready, put on his fashionable olive coat, brushed the remains of his hair, sprinkled his handkerchief with perfume, and in the most cheerful frame of mind, which was inspired in him by the conviction that he was acting in a lordly way, and chiefly by the hope of seeing a pretty woman, he drove off to his neighbor's.

I only know that papa, at his visit, did not find Piotr Vasilievitch, who was in the fields; and he passed an hour or two with the ladies. I can imagine how he overflowed with amiability, how he charmed them, as he tapped the floor with his soft boot, whispered, and

made sheep's-eyes. I can imagine, too, how the merry little old woman conceived a sudden tender affection for him, and how animated her cold and beautiful daughter became.

When the maid-servant ran panting to announce to Piotr Vasilievitch that old Irteneff himself had come, I can imagine how he answered angrily, "Well, what of it? What has he come for?" and how, in consequence of this, he returned home as quietly as possible, and perhaps even turning in to his study, put on his dirty paletot expressly, and sent word to the cook not to dare, under any circumstances whatever, to make any additions to the dinner, even if the ladies ordered it.

I often saw papa in Epifanoff's company afterward, so that I can form a vivid idea of that first meeting. I can imagine how, in spite of the fact that papa offered to terminate that suit peacefully, Piotr Vasilievitch was gloomy and angry because he had sacrificed his career to his mother, and papa had done nothing of the sort, and so he did not admire him in the least; and how papa, pretending not to see this gloom, was merry and playful, and treated him as a wonderful jester, which at times rather offended Piotr Vasilievitch, though he could not help yielding to him occasionally, against his will. Papa, with his proclivity for turning everything into jest, called Piotr Vasilievitch colonel, for some reason or other; and, in spite of the fact that Epifanoff once remarked, in my presence, reddening with vexation, and stuttering even worse than usual, that he "was not a co-co-co-co-lonel, but a lieu-lieu-lieu-lieutenant," papa called him colonel again five minutes afterward.[1]

Liubotchka told me that, before our arrival in the village, he saw the Epifanoffs every day, and was extremely gay. Papa, with his faculty for arranging everything in a certain original, jesting, and at the same time simple and elegant manner, had got up hunt-

[1] The touch of probability necessary to allow Irteneff to do this without seeming to intend a direct offense is furnished by the similarity of the first syllables of the words in Russian; *polkovnik* and *porutchik*. — Tr.

ing and fishing parties, and some fireworks, at which the Epifanoffs had been present. "And things would have been jollier still," said Liubotchka, "if it had not been for that intolerable Piotr Vasilievitch, who pouted and stuttered and upset everything."

From the date of our arrival, the Epifanoffs came to see us only twice, and we all went to them once. And after St. Peter's day, papa's name-day, when they and a throng of guests came, our relations with the Epifanoffs entirely ceased, for some reason or other, and papa alone continued to call upon them.

But this is what I contrived to observe during the time that I saw papa with Dunitchka, as mamma had called her. Papa was constantly in that happy mood which had struck me on the day of our arrival. He was so gay and young, and full of life and happiness, that the beams of this happiness spread over all about him, and involuntarily infected them with the same mood. He never went so much as a step apart from Avdotya Vasilievna when she was in the room, and paid her incessantly such sweet compliments, that I felt ashamed for him; or he sat gazing at her in silence, and twitched his shoulders in a passionate and self-satisfied sort of way, and coughed; and sometimes even whispered to her smilingly. All this was done with that expression, that *jesting way*, which was characteristic of him in the most serious matters.

Avdotya Vasilievna seemed to have appropriated to herself from papa the expression of happiness, which at this period beamed in her great blue eyes almost constantly, with the exception of the moments when such shyness took possession of her, all of a sudden, that it made me, who was acquainted with the feeling, pained and sorry to look at her. At such moments, she visibly feared every glance and movement; it seemed to her as though every one were staring at her, thinking only of her, and considered everything about her improper. She glanced timidly at all; the color constantly flooded her face, and retreated from it; and she began to talk loudly and daringly, uttering nonsense

for the most part, and she was conscious of it, and conscious that everybody, including papa, was listening, and then she blushed still more. But in such cases papa did not even observe the nonsense, but went on coughing as passionately as ever, and gazing at her with joyous rapture. I observed that, although Avdotya's fits of shyness came upon her without any cause, they sometimes immediately followed the mention of some young and beautiful woman in papa's presence. The constant transitions from thoughtfulness to this strange, awkward gayety of hers, of which I have already spoken, the repetition of papa's favorite words and turns of speech, her way of continuing with other people discussions which had been begun with papa, all this would have explained to me the relations which existed between papa and Avdotya Vasilievna, had the person in question been any one but my own father, and had I been a little older; but I suspected nothing, even when papa, on receiving in my presence a letter from Piotr Vasilievitch, was very much put out, and ceased his visits to the Epifanoffs until the end of August.

At the end of August, papa again began to visit our neighbors; and on the day before Volodya and I set out for Moscow, he announced to us that he was going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW WE RECEIVED THE NEWS

Every one in the house had known the fact on the day before the official announcement, and various verdicts had been pronounced on it. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and cried. Katenka sat with her, and only came out to dinner, with an injured expression of countenance which she had evidently borrowed from her mother. Liubotchka, on the contrary, was very cheerful, and said at dinner that she knew a splendid secret that she would not tell any one.

"There's nothing splendid in your secret," said Volodya, who did not share her satisfaction; "on the contrary, if you were capable of thinking of anything serious, you would understand that it is very bad." Liubotchka looked at him intently in amazement, and said nothing.

After dinner, Volodya wanted to take me by the arm; but, fearing probably that this would be too much like tenderness, he merely touched me on the elbow, and motioned me to the hall with a nod.

"Do you know the secret which Liubotchka mentioned?" he said to me, when he had satisfied himself that we were alone.

Volodya and I rarely talked to each other face to face about anything serious, so that, when it did happen, we felt a kind of mutual awkwardness, and little boys began to dance in our eyes, as Volodya expressed it; but now, in answer to the consternation expressed in my eyes, he continued to stare me steadily and seriously in the eye with an expression which said, "There's nothing to be alarmed about, but we're brothers all the same, and must consult together upon a weighty family matter." I understood him, and he proceeded:—

"Papa is going to marry the Epifanova, you know."

I nodded, because I had already heard about it.

"It's not nice at all," went on Volodya.

"Why?"

"Why?" he replied, with vexation: "it's very pleasant to have such a stammering uncle, a colonel, and all those connections. Yes, and she only seems good now; but that proves nothing, and who knows what she'll turn out? Granted that it makes no difference to us, still Liubotchka must soon come out in the world. It's not very pleasant with such a stepmother; she even speaks French badly, and what manners she may give her! She's a fishwife and nothing more; suppose she is good, she's a fishwife all the same," concluded Volodya, evidently very much pleased with this appellation of "fishwife."

Strange as it was to me to hear Volodya thus calmly

pass judgment on papa's choice, it struck me that he was right.

"Why does papa marry?" I inquired.

"It's a queer story; God only knows. All I know is that Piotr Vasilievitch persuaded him to marry, and demanded it; that papa did not wish to, and then he took a fancy to, out of some idea of chivalry; it's a queer story. I have just begun to understand father," went on Volodya (his calling him "father" instead of "papa" wounded me deeply); "that he is a very fine man, good and intelligent, but so light-minded and fickle: it's amazing! He can't look at a woman with any coolness. Why, you know that he has never been acquainted with any woman, that he has not been in love with her. You know it's so; and even with Mimi."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell you that I found out a while ago that he was in love with Mimi when she was young, wrote her verses, and there was something between them. Mimi suffers to this day." And Volodya broke into a laugh.

"It can't be so!" I said, in amazement.

"But the chief point," continued Volodya, becoming serious again, and beginning suddenly to speak in French, "is, how agreeable such a marriage will be to all our kin! And she'll be sure to have children."

Volodya's sensible view, and his foresight, startled me so that I did not know what to say in reply.

Just then Liubotchka approached us.

"So you know?" she asked, with a glad face.

"Yes," said Volodya; "but I am surprised, Liubotchka. You are no longer a child in swaddling-clothes; how can you feel glad that papa is going to marry a worthless woman?"

Liubotchka suddenly looked grave and became thoughtful.

"Volodya! why do you say worthless? How dare you speak so of Avdotya Vasilievna? If papa is going to marry her, then of course she is not worthless."

"Well, not worthless, that was only my way of putting it; but still...."

"There 's no 'but still' about it," broke in Liubotchka, with warmth. "I did n't say that the young lady you are in love with was worthless. How can you say it about papa and an excellent woman, even if you are my eldest brother? Don't say that to me; you must not say it."

"And why can't one judge...."

"Such a father as ours must not be judged," interrupted Liubotchka again. "Mimi may judge, but not you, my eldest brother."

"No, you understand nothing about it yet," said Volodya, contemptuously. "Listen. Is it a good thing that some Epifanova, *Dunitchka*, should take the place of your dead mother?"

Liubotchka remained silent for a minute, and then all at once tears rose to her eyes.

"I knew that you were proud, but I did not know that you were so wicked," said she, and left us.

"*V bulku!*"[1] said Volodya, pulling a gravely comical face, and with troubled eyes. "Just try to argue with them," he went on, as though reproaching himself for having forgotten himself to such a degree as to make up his mind to condescend to a conversation with Liubotchka.

The weather was bad on the following day, and neither papa nor the ladies had come down for their tea when I entered the drawing-room. There had been a cold autumnal rain during the night; the remains of the clouds, which had emptied themselves over night, were still flying through the sky; the sun, which had already risen quite high, shone dimly through them, and was designated by a bright circle. It was windy, damp, and cold. The door was open into the garden; pools of the night rain were drying off the pavement of the terrace, which was black with moisture. The wind was swinging the open door back and forth on its hinges; the paths were damp and muddy; the old birches, with their bare white boughs, the bushes and the grass, the nettles, the currants, the elder, with the pale side of its leaves

[1] Nonsense in the secret jargon explained in Chap. XXIX. — Tr.

turned out, struggled each on its own spot, and seemed to want to tear themselves from their roots; round yellow leaves flew, whirling and chasing each other, from the linden-alley, and, as they became wet through, spread themselves on the wet road, and on the damp, dark green aftermath of the meadow. My thoughts were occupied with my father's second marriage, from the point of view from which Volodya had looked at it. The future of my sister, our future, and even that of my father, promised nothing good to me. I was troubled by the thought that an outsider, a stranger, and, most of all, a *young* woman, who had no right to it, should all at once take the place, in many respects, — of whom? She was a simple *young* lady, and she was taking the place of my dead mother! I was sad, and my father seemed to me more and more guilty. At that moment I heard his voice and Volodya's talking in the butler's pantry. I did not want to see my father just at that moment, and I passed out through the door; but Liubotchka came for me, and said that papa was asking for me.

He was standing in the drawing-room, resting one hand on the piano, and gazing in my direction impatiently, and at the same time triumphantly. That expression of youth and happiness which I had observed upon his face during all this period was not there now. He looked troubled. Volodya was walking about the room with a pipe in his hand. I went up to my father, and said good-morning to him.

"Well, my friends," he said, with decision, as he raised his head, and in that peculiar, brisk tone in which palpably disagreeable things, which it is too late to judge, are spoken of, "you know, I think, that I am going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna." (He remained silent for a while.) "I never wanted to marry after your mamma, but" — (he paused for a moment) "but — but it 's evidently fate. Dunitchka is a dear, kind girl, and no longer very young. I hope you will love her, children; and she already loves you heartily, and she is good. Now," he said, turning to me and Volodya, and

apparently making haste to speak, lest we should succeed in interrupting, "it's time for you to leave here; but I shall remain until the new year, when I shall come to Moscow" (again he hesitated) "with my wife and Liubotchka." It pained me to see my father seem so timid and guilty before us, and I stepped up closer to him; but Volodya continued to smoke, and paced the room with drooping head. "So, my friends, this is what your old man has devised," concluded papa, as he blushed and coughed, and pressed Volodya's hand and mine. There were tears in his eyes when he said it; and I observed that the hand which he extended to Volodya, who was at the other end of the room at the moment, trembled a little. The sight of this trembling hand impressed me painfully, and a strange thought occurred to me, and touched me still more: the thought came to me that papa had served in the year '12, and had been a brave officer, as was well known. I retained his large, muscular hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine vigorously; and, gulping down his tears, he suddenly took Liubotchka's black head in both hands, and began to kiss her on the eyes. Volodya pretended to drop his pipe; and, stooping over, he slyly wiped his eyes with his fist, and left the room, making an effort to do so unobserved.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE UNIVERSITY

THE wedding was to take place in two weeks; but our lectures had begun, and Volodya and I went back to Moscow at the beginning of September. The Nekhliudoffs had also returned from the country. Dmitry (we had promised, when we parted, to write to each other, and of course we had not done so a single time) immediately came to me, and we decided that, on the following day, he should take me to the university for my first lecture.

It was a brilliant, sunny day.

As soon as I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in this throng of gay young fellows which undulated noisily through all the doors and corridors in the brilliant sunlight. The sensation of knowing that I was a member of this large company was very pleasant. But very few among all these individuals were known to me, and the acquaintance was limited to a nod of the head, and the words, "How are you, Irteneff?" But, all around me, they were shaking hands with each other and chatting, — words of friendship, smiles, good-will, jests, showered from all quarters. Everywhere I was conscious of the bond which united all this youthful company, and I felt sadly that this bond had missed me in some way. But this was only a momentary impression. In consequence of this and of the vexation thereby engendered, on the contrary, I even discovered very speedily that it was a very good thing that I did not belong to this *outré* society; that I must have my own little circle of nice people; and I seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B., Baron Z., Prince R., Ivin, and other gentlemen of that class, of whom I knew only Ivin and the count. But these gentlemen stared at me in a way which made me feel that I did not belong to their social set at all. I set about observing all that went on around me. Semenoff, with his gray, rumpled hair and his white teeth, and with his coat unbuttoned, sat not far from me, propping himself up on his elbows, and gnawing at a pen. The gymnasist, who had stood first in the examination, was sitting upon the first bench, with his cheek still bound up in the black neckcloth, and playing with a silver watch-key upon his satin vest. Ikonin, who had got into the university, was seated on the highest bench, in blue trousers with spring bottoms, laughing and shouting that he was on Parnassus. Ilinka, who, to my amazement, saluted me not only coldly, but even scornfully, as if desirous of reminding me that we were all equal here, seated himself in front of me, and, putting up his thin legs upon the bench in a particularly

free and easy way (for my benefit, as it seemed to me), chatted with another student, and glanced at me now and then.

The Ivin party beside me conversed in French. These gentlemen seemed to me frightfully stupid. Every word of their conversation which I overheard not only seemed to me senseless but incorrect, simply not French at all ("*Ce n'est pas français*," I said to myself in my own mind); and the attitudes, speeches, and behavior of Semenoff, Ilinka, and others seemed to me ignoble, ungentlemanly, not *comme il faut*.

I did not belong to any company; and, conscious of my isolation, and my unfitness for making approaches, I became angry. One student on the bench in front of me was biting his nails, which were all red with hangnails; and this seemed so revolting to me that I even moved my seat farther away from him. But in my inmost soul I remember that this first day was a very doleful one for me.

When the professor entered, and all began to rustle about, and then became silent, I remember that I extended my satirical view of things to the professor, and I was surprised that the professor should begin his lecture with an introductory phrase which had no sense, according to my opinion. I wanted the lecture to be so wise from beginning to end that nothing could be cut out nor a single word added to it. Having been undeceived in this respect, I immediately sketched eighteen profiles, joined together in a circle like a wreath, under the heading, "First Lecture," inscribed in the handsomely bound note-book which I had brought with me, and only moved my hand across the paper now and then so that the professor (who, I was convinced, was paying a great deal of attention to me) might think that I was writing. Having decided, during this same lecture, that it was not necessary to write down everything that every professor said, and that it would even be stupid to do so, I kept to that rule during the whole of my course.

At the succeeding lectures I did not feel my isolation

so strongly; I made many acquaintances, shook hands and chatted: but for some reason or other no real union took place between me and my comrades, and it still frequently happened that I was sad, and that I dissimulated. I could not join the company of Ivin and the aristocrats, as they were called, because, as I now remember, I was shy and rude with them, and only bowed to them when they bowed to me; and they evidently had very little need of my acquaintance. But this took place for a very different reason with the majority. As soon as I was conscious that a comrade was beginning to be favorably inclined toward me, I immediately gave him to understand that I dined at Prince Ivan Ivanitch's, and that I had a drozhky. All this I said simply for the sake of showing myself off in a more favorable light, and in order that my comrade might love me all the more; but, in almost every instance, on the contrary, to my amazement, my comrade suddenly became proud and cold toward me in consequence of the news of my relationship with Prince Ivan.

We had among us a student maintained at the expense of the crown, Operoff, a modest, extremely capable, and zealous young man, who always gave his hand to every one like a board, without bending his fingers or making any movement with it, so that the jesters among his comrades sometimes shook hands with him in the same way, and called it shaking hands "like a shingle." I almost always sat beside him, and we frequently conversed. Operoff pleased me particularly by the free opinions about the professors to which he gave utterance. He defined, in a very clear and categorical manner, the merits and defects of each professor's instruction; and he even ridiculed them sometimes, which produced a particularly strange and startling effect upon me, as it came from his very small mouth in his quiet voice. Nevertheless, he carefully wrote down all the lectures, without exception, in his minute hand. We had begun to make friends, we had decided to prepare our lessons together, and his small,

gray, short-sighted eyes had already begun to turn to me with pleasure, when I went and seated myself beside him in my own place. But I found it necessary to explain to him once, in the course of conversation, that when my mother was dying she had begged my father not to send us to any institutions supported by the crown, and that all crown scholars, though they might be very learned, were not at all the thing for me: "*Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut,* — They are not genteel," said I, stammering, and conscious that I blushed for some reason or other. Operoff said nothing to me; but at succeeding lectures he did not greet me first, did not give me his "shingle," did not address me, and when I seated myself in my place he bent his head sideways on his finger away from the books, and pretended that he was not looking on. I was surprised at Operoff's causeless coldness. But I considered it improper for a young man of good birth — *pour un jeune homme de bonne maison* — to coax the crown student *Operoff;* and I left him in peace, although his coolness grieved me, I must confess. Once I arrived earlier than he, and as the lecture was by a favorite professor, and the students who were not in the habit of attending lectures had flocked to it, and all the seats were occupied, I sat down in Operoff's place, laid my note-books on the desk, and went out. On my return to the auditorium I was surprised to find my note-books removed to the rear bench, and Operoff seated in his own place. I remarked to him that I had laid my books there.

"I don't know," he retorted, suddenly flaring up, and not glancing at me.

"I tell you that I placed my books there," said I, purposely beginning to get heated, and thinking to frighten him with my boldness. "Everybody saw it," I added, glancing round at the students; but, although many of them looked at me with curiosity, no one replied.

"Places are not purchased here; the one who comes first takes his seat," said Operoff, settling himself an-

grily in his place, and casting a fleeting and agitated glance upon me.

"That means that you are ill-bred," said I.

It seemed as though Operoff muttered something; it even seemed as though he muttered that I was "a stupid little boy," but I certainly did not hear it. And what would have been the good if I heard it? should we revile each other like rustic louts? (I was very fond of the word *manant*, and it served me as an answer and a solution in many a complicated affair.) Perhaps I might have said something more; but just then the door slammed, and the professor, in his blue frock-coat, hastily entered his desk with a bow and a scrape of his foot.

However, when I needed the note-books, before the examinations, Operoff, remembering his promise, offered me his, and invited me to study them with him.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

Affairs of the heart engrossed my attention a good deal in the course of the winter. I was in love three times. Once I fell passionately in love with a very plump lady who rode in the Freytag riding-school, in consequence of which I went to the school every Tuesday and Friday — the days on which she rode — in order to gaze at her; but on every occasion I was so much afraid that she would see me, and for that reason I always stood so far away from her, and fled so precipitately from the place where she had to pass through, and turned aside so negligently when she glanced in my direction, that I did not even get a good look at her face, and to this day I do not know whether she was actually pretty or not.

Dubkoff, who was acquainted with this lady, once caught me at the school hiding behind a footman and the fur cloaks which he was carrying; and having

learned of my passion from Dmitry, he so frightened me with a proposal to introduce me to this amazon, that I fled headlong from the place; and the very idea that he had told her about me prevented my ever daring to enter the school again, even as far as the lackeys' place, from the fear of meeting her.

When I was in love with strangers, and especially with married women, I was overwhelmed with a shyness which was a thousand times more powerful than that which I had experienced in Sonitchka's case. I feared, more than anything else in the world, that the object of my love would discover it, and even my existence. It seemed to me that if she heard of the sentiments which I entertained toward her, it would be such an insult to her that she would never be able to forgive me. And, in fact, if that lady-rider had known in detail how, when I peeped at her from behind the lackeys, I meditated seizing her, and carrying her off to the country, and how I was going to live there with her, and what I was going to do, she might perhaps with justice have felt very much insulted. But I could not clearly imagine that if she knew me she would not also instantly know all my thoughts, and that therefore there was nothing disgraceful in simply making her acquaintance.

I fell in love again with Sonitchka when I saw her with my sister. My second love for her had passed away long ago; but I fell in love for the third time, because Liubotchka gave me a volume of verses which Sonitchka had copied, in which many gloomily amorous passages from Lermontoff's "Demon" were underlined in red ink, and had flowers laid in to mark them. Recalling how Volodya had kissed his lady-love's little purse the year before, I tried to do the same; and in fact, when, alone in my room in the evening, I fell into reveries, and pressed my lips to the flowers as I gazed upon them, I was conscious of a certain agreeably tearful sentiment, and was in love again, or at least fancied I was, for several days.

And, finally, I fell in love for the third time that

winter, with the young lady with whom Volodya was in love, and who visited at our house. As I now recall that young lady, there was nothing pretty about her, and nothing of that particular beauty which generally pleased me. She was the daughter of a well-known intellectual and learned lady of Moscow; she was small, thin, with long blond curls of English fashion, and a transparent profile. Everybody said this young lady was more clever and learned than her mother; but I could form no judgment whatever on this point, for, feeling a kind of passion-fraught terror at the thought of her cleverness and learning, I only spoke to her once, and that with inexpressible trepidation. But the ecstasy of Volodya, who was never restrained by the presence of others in the expression of his raptures, was communicated to me with such force that I fell passionately in love with the young woman. As I felt that the news that *two brothers were in love with the same young woman* would not be agreeable to Volodya, I did not mention my love to him. But, on the contrary, what afforded me the greatest satisfaction in this sentiment was that our love was so pure that, although its object was one and the same charming being, we should remain friends, and ready, should the emergency occur, to sacrifice ourselves for each other. It appeared, however, with regard to the readiness for sacrifice, that Volodya did not share my feeling at all; for he was so passionately enamoured, that he wanted to slap a genuine diplomat's face, and challenge him to a duel, because he was to marry her, as it was said. It was very agreeable to me to sacrifice my feelings, probably because it cost me no great effort, so that I only spoke to the young lady once, and that in a fantastic kind of way, about the worth of scientific music; and my love passed away on the following week, as I made no endeavor to cherish it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE WORLD

THE worldly pleasures to which I had dreamed of devoting myself when I entered the university, in imitation of my elder brother, quite disenchanted me during the winter. Volodya danced a great deal, papa also went to balls with his young wife; but they must have considered me still too youthful or unfitted for such pleasures, and no one introduced me in those houses where balls were given. In spite of my promise of frankness to Dmitry, I did not speak to any one, even to him, of my desire to go to balls, and of how it pained and vexed me that I was forgotten, and evidently regarded as a philosopher, which I pretended to be in consequence.

But, in the course of the winter, Princess Kornakoff had an evening party. She invited all of us herself, and me among the rest; and I was to go to a ball for the first time. Volodya came to my room before he set out, and wanted to see how I was dressed. This proceeding on his part greatly surprised and abashed me. It seemed to me that the desire to be well dressed was very disgraceful, and that it was necessary to conceal it; he, on the other hand, considered this desire natural and indispensable to such a degree, that he said very frankly that he was afraid I should do myself discredit. He ordered me to be sure to don varnished shoes, and was horror-struck when I wanted to put on chamois-leather gloves, arranged my watch for me in a particular way, and carried me off to the hair-dresser's on the Kuznetzky Most. They curled my hair: Volodya stepped off, and viewed me from a distance.

"There, that 's good, but can't you flatten down the hair where it parts on the crown?" he said, turning to the hair-dresser.

But, in spite of all M. Charles's anointing of my tuft with some gummy essence, it stood up the same as ever

when I put on my hat; and altogether my appearance when curled seemed to me much uglier even than before. My only salvation was an affectation of negligence. Only in this way was my exterior at all presentable.

Volodya, it appears, was of the same opinion, for he begged me to get rid of the curls; and when I had done this, and still did not look well, he did not glance at me again, and was silent and gloomy all the way to the Kornakoffs' house.

I entered the Kornakoffs' apartments boldly with Volodya; but when the princess invited me to dance, and I said, for some reason or other, that I did not dance, in spite of the fact that I had come with the sole idea of dancing a very great deal, I grew timid; and when I was left alone with people whom I did not know, I lapsed into my ordinary insurmountable and ever increasing shyness. I stood dumb in one place the entire evening.

During a waltz, one of the princesses came up to me and, with the official amiability which was common to the entire family, asked me why I was not dancing. I remember how shy I grew at this question, but how, at the same time, and quite involuntarily so far as I was concerned, a self-satisfied smile spread over my countenance, and I began to utter such nonsense in pompous French full of parentheses, that it makes me ashamed to remember it now after the lapse of ten years. The music must have thus acted upon me, exciting my nerves, and drowning, as I supposed, the not very intelligible portion of my speech. I said something about the highest society, about the frivolity of men and women; and at last I got so entangled that I came to a standstill in the middle of a word in some sentence or other, which there was no possibility of completing.

Even the princess, who was worldly by nature, became confused, and gazed reproachfully at me. I smiled. At that critical moment, Volodya, who had perceived that I was speaking with warmth, and probably wanted to know how I was making up for not dancing by my con-

versation, approached us with Dubkoff. On perceiving my smiling face and the frightened mien of the princess, and hearing the frightful stuff with which I wound up, he reddened, and turned away. The princess rose and left me. I went on smiling, but suffered so much from the consciousness of my stupidity, that I was ready to sink through the earth, and I felt the necessity of making some movement, at any cost, and of saying something to effect some change in my position. I went up to Dubkoff, and inquired if he had danced many waltzes with *her*. By this I seemed to be jesting and in a merry mood, but in reality I was beseeching the assistance of that very Dubkoff to whom I had shouted, "Silence!" during the dinner at Jahr's. Dubkoff pretended not to hear me, and turned aside. I approached Volodya, and said with an effort, and trying to impart a jesting tone to my voice, "Well, how now, Volodya? have I got myself up gorgeously!" But Volodya looked at me as much as to say, "You don't talk like that to me when we are alone," and he walked away from me in silence, evidently fearing that I should still get into some difficulty.

"My God! my brother also deserts me!" I thought.

But, for some reason, I had not the strength to take my departure. I stood on gloomily, till the end of the evening, in one place; and only when all were crowded into the anteroom as they dispersed, and the footman put my coat upon the tip of my hat, so that it tilted up, I laughed in a sickly way through my tears, and said, without addressing any one in particular, "How pleasant it is! — *Comme c'est gracieux!*"

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE CAROUSE

ALTHOUGH I had not as yet, in consequence of Dmitry's influence, given myself up to the usual pleasures of students, which are called *carouses*, it had been my lot once, during the course of this winter, to take

part in such merrymaking; and I carried away with me a not wholly agreeable impression. This is the way it was.

One day, during a lecture at the beginning of the year, Baron Z., a tall, blond young man, with a very serious expression upon his regular features, invited us all to his house to pass an evening as comrades together. All of us meant, of course, all the members of our class who were more or less *comme il faut;* among whose number, of course, neither Grap nor Semenoff nor Operoff were included, nor any of the meaner fellows. Volodya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carouse of first-year men; but I expected great and remarkable pleasure from this to me entirely novel mode of passing the time, and I was at Baron Z.'s punctually at eight o'clock, — the hour indicated.

Baron Z., in a white vest and with his coat unbuttoned, was receiving his guests in the brilliantly lighted hall and drawing-room of the small house in which his parents dwelt; they had given up the state apartments to him for that evening's festivity. In the corridor, the heads and dresses of the curious maids were visible; and in the butler's pantry, the dress of a lady, whom I took to be the baroness herself, flashed by once.

The guests were twenty in number, and were all students, with the exception of Herr Frost, who had come with Ivin, and a tall, ruddy-complexioned gentleman in plain clothes who attended to the banquet, and who was known to everybody as a relative of the baron, and a former student at the University of Dorpat. The overbrilliant illumination, and the usual regal decoration of the state apartments, produced a chilling effect at first upon this youthful company, all of whose members involuntarily kept close to the walls, with the exception of a few bold spirits and the student from Dorpat, who had already unbuttoned his waistcoat, and seemed to be in every room and in every corner of every room at one and the same time, and to fill the whole apartment with the sound of his resonant and agreeable and never silent tenor voice. But most of the fellows either

remained silent or modestly discussed the professors, the sciences, the examinations, and serious and interesting subjects, on the whole. Every one, without exception, stared at the door of the supper-room, and wore the expression which said, though they strove to hide it, "Why, it 's time to begin!" I also felt that it was time to begin, and I awaited the *beginning* with impatient joy.

After tea, which the footman handed round to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost in Russian: —

"Do you know how to make punch, Frost?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Frost in German, wriggling his calves; but the Dorpat student again addressed him in Russian: —

"Then set about it" (he called him *thou*, as a fellow-student at Dorpat); and Frost began to go from the drawing-room to the butler's pantry, from the butler's pantry to the drawing-room, with great strides of his muscular bandy legs; and there speedily made its appearance on the table a large soup-tureen, and on it, by means of three student-swords laid crosswise, a ten-pound loaf of sugar. During this time, Baron Z. had kept incessantly approaching all the guests, who were assembled in the drawing-room, and saying to all, with an immovably serious face and in almost the same words, "Come, gentlemen, let us mutually drink to brotherhood in student fashion, or we shall have no comradeship at all in our class. And unbutton your coats, or take them off entirely, as he has done." And, in fact, the Dorpat student, after taking off his coat, and stripping up his white shirt-sleeves above his white elbows, and planting his feet far apart in a decided fashion, had already set fire to the rum in the soup-tureen.

"Put out the lights, gentlemen!" cried the Dorpat student suddenly, as loudly and pleasantly as he could have done if we had all shouted. But we all gazed silently at the soup-tureen, and at the Dorpat student's white shirt, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

"Extinguish the lights, Frost!" cried the Dorpat

student again, and in German, having evidently become too much heated. Frost and all the rest of us set about extinguishing the candles. All was dark in the room, only the white sleeves and the hands which lifted the loaf of sugar on the swords were illuminated by the bluish flame. The Dorpat student's loud tenor was no longer alone, for talking and laughter proceeded from every quarter of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine and perfectly clean shirts). I did the same, and understood that *it had begun.* Although nothing jolly had happened so far, I was firmly convinced that it would be capital when we had drunk a glass of the beverage which had been prepared.

The beverage was a success. The Dorpat student poured the punch into glasses, spotting the table a good deal in the process, and shouted, "Now, gentlemen, go ahead!" And when we took a full, sticky glass in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost struck up a German song, in which the exclamation *juchhe!* was frequently repeated; we joined in discordantly, began to clink our glasses, to shout something, to praise the punch, and to quaff the sweet, strong liquor through our hands or simply. There was nothing to wait for now, therefore the carouse was in full swing. I had already drunk a full glass of punch, they poured me another; my temples began to throb, the fire seemed crimson, every one was shouting and laughing around me: but still it not only did not seem jolly, but I was even convinced that I, and every one else, was bored, and that I and the others considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to pretend that it was very jolly. The only one who could not have been dissimulating was the Dorpat student. He grew constantly redder and more talkative, filled every one's empty glass, and spilled more and more on the table, which became all sweet and sticky. I do not remember in just what order things occurred, but I recollect that I was awfully fond of Frost and the Dorpat student that evening, that I learned a German song by heart, and kissed them both on their sweet lips. I also recollect that I hated

the Dorpat student that same evening, and wanted to fling a chair at him, but refrained. I recollect that in addition to the consciousness of the insubordination of all my limbs which I had experienced at Jahr's, my head ached and swam so that evening that I was awfully afraid I was going to die that very minute. I also recollect that we all seated ourselves on the floor, for some reason or other, flourished our arms in imitation of oars, sang "Adown dear Mother Volga," and that, meantime, I was thinking that it was not at all necessary to do so. Furthermore I recollect that, as I lay on the floor, I hooked one leg around the other, wrestled in gipsy fashion, twisted some one's neck, and thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk. I remember, too, that we had supper, and drank something else; that I went out into the courtyard to refresh myself, and my head felt cold; and that I noticed when I went away that it was dreadfully dark, that the step of my drozhky had become steep and slippery, and that it was impossible to hold on to Kuzma, because he had become weak, and swayed about like a rag. But I remember chiefly that in the course of the evening I constantly felt that I was behaving very stupidly in feigning to be very jolly, to be very fond of drinking a great deal, and did not think of being drunk, and all the time I felt that the others were behaving very foolishly in pretending the same. It seemed to me that it was disagreeable for each one individually, as it was for me; but as each supposed that he alone experienced this disagreeable sensation, he considered himself bound to feign gayety in order not to interfere with the general jollity. Moreover, strange to say, I felt that dissimulation was incumbent on me simply because three bottles of champagne at ten rubles apiece, and ten bottles of rum at four rubles, had been poured into the soup-tureen, which amounted to seventy rubles, besides the supper. I was so fully convinced of this, that I was very much surprised the next day at the lecture, when my comrades who had been at Baron Z.'s not only were not ashamed to mention that they had been there, but

talked about the party so that other students could hear. They said that it was a splendid carouse; that the Dorpat fellows were great hands at these things, and that twenty men had drunk forty bottles of rum between them, and that many had been left for dead under the tables. I could not understand why they talked about it, and even lied about themselves.

CHAPTER XL

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

During the winter, I not only saw a great deal of Dmitry, who came to our house quite frequently, but of all his family, with whom I began to associate.

The Nekhliudoffs, the mother, aunt, and daughter, passed all their evenings at home; and the princess liked to have young people come to see her in the evening, men of the sort, as she expressed it, who were capable of passing a whole evening without cards and dancing. But there must have been very few such men; for I rarely met any visitors there, though I went there nearly every evening. I became accustomed to the members of this family, and to their various dispositions, and had already formed a clear conception of their mutual relations. I became accustomed to their rooms and furniture; and when there were no guests I felt myself perfectly at my ease, except on the occasions when I was left alone in the room with Varenka. It still seemed to me as if, because not a very pretty girl, she would like very much to have me fall in love with her. But even this agitation began to pass off. She had such a natural appearance of not caring whether she talked to me or to her brother, or Liubov Sergieevna, that I acquired the habit of looking upon her as upon a person to whom it was not at all either disgraceful or dangerous to show the pleasure which I took in her society. During the whole period of my acquaintance with her, she seemed to me on different days very ugly,

again not such a very ugly girl; but never once did I ask myself with regard to her, "Am I in love with her, or not?" I sometimes chanced to talk directly to her, but more frequently I conversed with her by directing my remarks in her presence to Liubov Sergieevna or Dmitry, and this last method gave me particular pleasure. I took great satisfaction in talking before her, in listening to her singing, and in the general consciousness of her presence in the room where I was; but the thought as to what my relations with Varenka would eventually become, and dreams of sacrificing myself for my friend in case he should fall in love with my sister, rarely entered my head now. If such ideas and dreams did occur to me, I unconsciously strove to thrust aside any thought of the future, since I was content with the present.

In spite, however, of this intimacy, I continued to feel it my imperative duty to conceal from the whole Nekhliudoff society, and from Varenka in particular, my real sentiments and inclinations; and I endeavored to show myself an entirely different young man from what I was in reality, and such, indeed, as I could not be in reality. I strove to appear emotional; I went into raptures, I groaned, and made passionate gestures when anything pleased me greatly, and at the same time I endeavored to seem indifferent to every unusual occurrence, which I saw, or of which I was told. I tried to appear a malicious scorner who held nothing sacred, and at the same time a delicate observer. I tried to appear logical in all my actions, refined and accurate in my life, and at the same time a person who despised all material things. I can boldly assert that I was much better in reality than the strange being which I endeavored to represent as myself; but, nevertheless, and represent myself as I would, the Nekhliudoffs liked me, and, happily for me as it turned out, did not believe in my dissimulation. Liubov Sergieevna alone, who, it seems, regarded me as a great egoist, a godless and sneering fellow, did not like me, and often quarreled with me, got into a rage, and amazed me with her broken

and incoherent phrases. But Dmitry still maintained the same strange rather than friendly relations with her, and said that no one understood her, and that she did him a very great deal of good. His friendship with her continued to be a grievance to his family.

Once Varenka, in discussing with me this union which was so incomprehensible to them all, explained it thus: "Dmitry is an egoist. He is too proud, and, in spite of all his cleverness, he is very fond of praise and admiration, loves to be first always; and *aunty*, in the innocence of her soul, finds herself admiring him; and has not sufficient tact to conceal this admiration from him, and so it comes to pass that she flatters, only not hypocritically, but in earnest."

I remembered this judgment, and, on examining it afterwards I could not but think that Varenka was very clever; and I exalted her in my own opinion with satisfaction, in consequence. This sort of exaltation, in consequence of the intelligence I had discovered in her, and of other moral qualities, I accomplished with a certain stern moderation, though with satisfaction; and I never went into ecstasies, the highest point of that exaltation. Thus, when Sophia Ivanovna, who talked unweariedly of her niece, told me how, when Varenka was a child in the country four years before, she had given all her clothes and shoes to the peasant children without permission, so that they had to be taken away afterward, I did not at once accept that fact as worthy of exalting her in my opinion, but I mentally ridiculed her for such an unpractical view of things.

When there were guests at the Nekhliudoffs', and among others Volodya and Dubkoff, I retired into the background in a self-satisfied way, and with a certain calm consciousness of power, as one of the family; did not talk, and merely listened to what others said. And everything that was said seemed to me so incredibly stupid, that I inwardly wondered how such an intelligent, logical woman as the princess, and all her logical family, could listen to such folly, and reply to it. Had it then occurred to me to compare what others said with

what I said myself when I was alone, I should certainly not have marveled in the least. I should have marveled still less if I had believed that the members of our household — Avdotya Vasilievna, Liubotchka, and Katenka — were just like all other women, and no worse than any others; and if I had recalled the fact that Dubkoff, Katenka, and Avdotya Vasilievna had conversed together for whole evenings, laughing merrily; and how, on nearly every occasion, Dubkoff, desiring to get up a discussion on something, recited, with feeling, the verses, "*Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive*," [1] or extracts from "The Demon"; [2] and what nonsense they talked, on the whole, and with how much pleasure, for several hours together.

When there were visitors, of course Varenka paid less attention to me than when we were alone; and then there was none of that music or reading to which I was very fond of listening. In conversing with visitors, she lost what was for me her chief charm, — her calm deliberation and simplicity. I remember what a strange surprise her conversations with my brother Volodya, about the theater and the weather, were to me. I knew that Volodya avoided and despised commonplaces more than anything else in the world; Varenka, also, always ridiculed hypocritically absorbing discussions about the weather, and so forth: then why, when they came together, did they constantly utter the most intolerable absurdities, and that, too, as though they were ashamed of each other? I went into a private rage with Varenka after every such conversation, ridiculed the visitors on the following day, but took still greater pleasure in being alone in the Nekhliudoff family circle.

At all events, I began to take more pleasure in being with Dmitry in his mother's drawing-room than alone face to face with him.

[1] An unfortunate guest at the banquet of life.
[2] A celebrated poem by Lermontoff. — Tr.

CHAPTER XLI

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS (*continued*)

JUST at this time, my friendship with Dmitry hung by a hair. I had begun to criticize him too long ago not to find that he had failings; but, in our early youth, we love with passion only, and therefore only perfect people. But as soon as the mist of passion begins, little by little, to decrease, or as soon as the clear rays of judgment begin involuntarily to pierce it, and we behold the object of our passion in his real aspect, with his merits and his shortcomings, the shortcomings alone strike us as something unexpected, in a vivid and exaggerated manner; the feeling of attraction toward a novelty, and the hope that it is not utterly impossible in another man, encourage us not only to coolness, but to repugnance for the former object of our passion, and we desert him without compunction, and hasten forward to seek some new perfection. If it was not precisely this which happened to me in my connection with Dmitry, it was because I was only bound to him by an obstinate, pedantic, and intellectual affection, rather than by an affection from the heart, which I was too much ashamed to be false to. We were bound, moreover, by our strange rule of frankness. We were afraid that, if we parted, we should leave too much in each other's power all the moral secrets which we had confided to each other, and of which some were dishonorable to us. Besides, our rule of frankness, as was evident to us, had not been kept for a long time; and it embarrassed us, and brought about strange relations between us.

Almost every time that I went to Dmitry that winter, I found with him his comrade in the university, a student named Bezobyedoff, with whom he was engaged. Bezobyedoff was a small, thin, pock-marked man, with very small hands which were covered with freckles, and a great mass of unkempt red hair. He was always very ragged and dirty, he was uncultivated, and he even

studied badly. Dmitry's relations with him were, like his relations with Liubov Sergieevna, incomprehensible to me. The sole reason why he could have selected him from among all his comrades, and have become intimate with him, was that there was not a student in the whole university who was uglier in appearance than Bezobyedoff. But it must have been precisely for that reason that Dmitry found it agreeable to exhibit friendship for him in spite of everybody. In his whole intercourse with this student, the haughty sentiment was expressed: "It 's nothing to me who you are; you are all the same to me. I like him, and of course he 's all right."

I was surprised that he did not find it hard to put a constant constraint upon himself, and that the unfortunate Bezobyedoff endured his awkward position. This friendship did not please me at all.

Once I came to Dmitry in the evening for the purpose of spending the evening in his mother's drawing-room with him, in conversation and in listening to Varenka's singing or reading; but Bezobyedoff was sitting up-stairs. Dmitry replied to me in a sharp tone that he could not come down because he had company, as I could see for myself.

"And what fun is there there?" he asked. "It 's much better to sit here and chat." Although the idea of sitting and talking with Bezobyedoff for a couple of hours did not attract me, I could not make up my mind to go to the drawing-room alone; and, vexed to the soul at my friend's eccentricity, I seated myself in a rocking-chair, and began to rock in silence. I was very much provoked with Dmitry and with Bezobyedoff, because they had deprived me of the pleasure of going down-stairs. I wanted to see whether Bezobyedoff would take his departure soon; and I was angry with him and Dmitry as I listened in silence to their conversation. "A very agreeable guest! sit with him!" thought I, when the footman brought tea, and Dmitry had to ask Bezobyedoff five times to take a glass, because the timid visitor considered himself bound to decline the first and second glasses, and to say, "Help yourself." Dmitry,

with a visible effort, engaged his visitor in conversation, into which he made several vain efforts to drag me. I preserved a gloomy silence.

"There 's no use in making such a face; let no one dare suspect that I am bored," I addressed myself mentally to Dmitry, as I rocked myself silently and regularly in my chair. I fanned the flame of quiet hatred toward my friend within me more and more. "What a fool!" I thought of him. "He might have spent a delightful evening with his dear relations, but no, he sits here with this beast; and now the time is past, it is already too late to go to the drawing-room;" and I peeped at my friend from behind the edge of my chair. His hands, his attitude, his neck, and especially the nape of it, and his knees seemed so repulsive and offensive that I could have taken great delight at that moment in doing something to him, even something extremely disagreeable.

At length Bezobyedoff rose, but Dmitry could not at once part from so agreeable a guest. He proposed to him that he should spend the night there; to which, fortunately, Bezobyedoff did not consent, and departed.

After having seen him off, Dmitry returned; and smiling brightly in a self-satisfied way, and rubbing his hands, probably because he had kept up his character, and because he had at last got rid of his *ennui*, he began to pace the room, glancing at me from time to time. He was still more repulsive to me. "How dare he walk and smile?" thought I.

"Why are you angry?" said he, suddenly, halting in front of me.

"I am not angry at all," I answered, as one always answers on such occasions; "I am only vexed that you should dissimulate to me and to Bezobyedoff and to yourself."

"What nonsense! I never dissimulate to any one."

"I have not forgotten our rule of frankness; I speak openly to you. I am convinced that that Bezobyedoff is as intolerable to you as to me, because he is stupid,

and God knows what else; but you like to put on airs before him."

"No! and, in the first place, Bezobyedoff is a very fine man."

"And I tell you, yes; I will even go so far as to say to you that your friendship with Liubov Sergieevna is also founded on the fact that she considers you a god."

"And I tell you, no."

"But I tell you, yes, because I know it by my own case," I replied with the warmth of suppressed vexation, and desirous of disarming him by my frankness. "I have told you, and I repeat it, that it always seems to me that I like those people who say pleasant things to me; and when I come to examine the matter well, I see that there is no real attachment."

"No," went on Dmitry, adjusting his neckerchief with an angry motion of the neck; "when I love, neither praise nor blame can change my feelings."

"It is not true. I have confessed to you that when papa called me a good-for-nothing, I hated him for a while, and desired his death, just as you...."

"Speak for yourself. It's a great pity if you are such...."

"On the contrary," I cried, springing from my chair, and looking him in the eye with desperate bravery, "what you are saying is not right; did you not tell me about my brother? I will not remind you of it, because that would be dishonorable. Did you not tell me.... And I will tell you how I understand you now...."

And, endeavoring to wound him even more painfully than he had wounded me, I began to demonstrate to him that he did not love any one, and to tell him everything with which, as it seemed to me, I had a right to reproach him. I was very much pleased at having told him everything, quite forgetting that the only possible object of this exposition, which consisted in his confessing the shortcomings with which I charged him, could not be attained at the present moment, when he was excited. But I had never said this to him when he was in a state of composure, and could acknowledge it.

The dispute had already passed into a quarrel, when Dmitry became silent all at once, and went into the next room. I was on the point of following him, talking all the while, but he did not reply to me. I knew that violent passion was set down in his list of vices, and that he had conquered himself now. I cursed all his inventories.

So this was to what our rule had led us: *to tell each other everything that we thought, and never to say anything about each other to any third person.* Carried away by frankness, we had sometimes proceeded to the most shameless confessions, announcing, to our own shame, ideas, dreams of desire and sentiment, such as I had just expressed to him, for example; and these confessions not only had not drawn closer the bond which united us, but they had dried up the feeling itself, and separated us. And now, all at once, egotism did not permit him to make the most trivial confession; and in the heat of our dispute we made use of the very weapons with which we had previously supplied each other, and which dealt frightfully painful blows.

CHAPTER XLII

THE STEPMOTHER

Although papa had not meant to come to Moscow with his wife until after the New Year, he arrived in October, at a season when there was excellent autumn hunting to be had with the dogs. Papa said that he had changed his plan because his case was to be heard in the senate; but Mimi told us that Avdotya Vasilievna had become so bored in the country, had spoken so frequently of Moscow, and feigned illness, that papa had decided to comply with her wishes. For she had never loved him, but had only murmured her love in everybody's ears, out of a desire to marry a rich man, said Mimi, sighing thoughtfully, as much as to say, "It 's not what *some people* would have done for him, if he had but known how to prize them."

Some people were unjust to Avdotya Vasilievna. Her love for papa, passionate, devoted love, and self-sacrifice, were evident in every word, every look, and every movement. But this love did not in the least prevent her cherishing a desire, in company with the desire not to leave her husband, for remarkable head-dresses from Madame Annette, for bonnets with extraordinary blue ostrich-feathers, and gowns of blue Venetian velvet, that artistically revealed her fine white arms and bosom, which had hitherto been exhibited to no one except to her husband and dressing-maids. Katenka took her mother's part, of course; while between our stepmother and us certain odd, jesting relations established themselves from the very day of her arrival. As soon as she alighted from the carriage, Volodya went up, scraping, and swaying back and forth, to kiss her hand, having assumed a grave face and troubled eyes, and said, as though he were introducing some one:—

"I have the honor to offer my congratulations on the arrival of my dear mamma, and to kiss her hand."

"Ah, my dear son!" said Avdotya Vasilievna, with her beautiful, monotonous smile.

"And do not forget your second little son," said I, also approaching to kiss her hand, and involuntarily trying to assume the expression of Volodya's face and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of our mutual attachment, this expression might have indicated scorn of the exhibition of any tokens of affection; if we had already been ill-disposed toward each other, it might have indicated irony, or scorn of hypocrisy, or a desire to conceal our real relations from our father, who was present, and many other thoughts and feelings; but in the present case this expression, which suited Avdotya Vasilievna's taste extremely well, indicated nothing at all, and only pointed to an utter absence of all relations. I have often observed these false and jesting relations since, in other families, where the members of them foresee that the actual relations will not be quite agreeable; and these relations involuntarily established them

selves between us and Avdotya Vasilievna. We hardly ever departed from them; we were always hypocritically polite to her, spoke French, scraped and bowed, and called her "*chère maman*," to which she always replied with jests, in the same style, and her beautiful, monotonous smile. Tearful Liubotchka alone, with her crooked legs and innocent prattle, took a liking to the stepmother and strove very naïvely, and sometimes awkwardly, to bring her into closer connection with all our family; and, in return, the only creature in all the world for whom Avdotya Vasilievna had a drop of affection, with the exception of her passionate love for papa, was Liubotchka. Avdotya Vasilievna even exhibited for her a certain ecstatic admiration and a timid respect, which greatly amazed me.

At first Avdotya was very fond of calling herself a stepmother, and hinting at the evil and unjust way in which children and members of the household always look upon a stepmother, and how different her position was in consequence of this. But though she had perceived all the unpleasantness of the position, she did nothing to escape it; she did not caress one, make presents to another, and avoid grumbling, which would have been very easy for her, since she was very amiable, and not exacting in disposition. And she not only did not do this, but on the contrary, foreseeing all the unpleasantness of her position, she prepared herself for defense without having been attacked; and, taking it for granted that all the members of the household wished to use all the means in their power to insult her, and make things disagreeable for her, she perceived design in everything, and considered that the most dignified way for her was to suffer in silence; and, since she won no love by her abstention from action, of course she won ill-will. Moreover, she was so lacking in that quality of understanding which was developed to such a high degree in our house, and which I have already mentioned, and her habits were so opposed to those which had become rooted in our house, that this alone prejudiced people against her. In our neat, precise

house she always lived as though she had but just arrived; she rose and retired now early, now late; at one time she would come out to dinner, at another she would not, and sometimes she had supper, and again she had none. She went about half-dressed the greater part of the time when we had no visitors, and was not ashamed to show herself to us, and even to the servants, in a white petticoat, with a shawl thrown around her, and with bare arms. At first this simplicity pleased me; but I very soon lost all the respect I had entertained for her, in consequence of this very simplicity. It seemed still stranger to us, that there were two totally dissimilar women in her, according to whether we had visitors or not: one, in the presence of guests, was a healthy, cold young beauty, elegantly dressed, neither clever nor foolish, but cheerful; the other, when no guests were by, was a sad, worn-out woman, no longer young, untidy, and bored, though affectionate. I often thought, as I looked at her when she returned smiling from making calls, and blushing with the winter cold, happy in the consciousness of her beauty, and went up to the mirror to survey herself as she removed her bonnet; or when she went to the carriage rustling in her rich, low-necked ball-dress, feeling a little ashamed, yet proud, before the servants; or at home, when we had little evening gatherings, in a close silk gown with some delicate lace about her soft neck, she beamed on all sides with her monotonous but beautiful smile, — what would those who raved over her have said if they could have seen her as I did on the evenings when she stayed at home, and strayed through the dimly lighted rooms after midnight, like a shadow, as she awaited her husband's return from the club, in some sort of a wrapper, with unkempt hair? Sometimes she went to the piano, and played the one waltz which she knew, frowning with the effort; then she would take a volume of romance, and, after reading a few lines out of the middle of it, throw it away; again, in order not to wake up the servants, she would go to the pantry herself, and get a cucumber and cold veal, and eat it standing by

the pantry-window; or would wander from room to room aimlessly, both weary and bored. But what alienated us from her more than anything else was her lack of tact, which was expressed chiefly by the peculiar manner of her condescending attention when people talked to her about things which she did not understand. She was not to blame because she had unconsciously acquired a habit of smiling slightly with the lips alone, and bending her head when she was told things which did not interest her (and nothing except herself and her husband did interest her); but that smile, and bend of the head, frequently repeated, were inexpressibly repellent. Her mirth, too, which seemed to ridicule herself, us, and all the world, was awkward, and communicated itself to no one; her sensibility was too artificial. But the chief thing of all was that she was not ashamed to talk constantly to every one about her love for papa. Although she did not lie in the least in saying of it that her whole life consisted in her love for her husband, and although she proved it with her whole life, yet, according to our views, such ceaseless, unreserved assertion of her affection was disgusting, and we were ashamed for her when she spoke of it before strangers, even more than when she made mistakes in French.

She loved her husband more than anything else in the world; and her husband loved her, especially at first, and when he saw that he was not the only one whom she pleased. The sole aim of her existence was the acquirement of her husband's love; but it seemed as though she purposely did everything which could be disagreeable to him, and all with the object of showing him the full power of her love, and her readiness to sacrifice herself.

She loved gala attire; my father liked to see her a beauty in society, exciting praise and admiration; she sacrificed her love for festivities, for father's sake, and grew more and more accustomed to sit at home in a gray blouse. Papa, who always had considered freedom and equality indispensable conditions in family inter-

course, hoped that his beloved Liubotchka and his good young wife would come together in a sincere and friendly way; but Avdotya Vasilievna was sacrificing herself, and considered it requisite to show *the real mistress of the house*, as she called Liubotchka, an unsuitable amount of respect, which wounded papa deeply. He gambled a great deal that winter, and, toward the end, lost a good deal of money; but he concealed his gambling matters from all the household, as he always did, not wishing to mix up his play with his family life. Avdotya Vasilievna sacrificed herself; sometimes she was ill, and toward the end of the winter she was *enceinte*, but she considered it her duty to go to meet papa with her slouching gait, in her gray blouse, and with unkempt hair, at four or five o'clock in the morning, when he returned from his club, at times weary and ashamed after his losses.

She inquired, in an absent-minded way, whether he had been lucky at play, and listened, with condescending attention, as she smiled and nodded her head to what he told her as to his doings at the club and to his request, a hundred times repeated, that she would never wait for him. But, although his losses and winnings, upon which, according to his play, all papa's property depended, did not interest her in the least, she was the first to meet him every night when he returned from the club. Moreover, she was urged to these meetings, not by her passion for self-sacrifice alone, but by a certain concealed jealousy from which she suffered in the highest degree. No one in the world could convince her that papa was returning late from the club, and not from some mistress. She tried to read papa's love-secrets in his face; and, as she could see nothing there, she sighed with a certain luxury of woe, and gave herself up to the contemplation of her unhappiness.

In consequence of these and many other incessant sacrifices, there came to be, in papa's conduct to his wife, toward the later months of the winter, during which he had lost a great deal, so that he was out of spirits the greater part of the time, an evident and mingled

feeling of *quiet hatred*, of that suppressed repugnance to the object of one's affections which expresses itself by an unconscious endeavor to cause that object every possible sort of petty moral unpleasantnesses.

CHAPTER XLIII

NEW COMRADES

THE winter passed away unperceived, and the thaw had already begun again, and at the university the lists of examinations had already been nailed up; when all at once I remembered that I must answer about the eighteen subjects to which I had listened and not one of which I had heard, written down, or prepared. Strange that such a plain question, "How am I to pass the examinations?" had never once presented itself to me. But I had been in such a mist the whole winter, arising from my delight in being grown up and being *comme il faut*, that when it did occur to me, "How am I to pass the examinations?" I compared myself with my comrades, and thought, "They will pass, but the majority of them are not *comme il faut* yet; so I still have an extra advantage over them, and I must pass." I went to the lectures simply because I had become accustomed to do so, and because papa sent me out of the house. Moreover, I had a great many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved the noise, the chattering, the laughter in the auditorium; I loved to sit on the rear bench during the lecture, and dream of something or other to the monotonous sound of the professor's voice, and to observe my comrades; I liked to run out at times with some one to Materna's, to drink vodka and take a bite, and, knowing that I might be punished for it, to enter the auditorium after the professor, creaking the door timidly; I loved to take part in a piece of mischief when class after class congregated amid laughter in the corridors. All this was very jolly.

When everybody had begun to attend the lectures more faithfully, and the professor of physics had finished his course, and had taken leave until the examinations, the students began to collect their note-books, and prepare themselves. I also began to think of preparing myself. Operoff, to whom I continued to bow, although we were on the very coolest of terms, as I have already said, not only offered me his note-books, but invited me to prepare myself from them with him and other students. I thanked him and consented, hoping by this honor entirely to smooth over my former disagreement with him; but all I asked was that all would be sure to meet at my house every time, as I had fine quarters.

I was told that the preparations would be made in turn at one house or another, according to its nearness. The first meeting took place at Zukhin's. It was a little room, behind a partition, in a large house on the Trubnoï Boulevard. I was late on the first day named, and came when they had already begun the reading. The little room was full of smoke from the coarse tobacco which Zukhin used, which was *makhorka*.[1] On the table stood a square bottle of vodka, glasses, bread, salt, and a mutton-bone.

Zukhin invited me, without rising, to take a drink of vodka, and to take off my coat.

"I think you are not accustomed to such an entertainment," he added.

All were in dirty calico shirts, with false bosoms. I removed my coat, trying not to show my scorn for them, and laid it on the sofa with an air of comradeship. Zukhin recited, referring now and then to the note-books: the others stopped him to ask questions; and he explained concisely, intelligently, and accurately. I began to listen; and, as I did not understand much, not knowing what had gone before, I asked a question.

"Eh, my good fellow, you can't listen if you don't know that," said Zukhin. "I will give you the note-books, and you can go through them for to-morrow."

I was ashamed of my ignorance, and, conscious at the

[1] Peasant tobacco (*nicotiana rustica*), grown in Little Russia. — Tr.

same time of the entire justice of Zukhin's remark, I ceased to listen, and busied myself with observations on these new associates. According to the classification of men into those who were *comme il faut*, and those who were *comme il ne faut pas*, they evidently belonged to the second division, and awakened in me, consequently, a feeling not only of scorn, but of a certain personal hatred which I experienced for them, because, though they were not *comme il faut*, they not only seemed to regard me as their equal, but even patronized me in a good-natured way. This feeling was aroused in me by their feet, and their dirty hands with their closely bitten nails, and one long nail on Operoff's little finger, and their pink shirts, and their false bosoms, and the ruths with which they affectionately addressed each other, and the dirty room, and Zukhin's habit of constantly blowing his nose a little, while he pressed one nostril with his finger, and in particular their manner of speaking, of employing and accenting certain words. For instance, they used *blockhead* instead of fool; *just so* instead of exactly; *splendid* instead of very beautiful; and so on; which seemed to me to be book-language, and disgustingly ungentlemanly. But that which aroused my *comme il faut* hatred was the accent which they placed on certain Russian, and especially on foreign words: they said máchine, áctivity, ón purpose, in the chimnéy, Shákespeare instead of Shakespéare, and so forth, and so forth.

But, in spite of their exterior, which at that time was insuperably repugnant to me, I had a presentiment that there was something good about these people; and, envious of the jolly comradeship which united them, I felt attracted to them, and wanted to get better acquainted with them, which was not a difficult thing for me to do. I already knew the gentle and upright Operoff. Now, the dashing and remarkably clever Zukhin, who evidently reigned over this circle, pleased me extremely. He was a small, stout, dark-complexioned man, with somewhat swollen and always shining, but extremely intelligent, lively, and independent face.

This expression was especially due to his forehead, which was not lofty, but arched over deep black eyes, his short, bristling hair, and his thick black beard, which bore the appearance of never being shaved. He did not seem to think of himself (a thing which always pleased me in people), but it was evident that his mind was never idle. His was one of those expressive countenances which undergo an entire and sudden change in your eyes a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This is what happened in my eyes with Zukhin's face toward the end of the evening. New wrinkles suddenly made their appearance on his countenance, his eyes retreated still deeper, his smile became different, and his whole face was so changed that it was with difficulty that I recognized him.

When the meeting was at an end, Zukhin, the other students, and I drank a glass of vodka apiece in order to show our desire to be good comrades, and hardly any remained in the bottle. Zukhin inquired who had a quarter-ruble, that the old woman who served him might be sent for more vodka. I offered my money; but Zukhin turned to Operoff as though he had not heard me, and Operoff, pulling out a little bead purse, gave him the money that was needed.

"See that you don't get drunk," said Operoff, who did not drink at all himself.

"Never fear," replied Zukhin, sucking the marrow from the mutton-bone (I remember thinking at the time, "He is so clever because he eats a great deal of marrow"). "Never fear," went on Zukhin, smiling slightly, and his smile was such that one noticed it involuntarily, and felt grateful to him for the smile. "Though I should get drunk, there's no harm. Now let's see, comrades; who will wager that I'll come out better than he will, or he better than I? It's all ready, comrades," he added, tapping his head boastfully. "There's Semenoff, he would not have broken down if he had not caroused so deeply."

In fact, that same gray-haired Semenoff, who had so much delighted me at the first examination by being

homelier than myself, and who, after having passed second in the entrance examinations, had attended the lectures punctually during the first month of his studenthood, had caroused before the review, and toward the end of the year's course had not shown himself at the university at all.

"Where is he?" asked some one.

"I have lost sight of him," went on Zukhin. "The last time we were together we smashed Lisbon. He turned out a magnificent scamp. They say there was some story or other afterward. That was a head! What fire there was in that man! What a mind! It 's a pity if he has come to grief; but he certainly has. He was n't the kind of a boy to keep his place in the university with his outbreaks."

After a little further conversation, all rose to go, having agreed to meet at Zukhin's on the following days, because his quarters were the nearest to all the rest. When we all emerged into the courtyard, I was rather conscience-stricken that they should all be on foot, while I alone rode in a drozhky; and in my shame I proposed to Operoff to take him home. Zukhin had come out with us, and, borrowing a silver ruble of Operoff, he went off somewhere to visit for the night. On the way Operoff told me a great deal about Zukhin's character, and manner of life; and when I reached home I did not go to sleep for a long time, for thinking of the new people with whom I had become acquainted. For a long while I did not fall asleep, but wavered, on the one hand, between respect for those whose learning, simplicity, honesty, and poetry of youth and daring inclined me in their favor; and their ungentlemanly exterior, which repelled me, on the other hand. In spite of all this desire, it was at that time literally impossible for me to associate with them. Our ideas were entirely different. There was between us an abyss of shades, which constituted for me all the charm and reason of life, which were utterly incomprehensible to them, and *vice versa*. But the principal reason why we could not possibly associate was the twenty-ruble cloth

of my coat, my drozhky, and my cambric shirts. This reason had particular weight with me. It seemed to me that I insulted them with the signs of my prosperity. I felt guilty before them; and I could not in any way enter upon equal, genuinely friendly relations with them, because I first humbled myself, then rebelled against my undeserved humiliation, and then proceeded to self-confidence. But the coarse, vicious side of Zukhin's character had been, during this period, to such a degree overwhelmed by that powerful poetry of bravery of which I had a presentiment in him, that it did not affect me at all unpleasantly.

For two weeks I went nearly every evening to study at Zukhin's. I studied very little; for, as I have already said, I had fallen behind my comrades, and as I had not sufficient force to study alone, in order to catch up with them, I only pretended to listen and understand what was read. It seemed to me that my companions divined my dissimulation; and I observed that they frequently skipped passages which they knew themselves, and never asked me.

Every day I became more and more lenient toward the disorder of this circle, I felt drawn toward it, and found much that was poetical in it. My word of honor alone, which I had given to Dmitry, not to go anywhere on a carouse with them, restrained my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I attempted to brag before them of my knowledge of literature, and particularly of French literature; and I led the conversation to that subject. It turned out, to my amazement, that, although they pronounced titles of foreign books in Russian fashion, that they had read a great deal more than I, that they knew and prized English and even Spanish writers, and Lesage of whom I had never even heard. Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them (and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had read and learned as a child). They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval equally; and passed judgment, Zukhin in particular, upon literature much better and more clearly than I, as I could

not but acknowledge. Neither had I any advantage over them in my knowledge of music. Still more to my amazement, Operoff played on the violin, another of the students who studied with us played the violoncello and the piano; and both played in the university orchestra, knew music very well, and prized it highly. In a word, with the exception of the French and German accent, they knew everything that I attempted to brag about before them, much better than I did, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have boasted of my social position; but, unlike Volodya, I had none. What, then, was that height from which I looked down upon them? my acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanitch? my pronunciation of French? my drozhky? my cambric shirts? my finger-nails? And was not this all nonsense? — began to pass dimly through my mind at times, under the influence of envy for the fellowship and good-natured youthful mirth which I saw before me. They all called each other *thou*. The simplicity of their intercourse approached coarseness, but even beneath this rough exterior a fear of offending each other in any way was constantly visible. *Scamp* and *pig*, which were employed by them in an affectionate sense, only made me recoil, and gave me cause for inward ridicule; but these words did not offend them in the least, or prevent their standing on the most friendly footing with one another. They were careful and delicate in their dealings with one another, as only very poor and very young people are. But the chief point was that I scented something broad and wild in the character of Zukhin and his adventures in Lisbon. I had a suspicion that these carouses must be something quite different from the sham with burnt rum and champagne in which I had participated at Baron Z.'s.

CHAPTER XLIV

ZUKHIN AND SEMENOFF

I DO not know to what class of society Zukhin belonged; but I know that he was from the S. gymnasium, had no money whatever, and apparently was not of noble birth. He was eighteen at this time, though he appeared much older. He was remarkably clever, and particularly quick at grasping an idea; it was easier for him to embrace the whole of a many-sided subject, to foresee all its branches and the deductions from it, than to examine carefully by means of knowledge the laws by which these deductions are arrived at. He knew that he was clever; he was proud of it, and in consequence of this pride he was uniformly simple and good-natured in his intercourse with every one. He must have suffered much in the course of his life. His fiery, sensitive nature had already succeeded in reflecting in itself love and friendship and business and money, although in a restricted measure, and in the lower classes of society, there was nothing for which, after having made proof of it, he did not feel either scorn, or a certain indifference and inattention, which proceeded from the too great facility with which he acquired everything. Apparently he only grasped at every novelty for the sake of scorning what he had obtained after gaining his object, and his gifted nature always attained its goal, and had a right to its contempt. It was the same thing with the sciences; he studied little, took no notes, yet had a superior knowledge of mathematics, and boasted of it, saying that he could beat the professor. He thought a great deal of what they taught was nonsense; but with the characteristic, *unconsciously practical roguishness* of his nature, he immediately fell in with what the professor required, and all the professors liked him. He was *outspoken* in his bearing with the authorities, yet the authorities respected him. He not only did not respect or love the sciences, but he even despised those

who occupied themselves seriously with what he acquired so easily. The sciences, as he understood them, did not require the tenth part of his gifts; life in his position as a student did not offer anything to which he could devote himself wholly; but, as he said, his fiery, active nature demanded life, and he gave himself up to dissipation of such a kind as his means permitted, and yielded himself with ardor and a desire to exhaust it so far as lay in his power. Now, before the examinations, Operoff's prediction was fulfilled. He disappeared for a couple of weeks, so that we made our preparations during the last part of the time at another student's rooms. But at the first examination, he made his appearance in the hall, pale, haggard, and with trembling hands, and passed into the second course in a brilliant manner.

At the beginning of the course, there were eight men in the company of carousers, at whose head stood Zukhin. Ikonin and Semenoff were among the number at first. The former left the company because he could not endure the wild dissipation to which they gave themselves over at the beginning of the year; but the second did not desert them, because it seemed a small thing to him. At first, all the men in our class looked upon them with a kind of horror, and related their pranks to each other.

The chief heroes of these pranks were Zukhin, and, toward the end of the year, Semenoff. All regarded Semenoff, toward the end, with a certain terror; and when he came to a lecture, which very rarely happened, there was a sensation in the auditorium.

Semenoff wound up his career of dissipation, just before the examinations, in the most original and energetic manner, — to which I was a witness, thanks to my acquaintance with Zukhin. This is how it was. One evening, when we had just assembled at Zukhin's, and Operoff, having arranged beside him, in addition to the tallow candle in the candlestick, a tallow candle in a bottle, and, with his head bent down over the note-books, was beginning to read in his shrill

voice from his minutely written notes on physics, the landlady entered the room, and informed Zukhin that some one had come with a note for him. ....[1]

CHAPTER XLV

I MAKE A FAILURE

At length the first examination arrived, on the differential and integral calculus; but I was in a kind of strange mist, and had no clear conception of what awaited me. It occurred to me during the evening, after enjoying the society of Zukhin and his comrades, that it was necessary to make some change in my convictions; that there was something about them which was not nice, and not just what it should be: but in the morning, in the light of the sun, I again became *comme il faut*, was very well content with that, and desired no alterations in myself.

It was in this frame of mind that I came to the first examination. I seated myself on a bench on the side where sat the princes, counts, and barons, and began to converse with them in French; and, strange as it may seem, the thought never occurred to me that I should presently be called upon to answer questions upon a subject which I knew nothing about. I gazed coolly at those who went up to be examined, and I even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

"Well, Grap, how goes it?" I said to Ilinka when he returned from the table. "Did you get frightened?"

"We 'll see how you come out," said Ilinka, who had utterly rebelled against my influence from the day he entered the university, did not smile when I spoke to him, and was ill-disposed toward me.

I smiled scornfully at Ilinka's reply, although the doubt which he expressed alarmed me for a moment. But the mist again spread itself over this feeling; and I remained indifferent and absent-minded, so that I

[1] The rest of the story is omitted in the Russian. — Tr.

promised to go and lunch with Baron Z. at Materna's just as soon as I had been examined (as though this was a matter of the utmost insignificance to me). When I was called up with Ikonin, I arranged the skirts of my uniform, and stepped up to the examination table with perfect nonchalance.

A slight chill of terror coursed through my back only when the young professor — the same one who had questioned me at the entrance examination — looked me straight in the face, and I touched the note-paper on which the questions were written. Although Ikonin took his ticket with the same swaying of his whole body as during the preceding examinations, he answered after a fashion, though very badly. And I did what he had done at the first examination: I did even worse; for I took a second card, and made no reply at all. The professor looked me compassionately in the face, and said in a firm but quiet voice: —

"You will not pass into the second class, Mr. Irteneff. It will be better not to present yourself for examination. This course must be weeded out. — And the same with you, Mr. Ikonin," he added.

Ikonin asked permission to be reëxamined, as though it were an alms; but the professor replied that he could not accomplish in two days what he had not accomplished in the course of a year, and that he could not possibly pass. Ikonin begged again in a humble and pitiful manner, but the professor again refused.

"You may go, gentlemen," he said, in the same low but firm voice.

It was only then that I could make up my mind to leave the table; and I was ashamed at having, as it were, taken part by my silence in Ikonin's prayers. I do not remember how I traversed the hall, past the students; what reply I made to their questions; how I made my way into the anteroom, and got home.

For three days I did not leave my room; I saw no one; I found solace in tears, as in my childhood, and wept a great deal. I looked at my pistols, in order that I might shoot myself if I should want to do so very

much. I thought that Ilinka Grap would spit in my face when he met me, and that he would be quite right in so doing; that Operoff would rejoice in my misfortune, and tell everybody about it; that Kolpikoff was quite correct in insulting me at Jahr's; that my stupid speeches to Princess Kornakoff could have no other result; and so on, and so on. All the moments of my life which had been torturing to my self-love, and hard to bear, passed through my mind one after the other; and I tried to blame some one else for my misfortunes. I thought that some one had done this on purpose; I invented a whole intrigue against myself; I grumbled at the professors, at my comrades, at Volodya, at Dmitry, at papa because he had sent me to the university; I complained of Providence for having allowed me to live to see such disgrace. Finally, conscious of my complete ruin in the eyes of all who knew me, I begged papa to let me enter the hussars, or go to the Caucasus. Papa was displeased with me; but, on seeing my terrible grief, he comforted me by saying that it was not so very bad; that matters might be arranged if I would take a different course of study. Volodya, too, who did not see anything dreadful in my misfortune, said that in another course I should at least not feel ashamed before my fellow-students.

Our ladies did not understand it at all, and would not, or could not, comprehend what an examination was, — what it meant to fail to pass; and only pitied me because they saw my grief.

Dmitry came to see me every day, and was extremely gentle and tender during this whole period; but, for that very reason, it seemed to me that he had grown cold toward me. It always seemed to me a pain and an insult, when, mounting to my room, he sat down close to me in silence, with a little of that expression which a doctor wears when he seats himself at the bedside of a very sick man. Sophia Ivanovna and Varenka sent me some books by him, which I had formerly wanted, and wished me to come to see them; but, in this very attention, I perceived a haughty and insulting

condescension toward me, the man who had fallen so very low. At the end of three days, I became somewhat composed; but, even up to our departure for the country, I did not leave the house; and, thinking only of my grief, I lounged idly from room to room, endeavoring to avoid all members of the household.

I thought and thought; and finally, late in the evening, as I was sitting down-stairs and listening to Avdotya Vasilievna's waltz, I suddenly sprang up, ran up-stairs, got my note-book on which was written "Rules of Life," opened it, and a moment of repentance and moral expansion came over me. I wept, but no longer with tears of despair. When I recovered myself, I decided to write down my rules of life again, and was firmly convinced that I should never henceforth do anything wrong, nor spend a single minute in idleness, nor ever alter my rules.

Whether this moral impetus lasted long, in what it consisted, and what new laws it imposed upon my moral development, I shall relate in the following and happier half of my youth.

THE END